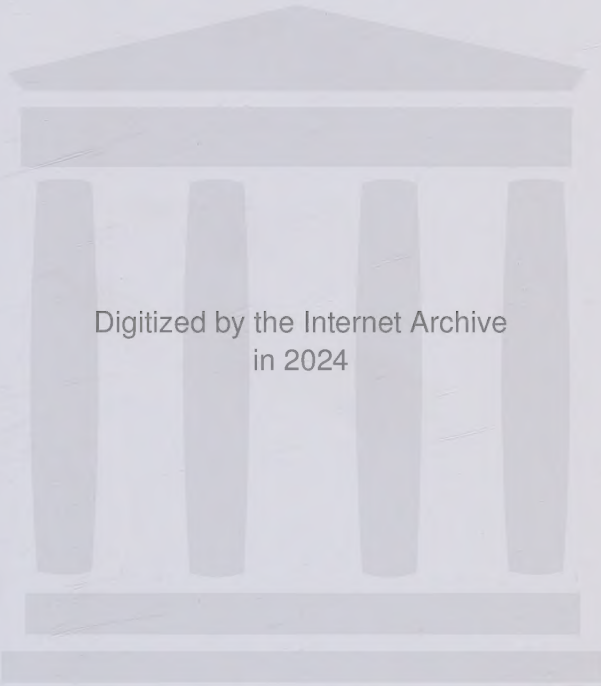




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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

VOLUME XLVI.

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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

JANUARY, 1849.

ART. I. — THE CRISIS OF FREEDOM IN THE OLD WORLD
AND THE NEW.

THE stupendous, and, we may say, the awful events, tidings of which have been coming to us during the last few months, like successive claps of thunder, or like earthquake-throes, from the other side of the world, must have moved every mind capable of thought to its deepest thinking. The awfulness of this tremendous crisis in human affairs, to our minds, lies especially in this, — that men, civilized men, are now irretrievably committed to the solemn trial of self-government. What this implies, what qualities it demands, — what wisdom and sobriety, what social effort and what social disinterestedness, are necessary to make the experiment safe, — whether it has been well and wisely begun by the rush of multitudes into city streets to break down and to build up, — all this, to our view, is matter of momentous inquiry. But whatever shall be thought of it, whatever shall be thought of this great experiment on a scale as vast as Christendom, — whether it be regarded as a light thing or as a serious thing, — it is certain that the time has come! Big with unseen and incalculable issues, the birth-time of momentous ages, the beginning of what no mortal eye can see to the end, — it is come! The great hour has struck, in the fortunes of men! Looked for, waited for, believed in, expected, — but expected to come only after long preparation, expected among the slow results of centuries of changes, — the hour has struck suddenly, decisively, with startling distinctness, with a

stroke like that of doom, which tells us that the hand upon the dial can never go back. Hereditary power had only two reliances, — the strength of opinion, and the standing army. Both have fallen. Reverence is gone ; the standing army has melted into the mass of the people. The people are now the incontestable sovereigns. All the slighter the demonstration of their power is, all the stronger is the argument that seals the doom of absolute monarchies.

And were ever causes so apparently slight followed by consequences so stupendous ? The story almost exceeds belief. Really, it is difficult to comprehend it, to credit it, to feel that it is not a dream. A few thousands of people gathered themselves in the streets of Paris, one Thursday morning (it was the twenty-third of February last), — a mere populace was there, — without plan, without organization, without leaders. The monarch sat secure in his guarded palace ; he remembered that

“Such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason does but peep to what it would”;

he remembered, too, that thirty thousand troops hedged him around, and that a hundred thousand were almost within call ; he was secure, he smiled at danger ; when suddenly the cry comes, “The people are up !” and on the instant, the Bourbon monarch springs through his palace-gates, like a thief at night, glad to escape on any terms. Times have changed : no hurdle bore the last king of France to the guillotine, but a common street-carriage served to carry him through the gates of the city ; and he is gone !

“What !” exclaim the people of Europe, “so easy ? So easy to be rid of a king ?” And in Vienna, and in Munich, and in Berlin, they gather themselves together, — they had already done it in Naples, — they gather themselves together without concert, — sometimes a crowd of students, sometimes a throng of artisans, — they come under the king’s windows, and they say, “Give us a constitution ; give us the freedom of the press ; give us trial by jury ; give us liberal and just institutions” : and immediately, from all palace-gates and windows, comes the answer, “We will, we will, good people ; we will do any thing ; we will concede every thing.”

Is not the battle fought ? Is not the victory won ? Can there be any more doubt of the ascendancy of the people ?

It seemed to us, perhaps, imbecile and pusillanimous for monarchs thus to submit ; but they understood the crisis better than we did. They knew that resistance was vain. They knew, light as these demonstrations seemed, that there was an overmastering force behind. They knew that these popular ebullitions in their capitals were but as street dust and rubbish, swept up by the first breath of a rising storm, and that the whole atmosphere of the world would soon come rushing on in the same resistless current.

A change is come over the civilized world, as it were in a night. The people are precipitated upon self-government. Are they prepared for it ? But we wish to take a larger view of this crisis, — of what it is, — of what it involves. We think that a Christian journal owes a duty at the present moment to the cause of right thinking. To fulfil it, as we may, is our design ; and it is taken up as modestly, we are sure, as the subject is vast and momentous. If there be any want of modesty in our undertaking, it will appear in the fact, that we are about to express some opinions which apparently, if we may judge from the newspaper press and from legislative congratulations, are not in accordance with those which prevail around us. We have sympathies with the great movement in Europe, which we share with many. But we have doubts, at the same time, which apparently are entertained but by few.

It is true that they are matters of opinion which we propose to discuss ; but let no one think that they are matters of idle speculation. It is one of the incumbent, the urgent *duties* of the present epoch, to form, if possible, right opinions. What is the stupendous force that is upheaving almost all the institutions and governments of the Old World ? It is opinion. Ideas have got in among the people, fostered by education and circulated by the press. Ideas have got in and gone down among the people ; theories, industrial, social, and political ; thoughts of a better condition ; notions, perhaps, of some impracticable freedom and felicity ; but for these, all would have remained quiet. “ Vain theories ! ” says the obstinate conservative, intrenched in his own theories and his time-hallowed institutions ; “ vain theories ! Utopian dreams, like those of Rousseau ! ” But those dreams, let us tell him, have startled the world to waking life. And what is it that now agitates our own country, also, throughout its entire extent ? It is an idea ; it is a moral

theory, — the theory of free soil and free men.* Nor these alone ; but ideas of extending territory and national aggrandizement, on a broad scale, and questions in obscurer channels, about rent and property and the right to labor and to the land, are spreading themselves through the country, and demand to be gravely and wisely considered.

Let us, in the first place, turn our eyes to what is passing in the Old World.

In the whole of Europe, with the exception of the semi-barbarous empire that lies upon the North, we seem to see but one thing, — a universal movement in one direction. Every thing has, for the time, yielded to this. Projects of national aggrandizement, schemes of diplomacy, invasions of the barbarians without, in Algeria or Afghanistan, a royal marriage in one quarter, a liberal pontificate in another, the *Zolverein* and free-trade excitements in others, — all have given way before this stupendous movement. One thought, one subject of agitation, one point of hope or fear, occupies the attention of the whole civilized world. As single as the sweep of the tempest, and as swift, one impulse has run through all the nations of Southern Europe, from the Atlantic to the borders of Asia. What is it ? Only the blindest political bigotry can fail to see that this is no chance ebullition, but a general tendency of men's minds. They ask for liberty. They ask for freer governments, for better institutions. This is the cry that goes up from the gathered crowds of Paris and Berlin and Milan and Vienna. People do not rush into the streets armed and ready to die, without cause ; nor do they everywhere take up and repeat one watchword, without meaning. Something is the matter with these weary, old, sluggish dynasties of Europe. The people are not satisfied with them. And the time has come, in the world, when the people's being satisfied is a thing of some import. For ages the question was not asked, and nobody cared, whether they were satisfied or not. But it is asked now, and must be answered.

“The people !” we hear it exclaimed by legitimacy across the water, “the people ! it is not the people. Certain mobs, the miserable *canaille*, bands of felons, the idle, reckless, and desperate class that prowls for plunder, and is

* We do not use these words in any technical sense, nor as applied to any party.

led on by a licentious press, — these have turned the world upside down.” Is this likely to be true? Before street mobs, representing no idea, no public sentiment, no wish of the people, have strong and stable governments fled in consternation? Has the fearful tocsin given “an uncertain sound”? Let us ask ourselves how it would be under a government like ours, to which we are all devotedly attached, — how it would be, we say, if a mob should appear in the streets of any of our cities, professing to be arrayed against the government of this country. It would be simply ridiculous. It would give us no more concern than a collection of idle boys around an evening bonfire. In fact, it was originally the spectacle of our own free and happy institutions that, for good or for evil, gave the impulse to this great demonstration in Europe.

We do not say, that all the people of Europe, or the majority of them, desire to adopt our form of government. But we say, that they desire great changes, and changes that bring them nearer to us. They desire representative forms, and trial by jury, and a free press, and a restricted monarchy. Many of the English writers are taking great pains to prove, with regard to the French demonstration in particular, — the outbreak in Paris which has set all this current in motion, — that it was a fortuitous and aimless movement. They say that it proceeded from somebody they know not who, — from something they know not what. They say it was *not* the people, but a mere mob; that the people of France did not desire a republic, and will not have a republic after all, except in name. But as to the cause of this movement, is there any thing mysterious? We all know that it was the suppression of the Reform banquet. And what was the Reform banquet? It was a meeting, under the name and semblance of a banquet, to discuss and advocate reform, and especially a reform in the franchise. Who demanded it? An unknown mob! Deputations from all parts of France, multitudes of respectable persons in Paris, and leaders in the Chamber of Deputies, — were these an unknown mob? And with regard to what a republic is, we care not to dispute about words, and we can well believe that multitudes of the substantial classes in France would prefer almost any thing to the present state of derangement, financial distress, and painful insecurity and apprehension, — but as to what a republic is, the French people have signified, through their

assembled representatives, their choice of an elective presidency, one chamber, and universal suffrage, — rather more of a republic than our own.

We say the people make this demand ; for, really, if this movement were nothing but a chance-medley in human affairs, if it were nothing but a rushing hither and thither of the lowest populace, without any aim, it could not be the subject of any serious or religious consideration, — hardly so much as the earthquake or tornado. We do not look upon it in this light. We regard it as a great and solemn epoch in human affairs, and one that is worthy of the deepest meditation. We believe that it is a distinct step — we do not say the best that could be taken, but a distinct step — in the progress of the world. When, in future centuries, some philosophical historian shall investigate the course on earth of that grand element of all progress, human freedom, we believe that he will speak of this great movement in Europe as the most remarkable development of that principle yet known in the world. We believe he will speak of a time, and that the present time, when, instead of rising and falling here and there, amidst this and that struggling people, this high leading-staff and standard of all human progress swept with its train through the whole civilized world. We believe that he will speak of a time of great promise, but of great peril too ; and it is this latter consideration that especially draws our attention to it.

In this view, we deem it of the utmost importance, that all sober and thoughtful men, who are accustomed to communicate with the public mind through the press, should utter their thought, and their soberest thought, on the present crisis. And what word goes out from this country, from this great exemplar republic, to Europe, we believe to be of the utmost importance. Lord Brougham asserts, in his late Letter on the French Revolution, that the press in America and England has had the most powerful influence upon the proceedings of the French people. Never, indeed, was the utterance of grave and sober thoughts more urgently demanded. Solemn hours are passing over the world. A stupendous drama is bringing forward its events and its actors, one by one, upon a theatre curtained in the background with impenetrable shadows. The world is heaving from side to side, with the throes of a moral earthquake, such as never was known before, since the beginning of time.

It was natural that we in this country, and that many thoughtful men in all countries, who were waiting and watching for better fortunes to rise upon the world, should hope that the day was even now breaking. Visions we have had — visions, all meditative and philanthropic men have had through all ages — of better days to come ; of times when kings shall rule in righteousness and the people shall dwell in safety ; when wars shall cease and oppressions shall come to an end ; when justice shall be enthroned in the high places of the world ; when a just equality and a gentle brotherhood shall take the place of class and caste, Oriental or feudal ; when every man shall sit under his own vine and his own fig-tree, to eat the fruit thereof in peace and freedom, unmolested by any unlawful exaction, tax, burden, annoyance, or restraint. Let us dwell upon the picture, (alas ! it is only a picture,) — a grand mansion for him whose lawful means, inherited or acquired, can afford it, yet fuller of love than of luxuries ; but a neat cottage for him who has not such means ; a green sod or a swept floor for his children to play upon ; a sufficient garner for his simple wants ; a shelf of books for quiet Sundays and leisure evenings ; a life lived in this world as in the house of the common Father, a life lived as among the children of God ; reverence in the heart, love, content, gladness, in every heart's abode ; and when trouble comes, when sorrow comes, something better to meet it than ignorant stupor, or wild and brutal rage, or despair ; and when death comes, that comes to all, a looking out with hope from this primary school of being to the realm of eternity. O, is this too much to ask for a human existence ? Is it too much to expect, that a world of intelligent beings will, in some far time, come to this ?

Is the day breaking *now* that is to lead to it ? We know not. Those words of the prophet, once uttered in answer to a similar question, strike upon our ears with a stern significance, — “ The morning cometh, and the night also ! ” The world's order is mutation. Backward and forward the pendulum swings, that moves on the slow register of human progress. The morning cometh, and the night also. It is yet night. The morning of the better day that is to come is hardly yet spread upon the mountains. In the night-time are we yet living, — groping in darkness, pursuing shadows, phantoms of good, or flying from phantoms of evil, flying from toil, from moderate place or fortune, and struggling for power,

wealth, fame, as for life ; when love, ay, a little truthful love, generosity, disinterestedness, would fill our lives with happiness, dignity, and honor. In this night-time, what masses of misery lie heavy and dark upon the world ! The lives of thousands and millions of our fellow-beings, to-day, are filled with gloom and despair. It must not be thought strange, if there be strife and wrath and revolt among them. Who of us could bear their lot with patience ? They live like brutes, and they die of starvation. Starvation ! gaunt and slow-wasting hunger ! Well did one among us say, “ I have seen and witnessed every other form of human calamity, but I do not know what starvation is.” But in the thronged abodes of the Old World there are multitudes to whom that is no incredible or inconceivable horror. The denizens of *nature*, bird and beast, are better lodged and fed than they. Can *men* be content with this ? Can men, — men of the Saxon or Celtic or Gallic race, worse off than Russian serfs or Roman slaves, — can they be schooled to submission or hushed to silence ? No, they must speak. Out of their great misery they *must* speak, and they must be heard. From the gloom that surrounds them they lift their cry to those above them, and they say, “ Watchman ! what of the night ? Is it never to end ? Are we and our children to go down deeper and deeper into this pit of darkness and misery, and are we never to find a way out of it but by the gate of death ? Must we welcome the far-coming Asiatic pestilence as our friend, and bid it sweep us down into the bosom of our mother earth, more merciful than the living hearts above it ? ” If we believed that there was no humanity in high places to hear this cry, we would say, Let that which wears the semblance of humanity be swept away in a storm of blood and fire ! But we believe there are many, and an increasing number, who feel for this terrible condition of things. We believe that, amidst many reviling and scorning their brethren, there are many who say, — to the Irish insurgent, to the English Chartist, to the Parisian operative, — “ Poor brother ! thy lot might have been ours. Birth in the same condition, indenture to the same calling, pressure of the same circumstances, might have made us such as thou art ; and we, like thee, might have seen wife and children of ours, dearer than life, sinking, in one mass of penury and woe and filth and festering corruption, into the beggar’s grave.”

We have now presented the worst of the case in Europe, but it is not the whole of the case. In general, there are no just relations yet established between man and man. There is no just regard to man as man. And there is no fair representation of rights and interests and wants in the European systems of government. Wide-sweeping entails absorb and drink up the substance of some countries. Heavy taxes, to support expensive courts and royal families and sinecure places and standing armies, distract the life out of others. Men are environed by unjust limitation and restriction on every side. Their faculties want freedom. They have no fair chance to work out their own welfare.

But now, having gone thus far, having presented, according to our honest conviction, the great crisis that has come in the world, and the great and just demand for relief, — looking, indeed, upon the present movement in Europe as the insurrection of humanity itself against wrong, — we go on to say that we are advocates for gradual rather than sudden relief, for moral force rather than violence and bloodshed. In short, we prefer the English method to the French method, English reforms to French revolutions.*

The great question is, How are long established abuses to be remedied? How are governments founded in injustice and intrenched in wrong to be modified? There are those who say, — “Only by immediate and utter overthrow.” There are those who say, — “Let us not be soft-hearted in this matter; let us have revolt, let us have desolation, let us have blood. Good will come out of it.” Now, for our part, we do not agree with them. There is a reasoning about

* We agree in principle and faith and hope with the language of the Democratic Republican party of Germany, addressed to the people of the United States of America.

“The German republic must come and will come. Our task is but to level the path and shorten it. As long as peace is maintained, and we are not deprived of our right to propagate the principles of pure democracy by the way of a free press and free speech, and to introduce them into practice by the way of a peaceable organization of our party and by free elections, we will be far from using any other means to achieve our ends. Truth, to be victorious, needs nothing but the right to show itself. Already the ranks of thinking and determined republicans are getting thicker and thicker; already the soldiers, influenced by the spirit of liberty, are beginning to desert to the republicans; and if we only get means enough to keep the talents of our party in free action, by and by all will join our movement, except those who see in the triumph of reason the end of their living. Our people, being quiet and strong, will not shed any blood so long as they are not absolutely forced to it.”

this matter,—stout-hearted or reckless, we hardly know which to call it,—which seems to have been learned from the late French writers, who discourse about the horrible atrocities of their own Revolution of 1789 as if they were blessed agencies for good, and appear to regard those days of frenzy and blood as if they deserved to be canonized and made saints' days in the calendar of the world's history. We protest, with the amiable and venerable Chateaubriand, against such reasonings, and say with him, — “No, no ; think of the fusillades ! think of the guillotine ! think of that sea of blood and murders and mangled victims !” We do not believe that this is the best method of mending the world's ways and manners, or of healing its diseases. In short, we make a distinction. Take the case of an individual. Here is a man who, during twenty of the early years of his life, plunges into reckless excesses, and at length, through all sorts of vice and misery and disease, finds his way out to a pure and happy life. Would not a gradual course of improvement to the same end have been better ? It will be said, that great communities cannot improve so ; that they must proceed by revolutions, by violent wrenchings off of great abuses. We do not believe it. We do not believe it, especially in this age of education and books and Bibles, and of easy communication, of steamships and railways and telegraphs. But, at any rate, it must be admitted that this reasoning has a perilous look as to the future. If it is adopted, it will push the masses of men, it will precipitate the world, into unbounded violence, war, disorder, and misery. This may be man's method ; but we do not believe that it is God's order.

It is easy for us, who sit in our quiet homes, three thousand miles off, to look with a calm eye upon the anarchy and strife and bloodshed of Europe. Calmly we can calculate the cost and sum up the account for generations and ages,—the account that is to be settled by the blood and sinews of other men,—the account that is to be written in fiery and bloody lines on other thresholds and other hearthstones than our own. But it is a different thing to those over whom the dreadful scourge is passing. And we were admonished of the difference by the feelings of the Irish emigrants in this country, who, whatever may have been the voice of public meetings here, were suffering, in the late threatened crisis, very painful anxieties for their friends and kindred at home. We may be told, that, in Europe itself, the public press, and

public meetings, and clubs, and processions are cheering on the great enterprise. But we do not hear the sigh that is rising by ten thousands of lately peaceful hearths over their dangers and desolations. Think of two thousand in Holstein slain on one field, buried in one grave. Think of the eight or ten thousand in Paris shot down in the streets,—in Paris, that barely escaped the grasp of a mob, which, if triumphant, would have carried rapine and murder through all her dwellings. Think of the pleasant fields and beautiful cities of Northern Italy deluged in blood. No tongue can tell, no mind can imagine, the amount of distress which this violent uprising has brought upon the world. The general insecurity of property and of life, were there even no loss of them, is a terrible calamity. The Parisian merchant leaves his family for his counting-room, not knowing but, before he returns, the dread *rappel* may summon him into the street, to conflict and death. In Paris and all through France, and all over Europe probably, men are burying the little coin they can realize, in their inclosures and gardens and secret places, to prepare for the days that may be coming. The financial distress alone is immense and incalculable. And all this, perhaps, is but “the beginning of sorrows.”

If, indeed, new and free and prosperous government could rise like an exhalation from this blood-stained soil, it were well. But we do not believe that governments are to be pulled down and built up again, in this easy and summary manner. We distrust the capacity of the people of Europe, in their circumstances, for self-government. We conceive, that, if the process of gradual change through which they were passing had brought them to republican forms in a century, it had been better. We may be wrong in this opinion, and certainly we offer it with the most profound humility upon a problem so stupendous; and we would to God that the solution might be better than many wise men fear. But one thing is very plain. The common inference here from our own condition, that it is well for the people of Europe to try our great political experiment, is rash and thoughtless and of no value. The difference between the cases is immense, and almost inappreciable. It forbids all inference from one to the other. We had a century of preparation for our form of government. M. de Tocqueville was the first traveller from Europe who had the sagacity to point to the municipality of our townships as the very *nucleus* and school of republicanism. We have

a widely diffused education. We have competence and abundance among us. We have an immense back-country opening its gate, a great safety-valve for the pressure and peril of an over-crowded population. The people of Europe, the mass, that is to say, unused to suffrage, unused to making their own laws, and to the tremendous power of popular control over the government, uneducated, too, and ignorant, and pressed in many quarters by poverty and need and desperation, hemmed in by narrow limits and crowding interests and competitions, without any chance of escape, — how are they, on the instant, to take up and carry on the great enterprise of self-government? And the danger, in our view, presses harder upon ten or twenty years hence than it does even upon the present moment.

Besides, great changes were already going on in the European systems. The voice of the press and the people was growing more potential every year. Concessions, reforms, constitutions, were becoming the order of the modern day. Public opinion was gaining constant victories. The awakening mind of the world was fast coming to be expressed in governments, and the tendency was irresistible. If ever a large-seeing man might adventure a prophecy, it was, that in less than a century popular forms would prevail through Christendom. Christian men, too, the friends of peace and humanity, were hoping that the age of moral force had come, and that physical violence was passing away. And now the world is flung back upon that barbarous resort. And to fight what battle? The battle of opinion; the battle, not for territory, not for commercial advantages, not for national honor, — sectional strifes these, comparatively; but the battle for opinion; a contest which may array the whole of Europe into parties, and spread the flame of war over the whole civilized world. Whether the cause of freedom itself is to gain ground by the conflict is perhaps questionable. It may be put back for many a year. Alas! we do but faintly conceive of the horrors of this wide-spreading civil war. It will be a sad account for the world to settle, — to have waded through seas of blood, to find at the end only severer restrictions and perhaps military despotisms.

In fine, this throwing open of the gates of power to a rushing populace, we must say, fills us with terror. We are frightened at this levity in the overthrow of governments, and at the threatened contempt of all government. It is found

alarmingly easy to achieve such tremendous results. This violent wrenching of the whole order of civil polity, — this prying up by main strength of its foundations, and sudden unloosing of all its bands, — this is not, to us, the right way of dealing with a structure so awful, so complicated, so connected with the whole fabric of society, of business, of every-day life. And the conduct of those who have put themselves at the head of this enterprise gives us no supplementary assurance that things will go well. How different was the manner of proceeding of our own Revolutionary guides! They fought, indeed, but it was under Fabian leading. They fought; but they reasoned, too, — in a way more patient and practical, indeed, than ever was seen elsewhere under similar circumstances. John Adams's Defence of our Constitutions was a most careful and elaborate analysis, through three volumes, of all the free systems of polity from the beginning, with a view to educe the wisest and best. The papers of "The Federalist," — the immortal labors of Hamilton and Madison and Jay, — and the State Papers of that period, were filled with the most sage and deliberate reasonings upon the practical working of the system we were adopting. Here were statesmen qualified to guide a people, worthy to preside over the birth of a new order of things. How was it in France? What pledges of wisdom did the Provisional Government give us? Some papers and speeches of a noble spirit there were from Lamartine, we grant; but generally, ideas, theorems, powerless edicts which were expected to execute themselves, leanings on every side to the popular breeze, and, in fine, the project of an ultra-democratic constitution, with one chamber and universal suffrage. They began where we are ending. Suffrage was not universal with us at the first: and well that it was not. Communities must *learn* to govern themselves. The burden of power must be let down gently into the bosom of the people. The whole process must be deliberate and practical. It is not so in France. Fine words and Utopian theories instead; "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," over all gates and church-doors. One is tempted to say, Would that the French people might *dramatize* themselves into liberty! for there is no chance of their reasoning themselves into it.

There is one question connected with this movement which demands attention, and that is the Social Question. In this, perhaps, lie the great problem and peril of our time. The

higher and lower classes, formerly far apart, always opposed, have now come nearer to each other, at least by the development of conscious rights in the latter. They now stand confronted ; and the danger is of an obstinate and fatal conflict. In this state of things, it is of the utmost importance to disabuse them both, as far as possible, of unreasonable and irritating prejudices, and, in this view, we must express our opinion, that many things are said with too little qualification and of a very dangerous tendency. It is implied in much that is written upon the present condition of the depressed classes, that this condition is owing to the classes above them, — to rich employers and grasping capitalists. But is this true? Let us look at it. The civilized world has been for a long time in a state of comparative peace. Population has rapidly increased. Laborers have multiplied, and production has outgrown demand. The consequence has been a competition among them for work. They have underbid one another. Wages have fallen to the bare life-supporting point. Whose fault is this? Nobody's, that we can see. It is no one's fault directly and immediately. Remotely, one may say, the condition of the suffering classes is owing to oppressive governments, to unequal institutions, to the entail of estates and immense accumulations in few hands, to enormous national debts and consequent heavy taxes. But all this was the heritage of the past, the fixed order of society, and it could not be changed in a moment. No doubt, freer institutions, extended suffrage, and the substitution of fee and freehold for rent and lease, would have given a spring to the individual energies of the people. And yet we do not see that free institutions and a chance for all, like our own, will altogether prevent the running down of wages. Whose fault, then, is it? we repeat. Is it the fault of the laborer? He has done but what all men do when commodity is in excess,— sold it for less. Is it the fault of the employer, the capitalist? He could not help it. If a neighbouring estate or manufactory is employing workmen at a less price than he, they undersell him, and he cannot go on. Generosity here is out of the question in all ordinary cases ; for it would soon make the employer a bankrupt, and then he must stop at any rate, and his men would have *no* wages. It is out of his power, we repeat, to arrest the descent of wages.

No ; here is a crisis come upon the world, for which nobody, as we view it, is immediately responsible, — which

presses heavily upon all, employer and laborer together, — which presents the most difficult and confounding problem that ever engaged the attention of mankind, and which modern society must labor with all sobriety and earnestness to solve. Exasperation, strife, bloodshed, will not help the case, but only make it worse.

Solutions are offered, plans are proposed, with much confidence ; and in this great distress of the case, we are tempted to feel as if we could resist nothing that comes in the name of help. We confess that we do not very well understand some things that the projectors say, and that we cannot think that other things are feasible. We do not understand, for instance, what is meant by “the *right* to labor,” or by “every man’s *right* to the soil,” or to “a protected homestead.” And we cannot see how men, generally, are to be persuaded to leave their separate and independent family state, and to come and live in immense hotels or boarding-houses, called “communities,” or “phalansteries.” But if there be any practicable or plausible device for help, that will do no great harm, however visionary it seem, let it be tried — by those who are willing to try it ; let it, in the name of humanity, be tried.

For ourselves, we do not look to any organic changes in society for help. We do not look for any sudden wrench of the world from its settled habitudes. The relief of society from all its heavy burdens must be gradual. Let a new spirit come into the world, and, without any violent changes, it will make the world new. Let governments feel their majestic, solemn, parental relation to the people. Let all partial legislation, unequal privileges, and unjust monopolies be done away, and let all men have a fair chance for competence, comfort, and happiness. Let education be amply provided for, and let pure religion lift up its glorious standard before the eyes of men. Ay, let men “hear the voice of the Son of God, and live.” “By love,” by love like his, “let them serve one another.” Let this spirit enter into our farms and workshops and manufactories. Let employers feel it towards their brethren around them, and by love serve *them*. Let the sacredness of humanity be felt and recognized beneath the burdens of toil. Let men themselves toil as beneath the great Taskmaster’s eye. Let affection help men, let the love of one another help them ; and they will be helped. Plans of aid and relief there may be, — the good

heart will find them out, — but, perhaps, no *one* plan. Here a joint-stock interest, there some aid in an emergency, — a library, a reading-room, a reverent and humble gathering together in the house of God ; but always a kindly looking after the welfare of all, everywhere a loving heart, — this is the grand panacea for the ills and diseases of society.

In fact, the cause of the present distress is that very freedom which is our boast. Slaves do not die of starvation, nor stand in any fear of it. The Russian serfs do not starve, nor did those of the Middle Ages. They are and were cared for by their masters. But now greater freedom has come, and men are put to take care of themselves ; and through this free action, this imperfect and transition state of the free principle, mistakes have arisen, such as men are always liable to commit when left to their own guidance. This very field of unprecedented free activity, while it has opened to some a path for enterprise and accumulation, is conducting multitudes downward, on the way of stinted fare and crushing toil, towards the gates of death ; and thus the very freedom, the self-guidance, which the world has sought and cherished, has brought it to this terrible crisis ; — to this terrible crisis, we repeat, when volcanic abysses are suddenly opening themselves in the great centres of civilization, and clouds and whirlwinds are sweeping over the face of the world, and Parisian mobs and Chartist grievances and Irish starvation are shrieking through the gloom, and the whole body of old, established society, from the Caspian Sea to the shores of the Atlantic, is trembling for its strongholds of stability and order. And now we say, the energies of this same freedom must and will find out a way of escape and relief, and better order and stability. And now, once more, we say, the text of texts, the text written in God's book of wisdom, from which help is to be preached, is this : — “ Brethren, ye are called to liberty ; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh,” — to the lower and selfish and brutal instincts, — but “ by love serve one another.”

In the opening of this discussion we remarked that there were certain questions which deeply agitate us at home. It is, indeed, a part of that great movement in men's minds which pervades the whole civilized world. Abroad, men are demanding more freedom for themselves. Here, we are demanding it for the slave. We have come, and the whole

world has come, within a few years, to a new view of this whole subject. But at the present moment the demand here has taken a particular form. A determination has very plainly manifested itself in this nation, within a few months past, that there shall be no further extension of the slave system upon our territory. We believe, that, effectively, the battle for free soil is already fought, and the victory won. We rejoice at it, more than we rejoice at any public event within our memory. Whether we are right or wrong, the impulse of our whole heart is to say, We thank God for it !

We rejoice at it, and we give thanks ; but it is in no spirit of unkindness to our fellow-citizens of the Southern States. We respect many of them, whom we know. We believe them to be perfectly sincere and conscientious in the defence of their system. But they must allow us to be sincere too, and conscientious. We believe that enslaving men is substantively a wrong. We cannot get over, nor around, nor away from the conviction, that it is a wrong, which, instead of being extended, should be extinguished as fast as possible. We believe that it is a wrong to human nature, — that it is a wrong to man as man. What it is to man as an animal, we will not now ask ; whether it feeds and clothes him well, whether it makes him comfortable, whether it allows him to be joyous and sportive, or how often it visits him with stripes, gashes him with wounds, sends bloodhounds to pursue him like a dog or a wolf, we will not ask. Human slavery is a wrong to the *nature* that it takes effect upon. It mistakes and maltreats that nature. There stands a human being ; — may his master cultivate his faculties as he would those of his child ? By no means ; it will never do ; he would be no longer a slave. Slavery, then, denies to this nature its inherent rights, denies it progress, commands it to stop, to stand still, — will not, does not, dares not permit it to rise. Why, let me ask any man, the stoutest defender of this system, — Would you think it right to enslave the poorest, meanest, most miserable, most imbecile white man that lives in the next cottage ? Would you think it right, right before God, to seize him or buy him and sell him, and sell his wife and his children, and their posterity for ever after, into hopeless bondage ? The answer is, No. The conscience of all the world says, No. What then ? Can the complexion of a skin — whitened by a Northern sky, bronzed by an Indian clime, or blackened beneath the heats of Africa — make all

this stupendous difference between right and wrong, — make that to be just under one shade of color, which under another would be infinitely unjust? Is this the ethics of the slave system, — that a brand or a chain upon a white skin is a heinous wrong, to make all the world cry out with indignation, and that a brand or a chain upon a colored skin is a righteous and lawful mark and badge?

This is the strong ground of the "Free Soil" argument, but this is not all. The wrong principle works out bad effects. Not as visionary dreamers, not as mere moralizers, do we protest against the slave system; but as political economists, as patriot citizens, as those who wish to see upon their territories the most vigorous and prosperous growth of men. If there were a Upas-tree which could be introduced into California and New Mexico, to spread a fatal blight through all the land, who would permit it to be planted there? Slavery is that Upas-tree. It is a blight to industry, making it a degradation; it is a blight to the very soil, exhausting its fertility; it is a blight to the general education of the white race, from the necessary sparseness of that class of the population; it is a blight to the whole internal activity and mechanical genius and commercial prosperity of any people. Why, one of the strongest pleas for the occupancy of a new soil is, that the old is worn out. It is said, we know, that the torrid zone cannot be cultivated by any but black men. Suppose it were true, is that an argument for making them slaves? But we doubt if it be so. We do not believe there is any region in which white men cannot be acclimated, and accustomed to toil. Are the people of Brazil and Hindostan and Siam black men? And even if the burning line bronzes the complexions of men as they approach it, is that, we repeat, any reason for making them slaves? Do the free and fierce elements, as they sweep around, write *slave* upon the brow which they have darkened?

No, complexion is not the brand of servitude even in the slaveholder's estimation. It is descent from the slave mother, even though her children be almost as white as their master. It is not nature's direction, but arbitrary enactment, that makes a slave. It is "local law." And it seems to us that it would have been much wiser for the slaveholder to have said that the law established a *relation*, rather than a tenure, — a certain relation between him and the slave, like the old serfdom, rather than property in man. A human

being to be property ! commodity, chattel, implement ! Universal human nature cries out upon it with abhorrence. The idea is not tenable, not tolerable, hardly conceivable. No, it is a relation established by arbitrary, particular, local law. The slaveholder is estopped by all natural law from arguing that he has just as good a right to carry his slaves to the new territory as to carry his horse or his plough or his cotton-mill.

But here is the trouble. If the planter were forbidden by the government to carry a certain machine for packing cotton to the new territories, because it was known to injure the fabric, doubtless then he would be offended. But it is a very different kind of offence that he takes at being forbidden to carry his slaves there. What is this difference ? Why does this latter prohibition, or the proposal of it, awaken such a peculiar sensibility ? It is that the refusal is put on moral grounds. It is our fixed conviction that slavery is morally wrong, that makes our position so exasperating to the people of the South. They say, " You proscribe us by the proposed law. You assail our character. You say that we have among us a practice so bad that it cannot be tolerated. Then we must be bad men. We cannot submit to this." For our own part, we are painfully sensible to this bearing of our position and our argument ; to their bearing upon many excellent, honorable, and Christian men. But we must say, that the fault is not ours. We have taken no new ground upon this matter of slavery. It is they that have placed themselves in a new and a wrong position. Pressed by attacks from the North, and indeed from the whole civilized world, and led on by an eminent statesman of their own, they have forsaken the old defensive ground and assumed the offensive. They have forsaken the ground which their and our fathers held, — that slavery was a system entailed upon them, and from which they could not immediately free themselves, — and they boldly maintain that it is a most excellent, a most admirable, a most Christian institution, and ought to be permanent ; that it is perfectly just and right to buy and sell men like cattle in the market, and to hold them in bondage for ever. It is this that has brought us into direct, moral collision as opposing parties.

Who shall yield ? It is a solemn and momentous question. *We* cannot. If they will not, — if the Southern States choose to break off from this republic and to set up a con-

federacy for themselves, — there are two things, we think, not to mention others, which are to be commended to their very serious consideration. First, it has been very well asked, Which of those States will consent to be border States? Will Virginia and Kentucky, or will North Carolina and Tennessee? They must build a wall far higher than the Chinese wall, or they cannot keep their slaves a month. The bondman will have but to pass an imaginary line, to cross a field, or to leap a fence, and he will be free. Next, the republic, that establishes itself with the feelings and on the simple footing of a preference of the slave system, will lay itself under the ban of the whole Christian world. We should not wonder if some civilized nations should refuse to send ambassadors to it. We should not wonder if by others the very courtesies of private life should be denied to its citizens. The reproach of which they now complain would gather into a weight of universal reprobation that would be enough to crush down any people. They may resent the suggestion now, they may say they are sufficient to themselves; but no family, no community, no nation, can long stand against universal scorn and indignation. The inhabitants of such a country would gradually forsake it; or they would go down in self-respect, in virtue, in character, as certainly as there are laws of the social world that bind them in common with other men.

These are painful things to say; but, in common with many other considerations, they persuade us that there will be no dissolution of this Union. It is painful to say them; but, on such a subject, free, frank, plain words are to be spoken. The true courtesy between honest and honorable men is perfect and fearless sincerity. If we had brothers of our own blood in the South, we should say this to them. We should say, "You cannot separate from us; you cannot arrange any feasible plan of separation; and you would bring upon yourselves the deepest injury and dishonor before the whole world, if you could."

We say dishonor before the world. There is no doubt about that. But we mind not mainly, in this matter, what the world says, what the world calls dishonor. We stand upon the ground of eternal right. Freedom is our nature's birth-right. Where is the man on the face of God's earth who will say, that for the slave to break the chain which binds him, and to flee from it, is an unworthy deed, — is forbidden by

nature's law? Nowhere. The voice of all the world thus adjudges slavery to be a wrong to humanity. Freedom, we say, is our nature's birthright. We are "*called to liberty*" by the voice of Heaven, — and now, emphatically, of earth also. A cry has gone through the world, saying, "Up, and demand justice! Up, and be free!" Justice! Empires are shaken, thrones tremble, kings grow pale at that word. Justice! It is the stability of the universe; it is the throne of Heaven; it is the guardianship of the world; it is the law of all time; it is the empire of eternity!

If we have detained our readers long, the importance of the subjects upon which we have been engaged must be our apology. This is a time for clear, discriminating, fixed, and firm opinion and decision. Never were the moral elements of the world in such commotion as now; and they are all tending to one point, — the enfranchisement of humanity from all unjust bonds. Freedom! the moralist's, poet's, sage's theme in all ages, — we do not yet know, perhaps, how precious is this boon to our very nature. No commendation, no boasting, can tell or explain what it is to us. Free speech, free thought, free action! Speech, thought, action, are nothing without this living element. Friendship is free, and retired life is free, and leisure after success is free; and more than half the charm of them lies in this. Whatever befalls us, whatever calamity, affliction, or sorrow, O, let us be free! Put no manacle upon our hand, put no dogma in our head, put no superstition in our heart. The trees wave in freedom on the hills; the streams flow in freedom; beast, bird, and insect are free; the creation is the theatre of freedom: shall man sigh in it, as a dungeon-slave? One bond there is for him, — bond to lawful headship in the family and the state, — bond to justice, — bond to the infinite Rectitude; but that bond is perfect freedom.

O. D.

ART. II.—SCOTUS ERIGENA.*

SCOTUS ERIGENA has, perhaps, exerted as great an influence on the course of philosophy as any man since the days of Aristotle. His name has lain for centuries in darkness, condemned to oblivion by the judgment of Popes and Councils. But his books were eagerly read by those who durst not quote them, and proved the fruitful seed that brought forth both the scholasticism and the mysticism of the Middle Ages. We propose, in the present article, to give a brief sketch of his system, as unfolded in his great work, *De Divisione Naturæ*. But, first, it may be proper to say a few words of his life and writings, taking for our authority Schlüter's preface to his edition of this work.

John Scotus Erigena, an Irishman by birth, born probably about the year 828, in a country then celebrated for the culture of letters, was learned in all polite branches, and especially in Greek philosophy and literature. Having perfected himself in these studies, and being consecrated to the priesthood, he went, like many of his countrymen, to France, where Charles the Bald appointed him teacher of mathematics and logic in his famous school at Paris. His natural good-humor, with his witty and lively conversation, greatly pleased the king, whose friendship aided him in promoting sound learning in France. He soon, however, fell into a controversy with the Saxon monk, Godeschalk, concerning predestination. His work defending the Archbishop Hincmarsh, who had condemned Godeschalk, is yet extant. But the Pope Nicolas I. approved the doctrines of Remigius, a defender of Godeschalk, and confirmed the canons of the Council of Valence, which condemned the dogmas of Erigena. After this, Charles induced him to translate the works of the pseudo Dionysius the Areopagite, which Michael Balbus had, A. D. 827, given to Louis the Pious. But when Scotus had finished the translation, he found his only reward from the

* 1. JOHANNIS SCOTI ERIGENÆ *De Divisione Naturæ Libri Quinque. Editio recognita et emendata. Accedunt Tredecim Auctoris Hymni ad Carolum Calvum, ex Palimpsestis Angeli Maii.* Monasterii Guestphalorum Typis et Sumptibus Librariæ Aschendorffianæ. 1838. 8vo. pp. 610. [With a preface in Latin, by C. B. Schlüter.]

2. *Scot Érigène et la Philosophie Scholastique.* Par M. SAINT-RENÉ TAILLANDIER, Professeur suppléant à la Faculté des Lettres de Strasbourg. Strasbourg et Paris. 1843. 8vo. pp. 331.

Church in a rebuke from the Pope, for publishing without license from the Pontiff works so liable to be misunderstood. Afterwards, in the year 870, he joined in the controversy with Radbert, concerning the eucharist. His writings on this point were, in Schlüter's opinion, lost before the eleventh century. The date of his writing the great work, *De Divisione Naturæ*, is not known. But when, in the thirteenth century, the Albigenses appealed to it, and sheltered themselves under the authority of Erigena, Honorius III. ordered the work to be collected and burned. Fortunately, however, copies escaped the Papal fire, and we have the precious volume in a perfect state.

Wearied at length by the perpetual attacks of French priests, and oppressed by the displeasure of Nicolas, he accepted, according to Schlüter, about the year 883, the invitation of Alfred the Great, and became teacher of mathematics and logic at Oxford. Afterwards being made Abbot at Malmesbury, he was slain by his scholars with their writing-styles, in some sudden tumult. A miraculous light shone over his grave, — or, at least, so it is said, — until they gave him an honorable sepulture near the altar of the cathedral. On this account, as well as from the integrity of his life, he was enrolled in the French and English martyrologies. So holy was his life, that never was a whisper raised against his character.

Taillandier considers the stories of his return to England, and his death there, as evidently false; nor does he admit that we have any knowledge of Erigena's life after he left the court of Charles. He is not positive whether Scotus belonged to any ecclesiastical order, yet thinks it highly improbable that so much learning should have been acquired in that age by one of the laity. From his remarkable knowledge of Greek, it has been conjectured that he travelled and spent some time in Greece. One glaring defect in his Latin style is the copious use of Greek idioms, constructions, and even words.

The most important modern writers on Erigena are Thomas Gale, who published an edition of *De Divisione* at Oxford, in 1681; Dr. Peter Hjort, professor of German Literature in Sorö, in Denmark, who published, in 1823, an essay on Erigena and the rise of Christian philosophy; Staudenmayer, Professor of Theology at Friburg; and Taillandier, who bases his criticism of the doctrine on the edition of Schlüter. Hjort's and Taillandier's books have the same

general plan, — a threefold division, in which the first part is devoted to the history of the times and the life of Erigena, the second to the exposition of his doctrines, and the third to an estimate of their value and their influence on the thought of the Middle Ages. The estimate which is put upon him by those who know him is well expressed in an extract (given in Schlüter's preface) from Albert Kreutzbage, part of which we will attempt to transfer from his "elegant and untranslatable" German to our English page.

"I have just finished, my dear friend, the little folio of Scotus Erigena, *De Divisione Naturæ*, and thank the chance which brought this splendid and rare work into my hands. In the treatise upon primordial causes, in the second book, we must continually perceive that here may be found, in its fulness, the primordial cause of unnumbered philosophical ideas, which since, divided among whole philosophical systems, have served for their life-principle and centre. Indeed, it is clear, that, if many modern philosophers would be frank, they would be obliged to confess that Erigena had given them their principal thoughts; that from the fulness of his deep and penetrating mind they drew their system-pulse in many varying channels.

"The basis of the new researches into self-consciousness and its trinity, into the deeper insight which has been thence obtained in relation to the being of God, to the meaning of many important teachings of Christianity, to the creation, and to knowledge, — in short, the basis of the most important researches in modern philosophy, — was long before uttered by Erigena in the words, 'Mens etenim et notitiam sui gignit, et a seipsa amor sui et notitia sui procedit, quo et ipsa et notitia sui conjunguntur.'

"The rare union of the greatest acuteness and depth in Erigena appears also in his remarkable, life-breathing style, so that one who reads him in certain moods is entranced, as though he found himself in a temple or holy grove, full of wonderful forms and spirit-voices, prophesying of life's inmost mysteries.

"Günther is disposed to classify the system of Erigena as pantheistic, and indeed we cannot well deny that it often nearly approaches pantheism. To this limit all purely spiritual systems approach, — indeed they pass into pantheism, when the stand-point of self-consciousness is considered the highest; the laws of thought are then transferred to the world as creative agents, while phenomena consist only in their relations; thus the spirit is made all in all. Erigena, however, preserves the boundary line between pantheism and creation. For even when he approaches this limit most nearly, — for example, in the deification of the saints, — he clearly distinguishes between the Creator and the

creature, as may be seen in his strikingly fit illustration of the light which fills the air, and appears to be wholly identified with it, while yet the distinction remains. Erigena's primordial causes, constituting by their procession and return the universe, with the subsistence of the particulars in the universal, remind one, indeed, of Hegel; but Erigena does not mean a return by absorption, consequently not an identity, but simply the indwelling of the creature in the Creator. The next development of them, the categories of Erigena, (which in their objective reality form and constitute the world, while the subjective categories of Kant destroy it,) appears like the pointing out of the conditions under which the ideal, the substance, passes into the phenomena; and through the categories, as identical with substance and its phenomena, their identity also shall be shown.

“With a precise knowledge of the stand-points of physical philosophy, of mathematics, and astronomy in his own time, armed also with a knowledge of the past, intimately acquainted with the old literature of Greek philosophers and the works of the fathers of the Church, Erigena sought to discover the pure treasure of truth in a severely scientific Christian philosophy. He obtained the most extraordinary results, and shows everywhere in a superior manner, equalled in acuteness by none of the later scholastic philosophers except Thomas Aquinas, that the true relation of philosophy to Christianity is not that of hostility, but that only in closer league can they attain their mutual aim of finding the truth; in order that through knowledge the life-giving truth may penetrate us, and we may live by it. If, on the contrary, religion and philosophy become separated, and removed from each other, philosophy rises only into barren, rocky heights, where the higher she goes, the more completely does she lose the substance of truth, and ponder over her own shadow in the empty air, while Christianity is benumbed by dogma, as if it were materialized into an outward form, and the weak and timid eyes of the gazers (who, indeed, take their shoes from their feet in the holy city, but also draw a veil over their eyes) are no longer able to see its rich inner life, to understand the revelation which it makes concerning the highest questions of our existence, to perceive its fulness of truth. The truth, however, can give life and freedom only when we know her, and through her ourselves; know through her what we were, what we are, and what we shall again attain; what is the problem of our being, and in what relations we stand to the universe and to God.”

It may also be of interest to copy from Taillandier a list of the writings of Erigena still extant, although several of his works have been already mentioned.

1. Five Books on the Divisions of Nature, comprising his matured philosophy.

2. A controversial work on Predestination, against Gotte-schalk. In this he admits the predestination of saints, but denies that of sinners ; and introduces, in brief, and of course perplexing, language, several strange and bold doctrines ; declaring that prescience is equivalent to predestination, denying the eternity of hell torments, and announcing the future change of matter into spirit.

3. A little treatise, never printed, — *De Visione Dei*.

4. A philosophical work, never printed, — *De Egressu et Regressu Animæ ad Deum*.

5. A work burnt by Berenger, in obedience to a Council at Rome, A. D. 1059, — *De Corpore et Sanguine Domini*. In this he opposed the doctrine of transubstantiation, then first assuming a positive form. The treatise was for centuries lost, but three years after the publication of Schlüter's preface, a fragment came to light, which undoubtedly came from Scotus's hand. After having denied the real presence, the author gives an explanation of the Sacrament.

"The bread," says he, "represents, not only the body of Christ, but also the body of all his Church, the body of believers ; this is the meaning of the numerous grains of wheat which form the bread. As to the wine of the altar, water must be mingled with it, according to the ritual, and it is not permitted to offer either alone, for this reason, because, if the wine represents the blood of Christ, the water represents that of the people, and Christ cannot exist without the people, nor the people without Christ, any more than the head without the body, or the body without the head."

6. At the request of Charles the Bald, he made a new and better translation of the works ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite, viz. "The Celestial Hierarchy," "The Ecclesiastical Hierarchy," "The Divine Names," "The Mystic Theology," and ten "Epistles."

7. A Commentary on the preceding, a part only extant.

8. A Translation of Notes of St. Maximus upon Gregory Nazianzen, appended to Gale's edition of *De Divisione*.

9. A beautiful homily on the proem of John's Gospel ; the following sentences from which will give the reader an idea of Erigena's style.

"O blessed Paul ! thou wast caught up, as thou sayest, into

the third heaven, but thou wast not caught up beyond every heaven. Thou wast caught up into paradise, but thou wast not caught up above every paradise. John passes beyond every established heaven and every created paradise; that is, beyond every human and angelic nature. In the third heaven, thou chosen vessel, and teacher of the nations, thou heardest unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. John, beholding the inmost truth, beyond every heaven, in the paradise of paradises, that is, in the Cause of all things, heard one Word, through which all things were made; and it pleased him to utter that Word and to preach it to men, as far as it can be preached to men; and faithfully he cries aloud, 'In the beginning was the Word.' John was not, therefore, a man, but more than a man, since he went beyond both himself and all things that are. For he could not otherwise ascend to God, except by first becoming God. The holy divine, therefore, transformed into God, a partaker of the truth, announces God the Word, subsisting in God, the Beginning; that is, God the Son, in God the Father. 'In the beginning,' says he, 'was the Word.' Behold heaven open, that is, the mystery of the high and holy Trinity and Unity revealed to the world."

10. A great many verses of various kinds, chiefly distinguished by their mystic theology and imitations of the Greek.

Other writings have been attributed to him without sufficient reason.

Let us now return, as we have promised, to the book on the Divisions of Nature.

By "nature" is meant the universe of being, including all things that are and that are not; that is, all whose existence is within the comprehension of the human mind, and all that does not exist to us, simply because it is beyond the reach of the human understanding. And nature is capable of a fourfold division. Not that there is other than one universe, but that the intellect apprehends it in four aspects, or considers it as lying under four divisions. The first division is that which creates and is not created; the second, that which is created and creates; the third, that which is created and does not create; the fourth, that which neither creates nor is created. The first and fourth divisions can be joined, and are the aspects in which the Creator appears; — the first, when he is considered as the origin and cause of all things; the fourth, when considered as the end and aim of all. The second and third divisions are the different aspects of the

creation ; — the second, as it exists in primordial causes ; the third, as it is seen in their effects. We have said that the universe of nature is one ; not that the creature is part of the Creator, but that its essence is derived from him, for in him all things “ have their being.”

The First Book treats of the first division, the uncreated Creator. Uncreated is not, indeed, the precise word, since he does eternally create himself ; he is, however, not created by any other power.

The first thing, and the only thing, that can be known of God is, that he is unknown and cannot be known. There is nothing which we can affirm of him, for every affirmation is an equation, and there can be no equation save between finite quantities. Our propositions concerning him cannot, then, be affirmative, but only negative ; that is, we can only say, he is more than goodness, more than wisdom, more than essence, etc. ; which forms of speech are only concealed negations, not saying what he is, but what he is not. Nothing can be predicated of him which would imply the coeternity of aught else.

“ For example : God is called being ; but properly he is not being, to which nonentity is opposed [and therefore coeternal]. He is therefore *ὑπερούσιος*, that is, above all being. Likewise, he is called goodness ; but properly he is not goodness, for wickedness is opposed to goodness. He is therefore *ὑπεράγαθος*, more than good, and *ὑπεραγαθότης*, more than goodness. He is called *Deus* ; but he is not properly *Deus*, for blindness is opposed to sight and blind to seeing. He is *ὑπέρθεος*, more than seeing, if *Θεός* be interpreted *seeing*.”

And thus does Scotus run on with all the titles of the Supreme One. He then takes up the ten categories of Aristotle, and shows at length that none of them are predicable of the infinite and unapproachable First Cause. He is not any thing, because he is greater than all things.

“ How, then, can the Divine nature understand itself, what it is, when it is not any thing ? for it surpasses every thing that is, since it is not itself being, but is the source of all being, surpassing, by virtue of its own excellence, every thing that is, or exists. Or how can the Infinite be defined by itself in any thing, or be understood by itself in any thing, since it knows itself to be above all finite and infinite, and finitude and infinitude ? God himself, therefore, knows not what thing he is, because he is not any thing [nescit se, quid est, quia non est quid].”

There is a sense in which God may be called wisdom, and goodness, and love, because all these are contained in him, and are derived from him, their essence. But in strict truth all that we can say of him is, that he is more than being, more than life, more than truth, etc.; which does not say what he is, but what he is not.

It may interest some readers of the present day to know what a Catholic, like Erigena, made of the Holy Trinity. Let him answer for himself.

“Master. Has not that science which you have called theology, and which pertains wholly or chiefly to the Divine Being, proved from the things which he has made, sufficiently and clearly for those who seek the truth, that he essentially exists, but not that his essence itself can be comprehended? For, as we have said, he surpasses not only all attempts of human reason, but even the purest intellects of the heavenly beings. By just reasoning, theologians have shown, from the things that are made, that he exists; from their division into genera, species, etc., that he is wise; and, from the uniform motion and changing uniformity of all things, that he lives. For this reason, they most truly consider the Cause of all things to have a threefold existence. For, as we have said, from the existence of the world, he is known to exist; from the wonderful order of things, he is known to be wise; from their motion, living. Therefore, the cause of all things, the Creator, exists, and is wise, and is living. Thus have the seekers of the truth taught us to understand the Father through his essence, the Son through his wisdom, the Holy Spirit through his life.

“Disciple. These things are proved sufficiently and plainly, and I see them to be most true, although, indeed, his nature or attributes cannot be defined; for that which is infinite cannot be definite. But still, I wish to be told why theologians have dared to predicate Unity and Trinity of the First Cause.

“Master. Upon this question we need have little difficulty, especially since St. Dionysius the Areopagite most truly and excellently expounds to us the mystery of the Divine virtue and Trinity, saying, ‘By no word or name, by no symbol of articulate language, can the Highest, the Creative Being, be described.’ For he is neither Unity nor Trinity, such as can be discovered by the human mind, however pure, or by angelic intellect, however lofty.”

In the Second Book, Scotus proposes, “by God’s grace, to say a few things concerning the procession of creatures from the First Cause of all, through the primordial essence

of causes made before all things by him, in him, through him, into the diverse genera of things in diverse forms and numbers infinite." That is, the book treats of the second division of nature, the created creative, — the primordial causes, ideas, or prototypes. These are inclosed in the bosom of the second person of the Trinity. "In the beginning," says Moses, "God created the heaven and the earth." The "Beginning" is the Logos, the Son, in whom the Father created all things in mental types or ideas; and this is proved by the succeeding words of Moses, "And the earth was without form and void"; for the earth could not have been without *form* and void, or, as the Septuagint hath it, without *parts*, had it existed in time and space. It must have existed, therefore, only in ideas, or first causes in the mind of the Son.

Moses speaks at first of the Father and the Son. "In the beginning," that is, in the Son, "God," that is, the Father, "created heaven and earth." Presently the Holy Spirit appears, "and the Spirit of God moved over the face of the waters." After that he speaks of the Trinity. "Let us make man." Thus it appears that the Trinity was constituted by the creation, and consists in it. The Son is the fount, the *principium*, the beginning, in which God deposits the causes of things; and the Spirit is the distributor of these powers, the spreader of life over the universe. This order and arrangement of functions is not, however, chronological, but simply logical. For if there were a time when God began to create, then creation were an accident in the Divine life; but the Divine is subject to no accidents; therefore the Son ever is begotten of the Father, and the Spirit is ever proceeding from the Father and the Son. Thus creation is ever going on.

"Ever fresh the broad creation,
A divine improvisation,
From the heart of God proceeds,
A single will, a million deeds."

The Third Book, says Scotus, "by God's aid, is to be devoted to the consideration (so far as the eternal light has shone upon my mind) of the third part of universal nature; that is, of that part of the creature which is created and does not create." This created uncreative nature consists of the effects of the primordial causes.

“As from the fountain the whole river, in the first place, flows, and through its channel the water which first rises in the fountain, however far it goes, continually and without intermission runs down; thus the Divine goodness, and essence, and life, and wisdom, and all things which are in the fount of all, first flow into the primordial causes, calling them into being, thence, through primordial causes into their effects, in unspeakable ways, and in the succession adapted to the universal harmony, — flowing through the superior ever to the inferior, and again, by the most secret pores and most hidden paths of nature, returning to their fount. Thence is all good, all essence, all life, all sense, all reason, all wisdom, all genus, all species, all fulness, all order, all unity, all equality, all distinction, all place, all time, and all that is, and all that is not, and all that is understood, and all that is felt, and all that surpasses sense and understanding.”

The book is principally occupied with an examination of the first five days of the creation.

The Fourth Book, beginning with the sixth day of creation, considers the return of all things into that nature which neither creates nor is created. This Fourth Book, Erigena says, will be the last; and as the Fifth Book, unlike the others, begins without preface, and continues the discussion, we suppose it is to be regarded as simply a second part of the Fourth.

In the extracts which follow, it will appear to the modern reader that Erigena uses a fanciful and allegorical mode of interpretation. But we should not demand of him a perfect freedom from the errors of his times, — and in those days no one dreamed of interpreting Scripture according to its obvious meaning. Moreover, Erigena does not so often indulge in the allegorical interpretation of history as in the symbolical interpretation of parables. He conceived that the writers of the Old Testament, and the Apostles of the New, were teachers of the most profound philosophy, and that they taught by means of symbols. Moses never meant, he says (and ingeniously endeavours to prove), that we should understand the story of Eden and the fall as any thing else than a spiritual history. The first chapters of Genesis, in their literal meaning, are, in Scotus's opinion, scarcely better than childish fables, unworthy the Spirit by whom Scripture is inspired. But take them as the symbolical description of human nature, its powers and opportunities, they lead at once to the deepest revelations of spiritual truth.

“The plantation of God, that is, paradise, in Eden, that is, in

the delights of eternal and blessed felicity, we have said, is human nature made in the image of God. The fount in this paradise is that of which the prophet speaks to the Father, 'With thee is the fountain of life,' — that which invites all who thirst for righteousness to drink of itself, saying, 'If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink.' The four rivers of this paradise, flowing from this fountain of wisdom, are the four principal virtues of the soul, from which all virtue and good works spring; its 'every tree' is that of which it is written, 'To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is planted by the rivers of water,' (that is, around which all the oracles of prophets, and all symbols of either law, and interpretations of symbols, and all open and pure teachings, flow,) namely, our Lord the Word, implanted in human nature. The 'tree' of mixed 'knowledge' in this paradise is the indistinct and confused desire of the senses towards divers pleasures, concealed under the form of good, deceiving and destroying careless souls; its 'man' is the mind presiding over all human nature; its 'woman,' the senses, incautiously yielding to which the mind is lost; its 'serpent,' the unlawful delight for which those things that please the carnal sense are unlawfully and destructively desired."

It will be noticed that Erigena allows only two trees to have been in paradise; the "every tree," of which man was commanded to eat, and the memory of which was to be preserved by the cherub light, — and the tree of "mixed knowledge," that is, the natural, corporeal passions, which might be made the servants of man, or, being taken for masters, might lead him to ruin.

Thus was man created in the image of God. And it was his sublime destiny to be the mediator between the creation and the Creator, and to restore them to unity. But from this high post he fell. How? By any act of God? Let the Gospel answer: — "A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, when he fell among thieves." Now while man remained in Jerusalem, that is, in righteousness, no evil attacked him. It was his own leaving his post, that put him in the power of the thieves, that is, of the Devil and his angels. Sin, then, was not a positive action, so much as the omission of action; it was the voluntary weakness of the will. Temptations could not assail man till he first left Jerusalem, till he ceased to look at God, and looked at himself. It was not that temptation conquered the will, but the will fell and sought temptation, and was overcome. The fall of man, also, is not chronological, but simply logical. For if

man had remained for even one instant in paradise, he would have been in union with God, and thus impeccable. But the Devil was a manslayer from the *beginning*, which must mean that he slew man at the very instant of his creation. Man, being made capable of righteousness, capable of redeeming creation, chose to sin, chose to desert his high post and leave the world without a mediator. What remained? Who could supply his place? There was no intercessor. Wherefore God himself took flesh upon him, to do that which man had failed to do, to restore creation to the bosom of its Creator. That this was the object of Jesus is proved by his own words, "Go, preach the gospel to every creature." For "every creature" includes all things, animate and inanimate.

The uncreative uncreated nature is the Godhead, considered, not as the efficient, but as the final cause, the end and home of all his creatures. For "of him, and to him, and for him are all things." All divisions in nature must cease, and all be restored to unity with God. Man is first to be restored, that he may take his true post of mediator, and through him all things are to be brought in. The substance of this part of the doctrine of Erigena is so well given by Taillandier, that we shall, in the remainder of this article, quote, or abridge, indifferently, his language and that of the original work.

"God, having expelled Adam, places before the door of Eden a cherub armed with a flaming sword. Now, according to St. Dionysius the Areopagite, 'cherub' signifies the fulness of wisdom; God has, then, placed before paradise, that is, before the primitive perfection of human nature, the light of wisdom to shine upon the road by which we shall return to Eden. No, this flaming sword is not a symbol of wrath, it is the sign of unbounded mercy. This cherub, this Divine wisdom, is Christ himself, the Logos, who is ever warning us, teaching us, correcting us, and leading us toward spotless perfection. Do we not see all things in nature thus returning towards their point of departure? And has not God put in material phenomena the symbols of sublime truth? The spheres of heaven return to their starting-place, the planets come again to their perihelion, the animals bring forth young, and the plants seeds. There is nothing in creation which is not thus returning to its origin. Examine any thing that lives; the end of its movement is in its very origin. Origin and end, these are but different aspects of the same idea. The Greeks have but one word to translate them

both, τέλος [end and purpose, final cause], thus showing that the origin always includes the end, and that the end is nothing else than the origin. Besides the examples from nature, there are those from science and art, from logic, and arithmetic, and music, which gives an example of the same principle; a song begins upon the tonic, around which it may play in varied melody, but it must end upon its key-note, its [bass] basis and strength. The origin and end of man is his cause, it is God. It is toward God and in God that he must return. Let us mark out the road in which he is to go, and, to do this, let us see to what point he has fallen."

He has fallen among the irrational animals, — he is like the beasts that perish. He has fallen into the death of a body; this is the coat of skins given him after the fall; he could not go lower; body, matter, is the lowest degree of creation. Now this point, which is the last limit of the fall of man and of his overthrow, will be his point of departure to return to God; and the beginning of his deliverance will be the dissolution of his material frame, which he owes, not to God, but to sin. The destruction of the flesh, though it may seem like the vengeance of an angry God, is not a chastisement, but rather a blessing for man, and a means of salvation. Far from giving us to death, it delivers us from death, it is the death of our death.

"This death of our death is, then, the first step towards God; the second is the resurrection; the third is the transfiguration of our body into a spiritual body, into spirit; afterwards, when the spirit, that is, the whole man thereinto transformed, returns to his primal causes, that is the fourth step in this sublime ascension; which will be finally accomplished when man shall live in God, as the air moves in the bosom of the light. Then God will be in all things, and everywhere he alone will be visible. This, let us carefully remember, will not cause human nature to vanish, by confounding the Creator and the creature. God alone will appear in all things, yet our soul will live in him. The air is still in existence when the light of the sun has clothed and illumined it; the iron has not ceased to be, when, all glowing in the flame, it seems changed into fire. No; the air and the iron are only concealed by the light which penetrates and envelopes them. Thus shall our soul be more beautiful, more like to God, penetrated and clothed with his glories."

It is not man alone that is to return to God. All things which he has created shall return again to the Word by which

they were created. Thus saith the Scripture, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." Space and time are as transient as the world which they contain ; they, too, must pass away ; there will be no need of either in those eternal and immaterial regions where there will be nothing to place and nothing to measure.

"To return to our subject : as many divisions, as many evolutions, as there were in the formation of beings, so many reunions and involutions will there be. The first division is into created and uncreated. Created things are divided into those which are perceived by sense, and those which are perceived by intellect. In things of sense there are two great divisions, heaven and earth. Afterwards, the earth was separated from paradise. Finally, the last division is that of the two sexes, which was made in man after the fall. Now this last division will disappear first ; there will be no longer man and woman ; it will be man. Afterwards, the earth will be transformed into paradise ; paradise into heaven ; the world of sense into the world of ideas ; the creature into the Creator."

"Now all the while we must be careful not to forget that this union will be accomplished without any confusion or vanishing of substances. Jesus Christ gives us an instance of this mystery ; after his resurrection, he had no sex ; he was man, primitive man, man before his fall ; he was wholly man, and wholly God. He was in paradise, though he was visible to his disciples ; and when he disappeared, it was not because he retired from their presence, for there was to him no space ; but it was because he enclosed himself in the pure spirituality of his body, inaccessible to their yet carnal eyes.

"The first step of this return towards God is, for man, the dissolution of his body ; the second is his resurrection. But it is not man alone that shall rise, but also all sensible and corporeal things ; the material universe will rise again ; it will rise in man, who is its crown. One cannot doubt the resurrection of this world of sense, if one remember that it was created by the Son of God, and that it is in him that its causes subsist. And can the ideas projected in the Logos be perishable ? No ; that which dwells in life is also life, and cannot die.

"If the human race, as a whole, returns towards God, what becomes of eternal punishment, of that hell-fire with which Christ threatened the wicked ? Behold the only reply. Humanity is entire, simple, indestructible, in each individual. Now, since it is

simple, it cannot be corrupted through the fault of individuals. Thus, in the sinner, it will not suffer ; it will be the accidental only, to wit, the corrupted thought, the guilty will, that will be punished. When a judge punishes a guilty man, what does he condemn in him ? The nature of the man, or only his will which did the evil ? His will, of course ; but he cannot separate them, he punishes both at once. That which the legislator here below cannot do, the Judge Supreme will do with ease ; he will separate the nature from the will, and maintaining the purity of the nature, which is his work, and which cannot be evil, he will punish, or rather leave to punishment, that which he did not make, namely, the perverted will of the sinner.

“ All, then, good or bad, are united in paradise, that is, in the primitive perfection of human nature. Only, some are in their thoughts in this paradise, where they are rising still higher and nearer to God ; these are the elect. The rest, that is, the reprobates, are far from paradise in their wicked, impious thoughts, loaded with the darkness of their ignorance and sins.

“ The great mystery of the world, in its double evolution, to wit, the creation, and the return of the creation to God, is now accomplished ; and as we began with God, it is with God that we end ; with that God, at once present and concealed, whom we cannot name, but whom we ever see in all things ; with that God, who, being infinitely above the world and before the world, yet fills it, and gives it life through his own being ; and, like the light of the sun in the glowing air, ends by becoming alone visible in all things, whilst, moreover, he rises infinitely above even this new transfigured creation, and none can attain unto him, even in deification, unless it be Christ the Son.”

Such is the system of Scotus Erigena ; and it must be tried, not by the light of the nineteenth, but by that of the ninth century. While we dissent from his modes of interpretation, and from many of his particular conclusions, we should remember that it is a decade of centuries since the day of his attaining manhood ; and that, during that period, great progress has been made in the course of human thought. No man is to be judged by the things in which he conforms to his age, so much as by those in which he leads and moulds it, or stands in advance of it. Still less is a man to be condemned for not knowing things that were not discovered for ages after his death. It does not make us deny the genius and power of Kepler, to find him believing in astrology, and ignorant of that law of gravity whose existence is demonstrat-

ed by his own discoveries. We reverence the penetrating intellect of Aristotle, and his searching powers of observation, even though his reasoning was sometimes absurd, and his catalogue of animals does not enumerate the fauna of New Holland. No ! the genius of Kepler prepared the way for Newton ; and that of Newton, the path for Leverrier. Each of these names awakens the same deep reverence in our hearts. The labors of Aristotle did not lead to the same discoveries as those of Cuvier, nor was Cuvier acquainted with the results of the latest researches into embryology. But none the less true is it that Cuvier's genius and his studies were the necessary forerunners of the zoölogy of to-day, nay, his discoveries form some of its best and most important parts. Published to-day, the system of Erigena were a strange, antiquated, and useless thing ; published in the middle of the ninth century, it was the first fruits of the cultivation of the Germanic race, under the influence of Christianity ; it was the introduction of intellectual life into the Church, and of true religion into philosophy ; it was the beginning of the growth of theology as a science.

Taillandier (whose discussion of Scotus's life, doctrine, and merit is very full and impartial) says that Erigena united in his system the characteristics of both the Platonic and the Alexandrine schools, but added to them a new and Christian spirit. The Neo-Platonists denied all attributes to God ; the Alexandrines made him present in all things, but not accessible to the human soul. Scotus reasoned like a Neo-Platonist, and like an Alexandrine, but also like a Christian, by insisting on the freedom of the will, and the perpetual personality of the individual ; and made the Infinite Spirit a present Father to his earthly children. The doctrine of Erigena, that philosophy and religion are the same, was the foundation of the two principal schools of the Middle Ages. The scholastics affirmed that philosophy is religion, and so neglected religion to study philosophy. The mystics asserted that religion is philosophy, and therefore neglected philosophy to muse and pray. But this doctrine of our Scotus is no antiquated thing. We find it, to-day, combined with a belief in " primordial causes," in the earnest and glowing words of a living divine ; who says,* " that a certain capacity of elevation or poetic ardor is the most fruitful source of dis-

* Bushnell's Phi Beta Kappa Oration, pp. 31, 32.

covery" in science. "The man is raised to a pitch of insight and becomes a seer, entering into things through God's constitutive ideas, to read them as from God. For what are laws of science but ideas of God, — those regulative types of thought by which God created, moves, and rules the worlds? Thus it is that the geometrical and mathematical truths become the prime sources of scientific inspiration; for these are the pure intellectualities of all created being, and have their life, therefore, in God. Accordingly, an eloquent modern writer says, — 'Those pure and incorruptible formulas which already were before the world was, that will be after it, governing throughout all time and space, being, as it were, an integral part of God, put the mathematician in profound communion with the Divine Thought.'"

We have sought to give our readers some idea of the system of Scotus Erigena, a man of small stature, but of great genius, extensive and profound learning, "a logic worthy of Plato and Proclus," a lively imagination, strong common sense, a shrewd native wit, and a divine instinct to recognize the highest truth wherever it may lie concealed, — who rejected, from an instinctive impulse, all the erroneous consequences which might be drawn, by a falsely strict logic, from his doctrines. He saw that the true office of logic is to legitimate the deductions of reason, not to usurp the office of reason in drawing those deductions. Hence, he did not lose the soul, as did the false mystics, in the return to God. There was a union of substance, but no confounding of persons. Thus, while he kept bright the glorious views of the future life which mystics enjoy, the future dwelling in the bosom and essence of Deity, he did not lose the personal consciousness, the memory of friends and recognition of them, and all the other hopes which, to the common believer, hang round the doctrine of the resurrection. So, too, while he placed the Divine Being far above the region of things and far above the reach of mortal understandings, making the only knowledge of him to be the denial that he is any thing, he at the same time made him present in the human soul, not far from any one of us, able and willing to hear our cries and grant us all things. Nor, on the other hand, though he made union with God to be the end of life, did he at all favor either ascetic retirement or indulgence in fanatic zeal and an impious fervor of piety. He kept near to God, yet separate from him. He neither allowed the universe to be a machine from which

its Author was remote, nor did he confound it with its Author and make matter to be part of the Godhead.

The doctrine of Scotus concerning the identity of religion and philosophy was, as we have said, the foundation of the two principal schools of the Middle Ages ; the scholastics predicating religion of philosophy, and the mystics philosophy of religion. Scholasticism, and mysticism, and false mysticism, have played their part ; new schools in philosophy and science have arisen, and new modes of thought prevailed ; but the teaching of Erigena is the unseen basis of them all. Philosophy and religion are one and the same ; the one seeking for the truth of God, the other for the God of truth. Theology is the only science ; for what are physics and metaphysics but the study of God's works ? — and even the mathematics, are they not, to say the least, illustrated by him alone ? Creation is a set of diagrams — what others can he have ? — for the geometer ; so that, even if space and time be independent of the Creator, they are measured only by motion ; even algebra and geometry imply, therefore, motion ; motion implies force, and force will. All things, then, are of God, and we understand nothing until we are reconciled to him. “ The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,” and wisdom is perfected in us only so far as Christ is formed within us, only so far as we are lifted into the life of Christ, are made one with him and with Him that sent him, see and feel that all things are of God, see that there is a sense in which we may speak of “ the identity of the law of gravity and purity of heart,” both alike the law and working of the Father's love.

In chemistry, botany, zoölogy, geology, mathematics, the highest thinkers are men of deepest religious thought. The “ connection of the physical sciences ” is becoming clearer, and a tenth Bridgewater Treatise might be made less “ fragmentary ” ; the “ history of the inductive sciences ” is ever showing clearer “ indications of the Creator.” It is daily more evident that no “ system of nature,” nor of “ logic ratiocinative and inductive ” can deny to “ faith the things that are faith's.” We are glad, that, both in Germany and in France, men are paying some homage to Scotus Erigena, the first to say, what all must confess to be true, that, in the intellect, philosophy and religion are one and the same.

T. H.

ART. III. — THE WATER CÉLEBRATION.*

WHAT is most simple and common around us, so as ordinarily to escape even our notice, often involves matter of surprising significance and deep meditation. When we look upon so familiar a thing as rain or dew, a mass of vapor, or a cup of cold water, we do not reflect, perhaps, that we are contemplating one of the most mysterious elements and everlasting agencies of the Almighty, — the great instrument, indeed, which, in connection with fire, he has used in all the fashioning and disposing of his universe. “In the beginning,” after the general act by which “God created the heaven and the earth,” before even the light was, the first thing, as we read, that took place on the earth, when “it was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep,” was, that “the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters”; and only after their right distribution did the earliest blade of grass appear, the fruitful tree arise, “the moving creature, that hath life,” animate the scene, and “the fowl fly in the open firmament of heaven.”

As we ponder such a process, complacency at our own doings gives place to admiration of the Divine. It has been of late a season of jubilee in this city. A stream from one of nature’s reservoirs has been led for twenty miles beneath the ground, through hills and rocks, across swamps and rivers, to pour its refreshment into the heart of our city; and the magnificent triumph of human energy and skill has been celebrated with unparalleled displays of splendor and rejoicing. And whether we look at the greatness of the work now accomplished, its vital connections with the health, happiness, and morality of a great city, its relation to ever-increasing and future wants, or at the difficulties and delays attending the inception and progress of the enterprise, this final outbreak of joy at its completion will hardly seem strange or excessive. Certainly no procession for a military triumph, no exultation over the fatal working of the arts of destruction, can have any claim to the justification that may be pleaded for the, perhaps somewhat, showy and expensive

* *Speeches of Nathan Hale, Chairman of the Board of Water-Commissioners, and of Mayor Quincy, on Occasion of the Introduction of the Waters of Lake Cochituate into Boston, Oct. 25th, 1848.* [Published in the newspapers of the day.]

parade and display which was witnessed. Surely the bell rings, the cannon roars, the people shout more reasonably for such a victory for human subsistence and good than for all the ravages made in human life and substance. But the deeper, universal, silent gladness in possessing and using the boon will better mingle in the true proportions the mutual congratulations of the people with their gratitude to Heaven.

Rock, hill, river, and morass have not been the only obstacles in the way of this magnificent achievement of blessing. Its proposal and initiation had to encounter a more serious resistance in the inert indifference or active opposition of many, even from among those whom it was afterwards so greatly to benefit. Doubt, fear, interest, stood long against this, as they always do against every noble undertaking, whether of material or moral improvement. But we will not dwell upon this hostility and coldness in the past, believing, that, however conscientious they may have been, they are now converted into friendliness and zeal, and are lost in the common thanksgiving. There can be no question, now at least, we presume, that the right source of supply has been chosen, and that it has been opened none too soon for the comfort, if not the absolute necessity, of our population. From the Speeches named at the beginning of this article, we learn that the subject of supplying Boston with pure water was first introduced to the attention of the City Council by Josiah Quincy, the second mayor of the city, and was repeatedly brought forward by his successors in office. The present mode of supply was first proposed in the Report of a Board of Commissioners in the year 1837. In 1844, the source finally agreed upon was more fully investigated. The authority to proceed was granted by the legislature in an act passed in March, 1846. The works were so far completed as to convey the water into the city, October 25, 1848, — by an aqueduct of brick masonry, leading from Lake Cochituate to Brookline, nearly fifteen miles long, thence by iron conduits to the centre of the city, and by tubes connecting the central reservoirs with the service-pipes, in their united length not less than sixty miles. Two large reservoirs are rising, besides the main basin at Brookline, — one in the city proper, the other in South Boston. With the exception of the brick conduit, the various works of masonry are chiefly of granite, and are built in the most substantial manner. Partly by regular subterraneous excavation, partly by a path along the quicksand,

and partly by hard tunnelling through the hardest rock, as well as through hills, the long channel has been made. Dams, gate-houses, culverts, the larger structures being roofed with iron, have been reared in solid proportions. The estimated cost of the whole work is about four millions of dollars, the debt involved being financially arranged so as to be defrayed in the manner which has seemed most just, feasible, and convenient. When the reservoirs are completed, a sufficient pressure will constantly be felt upon the pipes to supply every demand in the upper rooms of buildings and allow any examination of the main structure for repairs.

It would be pleasant, passing over the skepticism or diversity of opinion that hindered, to award the deserved meed of credit to the zeal and disinterestedness which have advanced the work. But even were it easy to give to individuals their proportionate commendation, no praise could equal, in the pleasure it would afford, their own conscious satisfaction in having contributed variously, by their humane thoughtfulness and foresight, or their earnest and unwearied advocacy, to the commencement and prosecution of an enterprise ending in a result so glorious and beneficent, not to the living alone, but to the future generations whom this gift of pure water will welcome to the stage of being. The sight of the living spring among us, aspiring at every vent to reach the air-line that strikes the level of the parent lake, shall both reward those who have dug into its channels, and yield its copious draughts to the remotest descendants of ancestors that planted themselves upon a bleak peninsula now transformed into the marvellous centre of world-wide communications by sea and by land. And much that may be unfavorable to health in the concentration of means and appliances for an intense social life shall be so counteracted by this all-pervading current of pure water, that we may hope for the inhabitants of the city as great a measure of health as can be found among equal numbers in any part of the interior.

The speeches of Messrs. Hale and Quincy furnish evidence of the vigor, despatch, and fidelity manifested in conducting the project to its accomplishment, through every department, whether of civil superintendence, financial supply, or subordinate labor. Surprise at the rapidity with which the work has been executed is joined with admiration of its substantial excellence. From the vote of the citizens, through legislative action, the engagements of contractors, and the skill

of engineers, to the patient strokes of spade, trowel, and hammer, as great harmony, concert, and success of action as perhaps ever attend upon so vast an attempt have bound the multifarious co-workers together, till the mode proposed in 1837 has been carried into full effect, with an architectural propriety, massive solidity, and apparent durableness, which leave nothing undone that substantial want could crave or good taste desire.

Yet, after all, not man's art or enterprise has been the chief agent concerned in the grand result, but the wonder-working goodness of God. As when, the forest being cut down or consumed, a bed of coal is laid open, stored for fuel from the foundation of the world, or branching veins of metals are discovered, shot up by the central heat in marvellous ways (as the geologist's dissection shows) within the miner's reach, or a plant reveals its healing properties, or a mineral its fitness to perfect our fabrics, it is not man's drawing from the magazine, or finding out the application, which is to be most magnified, but the creative Providence that, through thousands of years, anticipated every want; so "the turning of the wilderness into a standing-water, and dry ground into water-springs," calls upon us for no self-congratulation or eulogy to be compared with that hymn of praise which, with a thousand notes, should swell up to the Father in heaven. Indeed, it requires but a glance at his unsearchable operations, to make all earthly strength and genius seem frail and poor. What that mysterious fiat was which brought forth the primary substances of things, gathered the waters together, and made the dry land appear, we have no faculties to comprehend. We can only regard it with ignorant amazement and adoring awe. But the beauty of the subsequent process, which a hundred ages have not in any essential respect disturbed, we can, however partially, discern.

God, having used the water as his tool to shape the solid rock-masonry of the world, to smooth the granite peaks and curve the sloping valleys, then drew it off into one great fountain, the sea. But he still required it for minor changes and repairs, as well as for a continual renovation of the great building he had framed. With the breath of his mouth, he disperses the gloomy mists that had hung over the reeking soil and the weltering waste. He kindles up the sun in heaven, to flame about the yet damp tenement he is preparing for his children to inhabit, and, when the continents shall be dry, to

yield its beams as carriers of the needed moisture to every height and vale and plain. The clouds rise for the Lord's chariot, to show, as it were, his intention, not so much to signalize his kingly rule, as to bear through all generations the exhaustless provisions of his mercy ; dropping upon the pastures of the wilderness, clothing them with flocks, and covering over the valleys with corn. And now, all being ready, man himself can come upon the scene, and behold what his Maker has done for him. Pleased with his abode, and blessing God at his board of plenty, he yet is not satisfied with the sensual enjoyment, but would know the ongoings of this mighty instrumentality for his good. What pictures of benevolence and power rise upon him wherever he turns ! As he analyzes and traces each separate current of the Divine love, he is astonished at the ends accomplished by a single principle, or by one thread of matter in the omnipotent grasp. He follows "the circuit of the waters," the first thing God took in hand for the effecting of his special designs. In imagination he keeps company with the cloud into which the thin surface of the ocean is continually transformed. He would track the course and humbly observe the working of the Supreme One in this chosen vehicle of his might. It ascends before him with its myriad vessels, each bearing its own little freight, and, by the laws that hold the far-off sun and moon in their places, it balances itself in the air. As the wind rises to blow in its million sails, it starts upon its voyage. Over some parched inland region it stops as at its destined haven, and hovers to pour out its dissolving treasure. And what a series of marvels it works ! Every secret seed and germ, waiting for the renewing influence, is quickened. The roots of every little plant and shrub stir at the touch, and are revived. Greenness and blossoms gratefully appear ; the grain and fruit, ready to receive the benefit, are ripened. By successive, unremitted arrivals from the bountiful sea, to mix "the early and the latter rain" with the sunshine, and interchange the cool dew of night with the heat of day, the growth of nature is orderly advanced through every stage to the harvest, whose punctual return is the only barrier against ever-approaching famine.

But the end is not yet. The cloud, having done this office, leaves the superfluous tide to be sifted through the superficial layers of the soil into lower beds of clay or stone, and from beneath it wells forth to quench our thirst. It runs in many a scattering current, so that man can scarce anywhere dig far

beneath the sod but he finds its trickling, or is covered by its bursting forth. It cuts out with its subtile enginery channels on the upper earth, and, magic artificer as it is, makes the landscape verdant and blooming in all its path. It is at work at the same moment, though we cannot see it, long leagues away on the bleak mountain-tops, and amidst many a wild precipice, to grind and bear down in powder the tough materials with which to enrich and fertilize the very landscape it waters. It drives with hammers of incalculable weight, beyond all man can wield, its wedges of frost to split the substance intractable to its milder action. It softly wraps the earth in its mantle of snow to protect it against the keener cold that would radically destroy its previous creations. Gently, in subterranean caves, with ceaseless, unheard drip, it forms the angles and polishes the sides of crystal and gem. It enters into combination with many a hard substance, and for the flowing takes the solid form. Meantime it circulates within, in the composition of the blood in our veins, and makes up the largest part of the very frame that tabernacles the undying soul. It is essential to every motion of life and nature. From its smaller channels it swells into mighty rivers, to mark the boundaries and pathways, and carry on the exchanges, of nations. It halts on its way, to fill up vast basins with inland lakes, from which it may be diverted to quench with its slight overflow the thirst of a hundred generations. Nor is that same cunning cloud, God's agent and companion in so many momentous works, satisfied with its service, till it goes to glorify the heavens with beauty as much as it has adorned the earth with use, — sails aloft, as perchance it may now be sailing, with every shifting hue and grace of movement to attract our regard, — puts a garment of splendor round the rising and the setting sun, — strikes out every dye from brilliance to blackness, with linings of silver and gold, on the upper canopy, — weaves itself into an arch of triumph over against the retiring storm, — piles up huge mountains of substantial form and steady lustre, immensely transcending in their proportions all the elevations of the globe, — and thus, after ministering an indispensable sustenance to the body, feeds with unspeakable charms, of endless sublimity and grand suggestion, the immortal mind.

Yea, it is "God's chariot" that we speak of, whose coloring, and proportions, and revolving wheels, are revealed to us; and as all his works praise him, let not even the cloud

“whereunto,” saith the Scripture, “his faithfulness doth reach,” fail to tell us of his power and love. Originally, in unfathomable mystery, proceeding from “the breath of his mouth” when the pillars of the world were fastened, and travelling, with its weightless bulk, to be the dark and shining conveyancer of his riches to every living thing of his vast creation, as the centuries pass away, it forms the woven garment of his own incomprehensibleness, the impenetrable environment of his throne, the emblem of his overruling power and irresistible judgment, as it speaks in the voice of his thunder, and shoots forth the arrows of his lightning, — yet is the token of his benignity, too, the dew of his spirit, and the shower of his grace, — and, as it softens and fades away from our sight in the upper air, beckons us on to the high and holy heaven of his abode.

If thus, through an occasion of human interest, we can catch a glimpse of God, — if, with the pious-minded discoverer of his plans in the vegetable world, we can but see Him, the Omnipotent, Omniscient, and Eternal, passing by, — we shall have realized the chief object of our life beyond all coarser needs or pleasures. Yet some closing reference is due to the particular event that has taught this religious lesson.

This gift of the cloud, from which the very current of our life has flowed on even from infancy, is bestowed in a new shape. We know not how many years ago God turned “the wilderness into a standing water,” the unsealing of which is now turning “the dry ground” into “water-springs.” Gladly and gratefully, however, may we greet the loosened stream whose drops sparkle overhead, as though conscious of their blessed errand and leaping for very joy. A portion of those fine particles innumerable, which the sun distils, by wondrous chemistry, fresh from all over the breadth of the briny, bitter sea, and the wind wafts through the wide atmosphere from pole to pole, is to flow from nature’s immeasurable mechanism into the channel which human labor has made. As we have been surveying the broader field on which this watery element performs its part in the Almighty’s providence, we may glance for a moment at its working in that complicated and costly machine, a populous city. And, first of all, can we help thinking of it as a common blessing? Subterraneously lining streets, intersecting the walls of dwellings, and rising into chambers, its liquid, unstable lapse, which we can divide at any

point with our finger, shall be a bond stronger than iron between all classes of the community, as they quench their thirst at the same fountain. Its spectacle of beauty, as it mounts up, aspiring to its own level, to foam and fall with matchless grace again, refreshing the sultry air, shall be the delight of all eyes. It shall be a boon, we may trust, of physical, and so of moral, purity in every house. Its transparent gurgling shall be a plea for temperance more eloquent and persuasive than fiery debate, as even from the river in Eden, that watered the garden and was thence "parted into four heads," it seems to have come down to show at least its prior claim to that of every alcoholic beverage. Little children shall taste, and lave in its flood, more healing than any balsam. It shall cleanse every way-side. It shall go out with the sailor far over the convex ocean from which it came, — and may its supply never fail with him, as, under the line, or in arctic seas, his ship tosses on the tempestuous surge. When drought may have emptied other springs, it shall, copious and perennial, image of God's own bounty, still flow. It shall cool the fevered lips of the sick man. It will furnish to how many the last draught and restorative, mingling with the faint breath, as they are ready to die. It shall prove a welcome gift, "in the name of a disciple," from those who may have little else to give. With versatile and manifold adaptation, it shall subserve, too, the plainest utility, helping on the various processes of art and toil, quietly parting into its component elements for various uses in the chemist's crucible, rushing forth to extinguish the roaring conflagration, transforming itself into the mightiest agent of locomotion to speed us on our journey. Or, rising above all ends of convenience and earthly profit, it shall become the emblem of what is most sacred, most moving, and most holy in the affection and purpose of the human soul, as it baptizes and consecrates child or parent to God, and Christ, and the Holy Spirit, Father, Saviour, and Sanctifier of mankind. Nay, token as we may regard it of still deeper import, and more significant of heaven's eternal truth and joy and peace, we will hear Jesus himself saying, as, sitting on Jacob's old, but still living well, he said to the woman of Samaria, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." So, while it bespeaks the

unfailing beauty and glorious perfection of God's works, and at once signifies and conduces to a pure and sober life, it shall symbolize, as secure in man's faith not less than in its own foundations, the life-giving, immortal refreshment of the Gospel of Christ.

C. A. B.

ART. IV.—ALEXANDER'S ISAIAH.*

THE Bible in general, and its separate books in detail, have been the subject of inconsequential reasoning in their behalf, sufficient in amount and in absurdity to have weighed down beneath contempt works not largely pervaded by the divine element; and, fortunately for the interests of truth, a spirit of logical blindness and fallacy seems to have fallen upon their assailants not less than upon their champions. The chief error, on both sides, has been the blending of metaphysical and theological with historical and critical points of inquiry. Questions in each of these departments have been answered by assumptions from the other; and thus a great deal of the (so called) reasoning on the genuineness and authenticity of the Scriptures has consisted of the *petitio principii* in an ever-returning circle. Those who have maintained the theory of verbal inspiration have permitted that dogma in part to preclude their questions, and in part to shape their answers, as regards all matters of historical criticism and evidence; and then, from a statement of external facts curtailed and distorted to meet the demands of their theory, they have reasoned their way back to their dogmatical starting-point. On the other hand, critics of the school by an atrocious misnomer termed rationalistic assume at the outset the impossibility of prophecy, miracle, and special inspiration; treat the supernatural element, wherever it presents itself on the face of Scripture, as proof positive of ignorance, exaggeration, interpolation, corruption, or recent origin; and then argue that records bearing such a character can furnish no valid evidence

* 1. *The Earlier Prophecies of Isaiah*. By JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER, Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 8vo. pp. lxxi., 652.

2. *The Later Prophecies of Isaiah*. By JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER, Professor, etc. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847. 8vo. pp. xl., 501.

for facts transcending the ordinary range of human experience. But in other departments of research, theories are adapted to facts, instead of facts being warped to suit theories. Even a strong theoretical improbability is not suffered to discredit a well-authenticated fact; and no proposition, not self-contradictory in its very terms, is denied the benefit of argument and testimony on the score of its alleged impossibility. We claim the privilege of trying the Scriptures by the same rules. To us, nothing appears more probable than prophecy and miracle. We find it far easier to believe than to disbelieve them. They are full as much postulates of our philosophy, as axioms of our faith. To other minds, they may, however, present a different aspect, and we can easily conceive of a logical stand-point from which they may seem highly improbable, — yet not impossible; for the assertion of them cannot be thrown into a self-contradictory proposition. This being the case, the records which involve them are to be submitted to precisely the same critical tests to which we subject other writings of similar antiquity; and, if they are found to bear all the marks of genuineness and to present all the claims upon our credence which in ordinary cases we deem adequate, the marvellous character of their contents does not in the least impair their credibility.

Now what are the marks of credibility which we should expect in such a book as that of the Prophet Isaiah? Simply these: — that it should have uniformly borne his name, without conflicting tradition or testimony, — that it should have been referred to and quoted as his, under all the circumstances under which we should expect to find such a work cited, — and that there should be no trace of its ever having contained more or less, or essentially different, matter from what it now contains.

As to the first of these criteria, ample Jewish tradition carries back the arrangement and sanction of nearly the present canon of the Hebrew Scriptures to the age of Ezra. We know that it is fashionable to speak of this tradition as fictitious. The fashion has been borrowed from Germany, where the simple fact, that any tradition or authority favors a respectful or reverential view of the sacred writings, is enough to throw it into discredit with a large body of neological critics. But Ezra's agency in forming the canon of Scripture rests on as firm and ample grounds of credibility as have satisfied the most skeptical historians with regard to classical traditions. We consider it, then, as certain that Isaiah was

in Ezra's time deemed the author of the book that bears his name, as that in the Periclean age Homer was regarded as the author of the *Iliad*. Now Isaiah was a public and historical personage who lived but little more than two centuries before Ezra ; and it is impossible that at any period during that interval a spurious book should have been thrown into currency under his name, and have obtained credence for its genuineness. Especially is it impossible that a work just written, and containing pretended predictions with reference to the Babylonish Captivity, which had just then terminated, should have been palmed off as a genuine work of Isaiah. Had the work been unknown before the Captivity, and especially had the prediction of future events formed no part of Jewish experience, the very prophetic form of a portion of this book would have branded it as a forgery, and would have precluded confidence in the integrity of all the rest of the canon.

As regards references to and quotations from Isaiah, they abound in all the classes of ancient writings in which we could expect to find them, — in both Talmuds, and the Rabbinical writings generally, in the New Testament, and in the Christian fathers of the early centuries. The book is always quoted as a well-known work of an authorship beyond question.

As to the third point, the identity of the present book with Isaiah's original work, we have first the fact, that there is not a shadow of proof that it ever existed in any other form, and, next, abundance of proof that it was extant more than two thousand years ago in substantially its present form. The Septuagint, the origin of which cannot have been later than B. C. 200, contains a nearly literal version (in one or two instances slightly paraphrased) of the present Hebrew text. The Targum of Jonathan, which was written before the Christian era, is manifestly founded upon the whole of our present book of Isaiah. It is superfluous to extend the same remark to versions or paraphrases of a subsequent date. But it is very much to our purpose to add, that in ancient Jewish and Christian writings there are more numerous and more emphatic citations, as from Isaiah, from those portions of the book the genuineness of which has been of late years called in question, than from those portions which have never been disputed.

Since the middle of the last century, it has been currently maintained among the neological critics of Germany, that the

first thirty-nine chapters, or the larger portion of them, constituted the original book of Isaiah, and that the remaining twenty-seven are a separate production of much more recent origin. The former of these propositions is fatal to the latter. It is admitted that a certain work still extant was written by the veritable Isaiah of Jewish history. Now he was too eminent a man, for his book not to have been often copied and extensively circulated. It must have been in the hands of hundreds, if not of thousands, and could have been only less generally known than the Pentateuch. If it comprised only the first thirty-nine chapters of the present book, it was in great part historical, didactic, and parenetic, and gave few detailed or circumstantial predictions of future events, though it contained enthusiastic representations of a golden age at some indefinite and very remote period of time. Is it conceivable, that, at any epoch of Jewish history, a book thus well known and strongly marked should have indissolubly welded to itself a separate and much later work, a large part of which relates to the details of events that were known to have occurred long after Isaiah's death? According to the hypothesis under discussion, the original work had been in circulation between two and three hundred years before this appendix could have been written. How happens it that none of the owners of copies preferred to keep them as they were, and thus to transmit them in the original form? How is it that there are no traces of two sets of copies, and of the literary controversy without which the claims of the spurious addition could never have been allowed? Is there, in the entire history of literature, a parallel case, to give a shade of probability to this bold assumption?

The chief ground alleged for denying the genuineness of the latter portion of Isaiah is the fact, that it contains indisputable references to events connected with the Babylonish Captivity. But, if this ground be valid, there is but one being in the universe who is qualified to argue from it. Those theologians who think they know all that it was ever possible for God to do are mistaken. If there be a God, it is incredible that his administration should bear one unvarying type, while his resources are infinite. That he should in some cases have conveyed intelligence of future events to mortals has no more intrinsic improbability than many well-authenticated facts in the history of the material universe. The making our own, or recent, experience an invariable

criterion of truth would constrain us to deny many of the most certain deductions of science. Within the memory of man, no violent catastrophes have taken place over any large portions of the earth, nor have old species of plants or animals vanished, or new appeared. But science need go back only a few thousand years to reach the epoch when animals of the torrid zone were pastured in the frozen wastes of Siberia, — when the waters went above the mountains, — nay, when our present higher orders of animals had not sprung into existence, but the world, still reeking from a universal deluge, was trodden by marvellous and gigantic forms, of which man has seen only the mouldering skeletons. And then the same science carries us back to an undoubted era of still greater antiquity, when the earth bore upon its surface no living being or organized form. Why should there not have been like creative or transitional eras in the spiritual universe, — successive epochs of peculiar impulse from the Deity, — prior to the establishment of the present normal conditions and limitations of human experience?

The objection to the genuineness of the latter chapters of Isaiah, which we have just named, stood alone through nearly a generation of astute critics. Even Eichhorn and Bertholdt, though inclined to regard these chapters as fragments by several different authors, confessed that they could find nothing in the style or language of this portion of the book to sustain their view; and Augusti goes so far as to ascribe the incorporation of this spurious document or documents with Isaiah's genuine work to a studied imitation of Isaiah on the part of the writer or writers. Gesenius was the first discoverer of irreconcilable differences of phraseology and style between the two portions of the book, though he admitted that they were less numerous than could have been anticipated. They have grown numerous, however, under the microscopic research of critics great only in detail. The considerations urged under this head do not, in fact, reach any of the distinctive characteristics which mark style as belonging to one or another individual. They are confined almost wholly to the absence of single words from one portion of the book that occur in the other, and particularly to the occurrence in single instances of words in the latter part of the book which are not found at all in the former part. By the same kind of reasoning, it would probably be easy to prove that the last Sunday's sermon of any one of our clerical readers was not his

own ; for it probably does not contain every word and phrase that he often uses, nor would it be strange if it contained some words which he never wrote in a sermon before. Any one, who will give himself the trouble to look over the index of words appended to an edition of a Greek or Roman classic, will see that it would be easy by this mode of argument to prove any and every work, or part of a work, in the ancient languages, spurious ; for there is no ancient, and, had we verbal indexes to verify the statement, it would probably appear that there is no modern writer, who does not abound in ἀπαξ λεγόμενα. Of the inconclusiveness of arguments of this class, perhaps no better illustration can be found than in the plausible aspect in this regard of both sides of the controversy as to the Pauline origin of the Epistle to the Hebrews, it being equally easy to quote a long array of Pauline and of un-Pauline words and phrases in the Epistle.

We said that the genuineness of the first thirty-nine chapters of Isaiah is admitted by the rationalistic critics in general. This remark demands qualification. They all admit the genuineness of the greater part of these chapters, and no two of them, we believe, agree as to the portions that are to be ascribed to a later hand. Nor yet has any one of them any theory to account for the interpolations which he supposes. But each of them rejects from the *Isaiah according to himself* such passages as he thinks that he should not have written, had he been Isaiah. Some of these critics content themselves with cutting out a verse or two here and there, while others expunge six or eight chapters. Gesenius and De Wette honestly admit this process to be wholly subjective as regards the individual critic, and assign their “critical feeling” (*Gefühl*) as the sole and sufficient reason for their mutilations, or rather as their justification for stopping short of some of their brethren in the work of mutilation. The virtual rule, however, by which the critical feeling adjusts itself, seems to be this :—Just so far as the critic can imagine Isaiah to have gone in the foresight of the future by mere natural sagacity, or just so high as he can imagine Isaiah to have risen through the medium of mere poetical inspiration, it is safe to regard him as the author of what bears his name, while all beyond and above this point must have come from a later hand. Hence, every man has his own separate theory ; and every critic is an Ishmael.

“Non nostrum tantas componere lites.”

We have expressed our sincere and undoubting belief in prophecy, as a mode of Divine communication employed in the earlier times. That this was the case is rendered probable by the very position of the Christian dispensation midway in the lapse of the ages. If Jesus of Nazareth marks the central point of man's religious history, it was as fitting that he should have been the "desire" of the earlier, as that he should be the confidence of the later generations of men. If all previous religious dispensations were to culminate in him, as all subsequent sources of spiritual good have flowed from him, should there not have been an onward direction given to human faith before he came, corresponding to the historical character which it has since borne? In the Divine mercy, long ages of violence and darkness could not have been suffered to roll over our race before the "day-spring from on high" reddened the eastern sky, unless it were to prepare the world the better for the advent of the Redeemer. But what surer preparation could there have been than a gradual unfolding of the expectation and promise of his coming? And as for the prediction of intermediate events, (to deny which is to disallow the genuineness of almost all the prophetic books,) this must have greatly aided in sustaining the prospective character of Hebrew faith and trust. The inward eye could hardly have supported the tension of a prolonged gaze on the distant future, unless glimpses of a nearer future had been from time to time afforded, and verified by a substantial fulfilment. In fine, if humanity was waiting for its supreme leader and lawgiver, its "federal head," the representative and exponent of its true life, there was the same intrinsic fitness that warning, encouragement, motive, impulse, should have been derived from the future, as there now is that man should guide himself by the treasured experience of the ages that are gone.

That prophecy should have been employed by a paternal Providence for man's guidance in the earlier ages appears the more probable, when we consider the necessary scantiness and barrenness of his experience. A judicious father exercises at the outset a special supervision over his child's moral agency, expounds to him results and consequences, lifts for him the curtain from the future, and adjusts the lights and shadows of coming time so as they may best mark out the course of present duty. He thus saves his son from the solution in his own person of many perilous problems, the trial of

many hazardous experiments, and furnishes him gradually with an instructive experience of his own. When this work is done, he withdraws his habitual interposition, and leaves the child to the teaching of a past now amply capable of holding a torch to the future. Just such seems to us to have been the course of the Supreme Father as regards the great family of man. In their infancy, he guided them step by step, pointed out the tendencies of actions, unrolled in part the volume of their future destiny, and thus aided them in shaping that experience which was in later times to be their teacher. But as a past full of admonition gradually grew with successive generations, the prophetic voice became less and less frequent, and, when the race had reached years of maturity, it altogether ceased. Under this aspect of the case, to deny the possibility of prophecy, on the ground that the last eighteen hundred years have given the world no prophet, is about as reasonable as it would be for a grown man to renounce his belief in leading-strings, because he had walked for a quarter of a century without them.

The fact, that prophecy acted an important part in Jewish history, derives additional probability from one of the peculiar characteristics of Hebrew literature. The poetry, mythology, and imaginative literature of all other ancient nations draw forms and hues from the past. The golden age of Greek and Roman fable lay far back in primeval antiquity. The chief themes of classic verse, whether lyric, epic, or dramatic, were derived from the mythical eras of history. Virgil's Fourth Eclogue is, we believe, the only prophetic piece that has come down to us, except through Jewish sources; and there are valid reasons for believing that Virgil drew the conception that pervades this Eclogue, and many of its materials, from the Old Testament. But Jewish literature has throughout an onward pointing. It has indeed a golden age in the past; but that is dismissed in the very exordium of Genesis, and never recurred to afterwards by historian, prophet, or psalmist. But through the whole, from the narrative of the expulsion from Eden to Malachi's announcement of the rising of "the sun of righteousness with healing in his wings," there runs a reference, more or less distinct, to a future brighter than the past, and to one personage who is to be the author of the new creation, and the founder of an everlasting kingdom. Now the Jews had in their history all the elements that gave a retrospective character to the litera-

ture of other nations. They had traditions of surpassing richness and beauty. They had illustrious names and exploits in abundance on their records. They were second to no nation in reverence for their ancestry, and in a proud regard for the monuments of national glory. They sustained the severest reverses of fortune ; and all their books but the Pentateuch were probably written after the separation of the kingdom, under Rehoboam, and with the most manifest symptoms of inevitable decline and decay in the internal condition and the external relations of the states, both of Judah and Israel. To have made any literature, under such circumstances, prospective and hopeful demanded, as we think, some class of impulses or influences altogether peculiar in kind and degree ; and for the problem which Hebrew literature presents in this regard, prophecy offers an obvious and adequate solution.

There is, however, an extreme view of the extent to which the prophetic gift was diffused and exercised, which, intrinsically irrational, finds no support in Scripture rightly understood. It is a view dogmatically stated, though not defended, in the works which we have named at the head of this article. According to Professor Alexander and other critics of the same school, the God-inspired prophet was a recognized and established functionary under the Jewish theocracy, — as much so as the priest or the Levite. He was a man *sui generis*, subject to a peculiar set of physical and mental laws, capable of definite and detailed description and analysis. Now this mode of regarding a miraculous gift makes it no longer miraculous. If it never ceased, it must have seemed too much the common order of the day to awaken surprise, excite attention, or attract reverence. In order to be of any avail, its bestowal must have been rare, without fixed laws or conditions, and in emergencies which seemed to demand the interposition of the Almighty. It may be that but a portion of those sixteen of the sacred writers, whose books refer chiefly to the future, were themselves the subjects of special Divine illumination. Some of them may have simply reiterated and enforced arguments for penitence and obedience founded on glimpses of the future derived from Isaiah or Ezekiel. But there was, whether through a larger or smaller number (and most probably through but a small number) of Divinely inspired men, a certain amount of knowledge of the future destiny of the nation and the world ; and this formed

the burden of public preaching and exhortation, of didactic and imaginative literature, of poetry and song. We are thus enabled to explain and to account for the extreme latitude with which the word "prophet" is employed in the Old Testament. Whoever held any communication with his fellow-men on any thing transcending the ordinary affairs of life drew his topics of argument, appeal, or illustration, his metaphors, his inspiration, from the future, the Divinely opened future, and thus acquired the sacred name of *prophet*. Those who rebuked abounding iniquity, and held forth a higher standard of duty, could not do so without constant reference to the promised reign of truth and righteousness, and therefore the preachers were all prophets. The national bards and minstrels sang almost solely of the Messiah and the coming age, and they too were prophets. It was, no doubt, with a company of travelling minstrels that Saul, in an access of unwonted fervor, "took a harp and prophesied all night." Young men, too, who, in preparation either for the religious duties of a private life, for the priesthood, or for the public interpretation of the Law, associated themselves under the tuition of eminently good men, whether inspired or not, communed, no doubt, more of the future than of the past, learned to cherish a glowing faith in the "sure word of prophecy," and were thus termed "sons," or disciples, "of the prophets," and their assemblages "schools of the prophets." Of this same free use of the word *prophet* the New Testament offers repeated instances; but as, after the commencement of the Christian era, the past, rather than the future, furnished the material for religious communications, the term, no longer appropriate, soon fell into disuse.

But we have delayed too long our notice of the works, or rather work, which has given a title to our article. It is one of the most thorough and elaborate specimens of American scholarship in the department of Biblical criticism, so far as scholarship implies diligence and accumulation without the higher qualities of freedom and discrimination. The author seems to have made himself conversant with all that had been previously written on Isaiah, and has evidently made the original text the subject of the most patient and persevering study. His Introductions are admirably well written, and contain a series of sound and vigorous arguments in refutation of the German school of critics. The only exception which we can make to our praise of this portion of his labors is that

which we have already indicated, — his tendency to a too technical, mechanical view of the prophetic function. The work is deficient, in presenting no separate translation or paraphrase, in which the reader might take a connected view of the English text that is made the basis of the commentary. The translation, which is for the most part faithful, clear, and well expressed, is given in separate verses and clauses, at the commencement of the successive expository paragraphs. In the commentary we find very little that is new or striking. The author, from his survey of the whole field, has fallen back upon the beaten track of Orthodox exposition, and, with an array of learning of which Henry and Scott would not have dared to dream, hardly gives an interpretation of a disputed or difficult passage, which has not the soundest anile authorities in its favor. The work, too, is excessively heavy, dull, and unattractive. We cannot but feel that it is to a great degree labor lost ; and can only regret that such patient scholarship and devoted industry should not have been united with a larger measure of intellectual freedom and enterprise. The work, if used, will do good, by its full, explicit, and accurate statements of what has been said and may be said on every point where a question can be raised ; and, with all its deficiencies, it may be safely taken by the merely English reader as a valuable aid in the study of the “ Evangelical prophet.”

A. P. P.

ART. V. — SOMERVILLE'S PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.*

THE records of history and science must be consulted for a full knowledge of the geography of our globe. Political Geography unfolds to us the map of the world as man has conquered, inhabited, and improved it ; it points to the cities he has built, to the fields he has cultivated, to the roads, canals, and bridges which he has constructed, to the battle-fields which he has covered with the bones of his fellow-men. Its colored outlines are the stains which his ambition or his

* *Physical Geography.* By MARY SOMERVILLE, Author of “ The Connection of the Physical Sciences ” ; “ Mechanism of the Heavens.” Philadelphia : Lea & Blanchard. 1848. 12mo. pp. 381.

avarice has left upon this theatre of human passions. We study this geography early and long ; some of us never study any other. Its features change from century to century ; but we have been drilled in its ancient, middle, and modern phases, and much of it is indelibly impressed on the memory.

Physical Geography presents this same surface to us, not as man would have it, but as God has made it. On its maps we behold those great mountain ranges, the backbone of continents ; and the subordinate systems, which project like ribs from the central chain ; the deep excavations, which are the receptacles of the earth's larger and smaller waters ; the courses which these same waters, after being inhaled into the clouds, wafted by winds, poured down upon the hills, and shed from their rough sides, have furrowed out in their short or lengthened return back to the parent ocean. On its pages also appear the general character of the climate, — the changes of the seasons, — the allotment of winds and currents, of clouds, rain, snow, and fog, — the treasures, mineral and organic, which lie half concealed beneath the earth's surface, — and all those other physical circumstances which place man in direct relations with nature. Physical Geography is also to be studied with reference to the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and to man himself. The distribution of the hundred and fifty thousand species of living plants, and the two hundred and fifty thousand species of living animals, — the manner and the extent to which organic and inorganic forces have acted and reacted upon each other, — how far the destinies of races of animals, and even of men, have been controlled by their geographical position, and how far, on the other hand, the inherent energies of an intellectual and moral element have triumphed over the rude barriers of nature, — all these are questions which it belongs to Physical Geography to ask and to answer. Moreover, the long geological history of this planet, and the animal and vegetable life that once existed upon it, are so closely related to the present physical state of the surface, that we must look to Physical Geography to give us the great principles of Geology and Palæontology.

When the scientific traveller, following the example of a Humboldt, has spent a long life in visiting the remote and desolate and bleak spots of the earth, ascending its steep mountains and sleeping on their eternal glaciers, pressing towards the extremities of the earth's axis to be locked up in its everlasting arms of ice, following out the silver thread of

its rivers and the descent of its rapids and cataracts, and all the while noting, with scientific accuracy, the physical condition of the atmosphere, the waters, and the solid earth, — its animal and vegetable productions, — whatever illustrates the physical geography of our planet, — he sees, even before his work is done, that the earth whose physical features he is delineating is in a state of constant mutation. It is not a change which affects the political fate of individuals and empires simply, but one which alters the configuration of continents, the depth and the extent of the oceans, the height and slopes of the mountains, the courses of the great rivers, the climate of the earth, and the races of animals and the varieties of vegetation which live upon it, — producing results which are not confined to the earth itself, but which are felt, however our feeble senses may fail to discover them, on distant planets and to the limits of the solar system.

We remember to have studied, in our boyhood, from our ancient and modern geography, and to have wondered when we turned from our modern maps to the strange face of our ancient atlas. If the energies of natural science do not flag, our children will study a far more ancient geography. The old strata, which lie dislocated and half buried, will be patched together upon their maps; the bones of the earth's ancient inhabitants will adorn their text-books; and they will possess the means of becoming as familiar with the physical characters of the earth at former geological epochs as we are with what now exist. We know, that, by the calculations of astronomy, ancient cities, which history describes, but of which no traces can be found, have been restored to their place upon the map with as much precision as many of our modern towns. Therefore we do not doubt that the restored maps of Beaumont and Von Buch, in which the distribution of land and water at former periods is boldly pictured, may become, if they are not already, as accurate as the best drafts we are likely ever to have of some parts of the existing continents or islands.

It is not absolutely necessary that physical geography should be complicated with geological history. If the changes in the earth's crust are paroxysmal, they have been separated by long intervals of time; if they are gradual, and to be referred to the patient operation of gentle forces, they must be almost insensible from one generation to another.

The preparation of a work on Physical Geography, com-

mensurate with the amplitude of the subject and satisfactory to the demands of the age, is no easy task. It requires of its author, not indeed to have been busily engaged in the scientific researches of the day, but to have been a watchful and patient student of their results. It is possible that the concentration demanded of those who pursue successfully the special departments of physical or natural science is not the best preparation for a work which requires an enlarged view of all of them. In this respect Mrs. Somerville was well qualified for the difficult task she has just finished. She became favorably known to the scientific world seventeen years ago, through her "*Mechanism of the Heavens.*" In this work, she aimed to give the spirit of those wonderful processes in mathematical analysis, through which Laplace was able to deduce all the physical laws in the solar system from Newton's great principle of universal attraction. In the admirable preliminary dissertation to this work, she discusses, among other things, the astronomical relations of our planet ; its size, figure, density, and central fluidity ; the stability of its axis, and the period of rotation ; and the probable influence of its ever-changing orbit round the sun upon the seasons. The translation of the whole of Laplace by our eminent Bowditch, and his copious and valuable annotations, have not superseded the usefulness of Mrs. Somerville's abridgment for general readers. As this early work of hers has been long out of print in England, and many of our large libraries are without a copy, an American reprint of it would be very acceptable.

In 1834, Mrs. Somerville followed up this first successful effort by her popular work on the "*Connection of the Physical Sciences.*" This book has passed through seven editions in England, and has been republished in America. All the great physical and chemical forces — gravitation, light, heat, electricity, magnetism — are finely illustrated in it. The author does not labor to prove to the reader the connection of the physical sciences or the fundamental identity of the material forces ; but she leaves him to infer as much of this as he can, logically, from the history of discovery, and the way in which any one of these sciences, if pursued, passes round in a circle into all the others, and finally into itself once more. We find here one chapter on the tides and currents ; another on the atmosphere and its phenomena ; a third on.

climate ; and a fourth on the distribution of plants, animals, and man.

Mrs. Somerville's recent publication on Physical Geography may be considered as a sequel to her other works, filling out with them the circle of the physical sciences. This may account for the brevity with which she discusses the phenomena of the atmosphere and the ocean, as the winds, currents, tides, and the very condensed statement which she makes of the laws of terrestrial magnetism. The aurora and meteors are omitted : the last very properly, as not belonging to the physical phenomena of this planet. Indeed, the whole work is reduced within the smallest possible compass. This, if any thing, is its fault. It would not be possible, within the limits of a few pages, to give any thing better than the most general idea of the contents of this work, nor is it necessary. It is a popular manual on Physical Geography, which comes within the means and time of all, and will repay a careful perusal. The young, especially, will be likely to obtain from it more enlarged and elevated ideas upon the subject than in the ordinary study of it, in which so much space is allotted to political geography. At school, geography is taught piecemeal, state by state, empire by empire ; what man has done is mixed in with what God has made in so indifferent a way that the pupil hardly draws the distinction between the works of nature and the fruits of civilization. In Mrs. Somerville's book, we have a more philosophical arrangement. Topics are disposed according to their physical, rather than their local or moral affinities. The river, the mountain, the lake, the current are not things which, like towns or canals, might have been placed anywhere, but all grow out of one another ; so that a drop of water could hardly be displaced without the influence being felt over continents and hemispheres.

In her first chapter, Mrs. Somerville lays a deep and solid foundation for the rest of the book, by a comprehensive statement of the doctrines of geology and palæontology. Those strata of the earth which are now shut in from the light of the sun are the historical as well as the material foundation of what is now upon the surface. In succession, they have been the surface ; and physical geography that would treat of the surface entirely, as it has been, as well as what it is, must begin in geology. Even political geography could not neglect to notice the mineral and vegetable treasures which

are buried beneath the surface. In future, these treasures will constitute as important an element in the political greatness of communities, as commanding position, good harbours, rivers, or climate.

In the six following chapters, we are presented with the figure and elevations of the grand eastern continent, including Europe, Asia, and Africa. Five more chapters carry us over this new western world, as we are accustomed to call it. New it may be to European discovery, though there are geological reasons for believing that it had its head above the water as early as the oldest parts of Europe. The researches of Stephens in Yucatan and Central America, and those of Squier and Davis on the mounds of Ohio, recently published under the direction of the Smithsonian Institute, concur in showing that its political history may have begun as early as that of the nations in the East, the cradle of civilization. Mrs. Somerville, in her thirteenth chapter, conducts us to the nearly barren wastes in the Arctic and Antarctic regions, — those singular spots, where for weeks the sun never rises and the moon never sets ; where the morning and evening twilight clasp hands together ; the home of glaciers and icebergs, as well as earthquakes, volcanoes, and lightning ; where no vegetation grows ; whose inhabitants depend for their scanty fuel on the drift-wood which is brought to their bleak shores by the Atlantic and Pacific currents. Here, too, once lived, and may still live, the lost colony of the Danes ; which, tempted by the mild air of the summers of Greenland, ventured to the high North, there to be frozen up early in the fifteenth century, and die or be forgotten. The long cherished hope of a northerly or northwesterly path to the Pacific has been abandoned ; at least, so far as it might prove a safe and ordinary route for commerce. But the zeal of science and the pride of adding to the geography of our planet continue ; expeditions, by land and sea, are undertaken with as much promptness as ever : and while some of them are bringing to the knowledge of man the existence of another continent near the Antarctic circle, others are contending with the implacable winds and ice to complete the survey of the northern coast of America. The same men who are brave in the cause of science are also bold at the call of humanity, as the promptness in fitting out expeditions to rescue the elder Ross in 1833, and Franklin at the present time, fully attests.

In the next chapter, our author has grouped together Aus-

tralia, the Eastern Archipelago, and the coral reefs of the Pacific. The continent of Australia is only partially explored. The traveller, as soon as he lands upon its shores, is shut out from the interior by mountains, which, though not high, are terrifically steep. The water falls in cataracts ; but no river penetrates the mountains, and offers to carry him to the unknown centre of this continent. As far, however, as science has yet trodden, every thing, in the physical, vegetable, and animal kingdoms is so strange, that the visitor might easily believe he had landed upon a different planet, or was living at some old geological epoch of our own.

Mrs. Somerville passes now to the consideration of the fluid portions of the earth's surface. We will not follow her in the multitude of facts which she has brought together, in a single chapter, to illustrate the character and motions of the ocean. The inventions of science, much as they have done to give man assurance on the unstable waters, have not, however, removed the wonder and interest which the broad ocean inspires in every human heart. Upon it, reposing in calmness or agitated by storms, are the ships freighted with the riches of commerce and the yet dearer treasures of affection ; beneath it, perhaps, are the bones of the loved ones who have found their grave in the deep. Then, too, what a power must it have exerted in the formation of the earth's surface ! how uncontaminated is it by the crimes of man ! how unfettered is it still by the devices of his busy ingenuity ! To the human vision, the ocean, ever heaving and flowing, without beginning or end, reflecting the pure light of heaven, is the image of God and eternity. Its wonderful goings-on are almost independent of the earth, obeying the mysterious power which comes to it from sun and moon.

The cultivation of scientific taste in a commercial community like ours is of great importance. An intelligent navigator enjoys excellent opportunities for adding to our knowledge of the physical geography of the planet. An increase in the number of such observers, and great vigilance in preserving those facts which are casually acquired, promise us more correct information than we now possess in regard to the earth's waters. Lieutenant Maury, superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington, has been engaged in ransacking the logs of private and public vessels, that he might collect and render permanent all the light they are able to shed on the winds and tides of the Atlantic. We will not

anticipate him in the conclusions to which he may be brought when his labor is finished. The present indications of the thousand and more logs which he has examined are in favor of a different route for vessels which leave the ports of the United States for the South Atlantic than that commonly recommended and followed. To establish the accuracy of his views, beautiful charts have been published by Mr. Maury, under the patronage of the Bureau of Hydrography, in which the courses of many vessels that have pursued the old route are delineated, as also the common winds they have experienced. At the same time, a new course has been laid down, which it is thought will shorten the passage to the Atlantic ports of South America by nearly a thousand miles and by at least ten days. Complete sailing directions will be soon published, to aid the navigator to make trial of this new route. If experience should confirm the deductions from the past history of our navigation, the toils of the sea will be lightened, and valuable information will be gained in relation to the trade-winds of the Atlantic.

Renewed attempts have been made within a few years to elucidate the difficult problem of the tides by observation, and also by careful mathematical analysis. The United States coast survey, under the admirable superintendence of Professor A. D. Bache, has contributed incidentally, in various ways, to the advancement of physical geography. At the recent meeting of the American Scientific Association at Philadelphia, a theory was brought forward by Lieutenant C. H. Davis, of the United States Navy, which assigns the highest place among dynamical influences to the tidal motions. Lieutenant Davis has taken advantage of his excellent opportunities for observation, as commander of one of the hydrographical parties in the United States coast survey, to study the particular way in which the tides have done their work. This examination has confirmed him in the opinion, that we are indebted mainly to the untiring waters, swayed to and fro by the tides, washing away in one place and building up in another, for the configuration of the sea-coast and the geological peculiarities of the great plains and deserts of the earth. In his view, the currents are wholly subordinate to the tides; for those singularities of position which have determined the currents have themselves been caused by the tides, which have thus, as it were, scooped out the channels in which they should themselves move. So far as this theory has become known, it has

been received with great favor by distinguished geologists. That remarkable peculiarity of figure, which is so finely typified in the hook-shaped tongue of land at Cape Cod, recurs all over the earth, wherever the tidal influence can reach, — and is also represented, as careful soundings indicate, in the deposits that still remain under water. It forms a no less distinguishing feature in the geological maps of former epochs. The far-seeing geologist, who is obliged to avail himself of all collateral evidence in the pursuit of his intangible science, already recognizes in the theory we are considering the possible means of determining the tides and currents of former geological periods, from the impressions of their influence registered in the shape of buried strata. Lieutenant Davis has presented to the American Academy a memoir upon this subject, in which he has sustained his views by a long array of facts, gathered from the past and distant as well as the recent and near operations of the restless ocean. It is hoped that this memoir will soon appear in the *Transactions of the Academy*.

In four more chapters of Mrs. Somerville's work, we obtain a general view of the earth's waters, — the oceans, seas, rivers, springs, lakes. Here we learn, that, while Bohemia, Galicia, and Moravia contain thirty thousand sheets of water, the few large lakes of North America hold more than half the fresh water in the world. In some cases, where the supply does not equal the evaporation, a lake is gradually drying up; but the balance of power between the solid and liquid parts of the earth's surface is nevertheless preserved, for, on one occasion at least, a great lake sprung into sight in a single night from a sudden subsidence below. The picture which Mrs. Somerville draws of rivers, as the grand drainage of continents, is highly graphic, and will be found more interesting, perhaps, than any other part of her book. As rivers are nearly on a level with the land through which they flow, they present at a glance a general idea of the slopes which the surface of the earth makes in its descent, on different sides, from the great central mountain ranges, down to the ocean. How interesting to see that rivers, which, in their strength and majesty, as they empty into the sea, are separated by the width of a continent, may at their origin have been fed by the same showers; that the faintest breath of wind or the wing of a bird, by determining a drop to fall on one side rather than the other of some mountain-peak, may have been the primal cause that has fixed its future course, and

brought it out at last into the Pacific instead of the Atlantic ! On the 15th of August, 1842, a distinguished scientific explorer was standing on the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, — an ice-clad rock, raised 13,570 feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico, — where the mercury in the barometer had sunk to nearly eighteen inches. On different sides of him he could see the first gentle trickling of those waters which, after running over many degrees of latitude and longitude, “struggling for existence among quicksands along the treeless banks,” collecting tribute at every advance till they had grown into irresistible rivers bearing the commerce of large and populous states, were at last separated from one another by many thousands of miles, and emptied, one into the Gulf of California, others into the Gulf of Mexico, and another into the Northern Pacific.

There is a great difference in the amount of drainage which goes to the Atlantic, and that which seeks the Pacific. That towards the Atlantic is achieved by means of a considerable number of large rivers, which flow from the Alleghany Mountains over a large extent of country before they find their outlet in the ocean. On the western coast, the Cascade range and that of Sierra Nevada abut so closely on the Pacific, that most of the waters from the western side of the Rocky Mountains are dammed up and prevented from reaching the ocean. In this way are formed the internal rivers and lakes, which are for ever sealed up from the ocean, between the Rocky Mountains and the ranges of the western coast. The river at Francisco Bay soon disappears ; the Columbia alone, of all the rivers of the Pacific, opens an inland communication to the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and over them to the waters which flow into the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. This western limit of our country is also interesting, as reviving in this new continent those modern geological formations, so common in Europe, but which do not occur in the Atlantic States.

In the next chapter, which is upon the atmosphere, no notice is taken of those laws of storms which have been so successfully developed by Dove, Espy, Redfield, and Reid. The atmosphere obeys a law in its stormiest ragings no less than when it has acquired an equilibrium ; and it is gratifying to learn that the same physical causes which will carry the ship on its tropical voyage from one continent to another without shifting the sails, are the occasion of those hurricanes

which beat down upon the islands of the Gulf of Mexico and die out sometimes on our northern coast. We give one paragraph from this chapter, as it contains allusions to the late discoveries of Faraday.

“Magnetism, which pervades the whole earth, is identical with electricity, although it never comes naturally into evidence. The brilliant experiments of Dr. Faraday give a new view of the magnetic condition of the substances on the surface of the globe. He found that ten of the metals are more or less magnetic, that is to say, they possess the power of attracting either pole of a magnet, and bars of these metals freely suspended between the poles of an electric magnet assume a position in the axis or line of the magnetic force, but all other substances whatever under the same circumstances are repelled by both poles of the electric magnet, and take a position at right angles to the line of current of the magnetic force. The same effect, though less powerful, was produced by a steel horse-shoe magnet. All substances are thus either magnetic or diamagnetic, except air and the gases, which are neutral. Of the metals, ten are magnetic and sixteen diamagnetic: iron and bismuth are the extremes of these two conditions of matter. The inferences drawn from these discoveries by Dr. Faraday are very important:—‘When we consider the magnetic condition of the earth, as a whole, without reference to its possible relation to the sun, and reflect upon the enormous amount of diamagnetic matter which forms its crust, and when we remember that magnetic curves of a certain amount of force, and universal in their presence, are passing through these matters, and keeping them constantly in that state of tension, and therefore of action, we cannot doubt but that some great purpose of utility to the system, and to us its inhabitants, is thereby fulfilled.’ ‘It is curious to see a piece of wood, or leaf, or an apple, or a bottle of water, repelled by a magnet, or the leaf of a tree taking an equatorial position. Whether any similar effects occur among the myriads of forms which in all parts of the earth’s surface are surrounded by air, and subject to the action of lines of magnetic force, is a question which only can be answered by future observations. If the sun have any thing to do with the magnetism of the globe, then it is probable that part of this effect is due to the action of the light that comes to us from it; and in that view the air seems most strikingly placed round our sphere, investing it with a transparent diamagnetic, which therefore is permeable to his rays, and at the same time moving with great velocity across them. Such conditions seem to suggest the possibility of magnetism being thence generated.’ Dr. Faraday’s discoveries go still farther; having magnetized and electrified a ray of light, he has added another proof of the identity of these two powers. If a

ray of polarized light be transmitted through certain transparent substances placed in the line of force connecting the opposite poles of an electro-magnet, it is so affected by this power that it becomes visible or invisible according as the current is flowing or not at the moment, this influence being more complete as the ray of light is more nearly parallel to the line of magnetic force, ceasing if it is perpendicular to it. The very same effect was produced with a steel horse-shoe magnet, though more feeble in degree. Mr. Christie has proved that magnetism has an influence on light direct from the sun." — pp. 225, 226.

The passage we have quoted is liable to misconception with regard to some of its statements. Mrs. Somerville says that "magnetism is identical with electricity." This requires explanation. The discoveries of electro-magnetism and magneto-electricity have established relations between the phenomena of magnetism and those of electricity. The phenomena, however, which are known under the name of magnetism are not to be confounded with those described by the other designation. They are as distinct now as they ever were. Magnetism is not convertible into electricity; electricity cannot be exchanged for magnetism. They coexist, instead of succeeding one another in time as cause and effect. Adopting the common hypothesis of an electrical fluid, we suppose that a single fluid is sufficient to explain both magnetism and electricity, — that the phenomena suggested by these names are simultaneous, though very different, manifestations of this fluid. This fluid may be called electrical or magnetic; it would be better, however, if there were a more general term to apply to that of which magnetism and electricity are special manifestations. We would not be understood as maintaining the reality even of this single fluid. We consider the whole notion of a fluid as a device, adopted out of regard to the infirmity of human reason and the imperfectly developed state of these sciences, to hold the facts together till the deep relations which exist between them shall have flashed upon the world.

In the same paragraph it is observed that Dr. Faraday "magnetized and electrified a ray of light." What is the fact? Dr. Faraday has shown, that, when a particular kind of glass is placed between the poles of a very powerful magnet, it exhibits, while under this influence, a power of acting upon light different from what it possesses in its normal state. This new power is the same as that which belongs naturally

to certain crystals, and is explained, in their case, by the mode of aggregation of their molecules. When the glass, therefore, acquires temporarily the same property, we suppose that its particles have been coerced from their usual position. The glass, in this state of tension, acts upon light as if it had an acquired crystalline structure. The magnet does not act upon a ray of light in any other way than by inducing a change in the molecular condition of the glass, so that the latter has new optical properties.

Five chapters of the work before us are taken to describe the geographical distribution of plants. In the first of them, the nourishment and growth of plants, with the habits and homes of the different species, are pleasantly described. We have room for only a single paragraph.

“In northern and mean latitudes winter is a time of complete rest to the vegetable world, and in tropical climates the vigor of vegetation is suspended during the dry, hot season, to be resumed at the return of the periodical rains. Almost all plants sleep during the night; some show it in their leaves, others in their blossom. The mimosa tribe not only close their leaves at night, but their foot-stalks droop; in a clover-field not a leaf opens till after sunrise. The common daisy is a familiar instance of a sleeping flower; it shuts up its blossom in the evening, and opens its white and crimson-tipped star, the ‘day’s eye,’ to meet the early beams of the morning sun; and then also ‘winking mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes.’ The crocus, tulip, convolvulus, and many others, close their blossoms at different hours towards evening, some to open them again, others never. The condrilla of the walls opens at eight in the morning and closes for ever at four in the afternoon. Some plants seem to be wide awake all night, and to give out their perfume then only, or at nightfall. Many of the jessamines are most fragrant during the twilight: the olea fragrans, the daphne odorata, and the night-stock reserve their sweetness for the midnight hour, and the night-flowering sirius turns night into day. It begins to expand its magnificent sweet-scented blossom in the twilight, it is full-blown at midnight, and closes, never to open again, with the dawn of day. These are ‘the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom.’ — pp. 233, 234.

One chapter is given to a description of the peculiar vegetation of each of the four great continents. The introduction of vegetation upon the earth is described as follows:—

“As the land rose at different periods above the ocean, each

part, as it emerged from the waves, had probably been clothed with vegetation, and peopled with animals, suited to its position with regard to the equator, and to the climate and condition of the globe then being. And as the conditions and climate were different at each succeeding geological epoch, so each portion of the land, as it rose, would be characterized by its own vegetation and animals, and thus at last there would be many centres of creation, as at this day, all differing more or less from one another; and hence alpine floras must be of older date than those in the plains. The vegetation and faunas of those lands that differed most in age and place would be most dissimilar, while the plants and animals of such as were not far removed from one another in time and place would have correlative forms or family likenesses, yet each would form a distinct province. Thus, in opposite hemispheres, and everywhere at great distances, but under like circumstances, the species are representatives of one another, rarely identical; when, however, the conditions which suit certain species are continuous, identical species are found throughout, either by original creation or by migration. The older forms may have been modified to a certain extent by the succeeding conditions of the globe, but they never could have been changed, since immutability of species is a primordial law of nature. Neither external circumstances, time, nor human art, can change one species into another, though each to a certain extent is capable of accommodating itself to a change of external circumstances, so as to produce varieties even transmissible to their offspring." — pp. 237, 238.

There is something grand in the contemplation of those magnificent forests, covering millions upon millions of acres, which, slowly, silently, and unobserved of man, are lifting their lofty spires to heaven. Here, while so much room can be spared upon the planet, is in course of preparation, with a wise economy which man would do well to imitate, the raw material which, after being elaborated for centuries by heat and pressure under the crust of the earth, will feed the fires and do the work of generations of men yet unborn. A botanist, deeply conversant with his profession, might detect inaccuracies in some of the details of this portion of Mrs. Somerville's book. It possesses, still, high merit, and is as exact as could be expected of a work which takes so wide a range and requires such various knowledge.

Of five chapters on the geographical distribution of animal life, one is allotted to insects, and the rest to the four great classes in the department of invertebrates, viz. fishes, rep-

tiles, birds, and mammals. Three hundred thousand species of insects are supposed to thrive upon the earth. They increase in number and kind from the poles to the equator : some, like man himself, are cosmopolites. Forty different kinds are quartered upon the common nettle. On the average, six species are allowed to every species of plants. Mountains are a barrier, more effectual even than rivers, to the spread of species. Different kinds are found, not only on opposite sides of the same chain, but on different sides of the solitary peak. It is related by Fremont, that, while standing on a part of the Rocky Mountains elevated 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, an humble-bee came from the east valley and rested upon his knee. This is the highest known flight of that insect.

We have culled out a few short paragraphs from the chapter on insects, which, though separated from the context, may interest the reader.

“The common fly is one of the most universal of insects, yet it was unknown in some of the South Sea Islands till it was carried there by ships from Europe, and it has now become a plague.

“The musquito and culex are spread over the world more generally than any other tribe : it is the torment of men and animals, from the poles to the equator, by night and by day : the species are numerous and their location partial. In the Arctic regions the culex pipiens, which passes two thirds of its existence in water, swarms in summer in myriads : the lake Myvatr, in Iceland, has its name from the legions of these tormentors that cover its surface. They are less numerous in middle Europe, though one species of musquito, the *simulia columbaschensis*, which is very small, appears in such clouds in parts of Hungary, especially the bannat of Temeswar, that it is not possible to breathe without swallowing many : even cattle and children have died from them. In Lapland there is a plague of the same kind. Of all places on earth, the Orinoco and other great rivers of tropical America are the most obnoxious to this plague. The account given by Baron Humboldt is really fearful : at no season of the year, at no hour of the day or night, can rest be found ; whole districts in the Upper Orinoco are deserted on account of these insects. New species follow one another with such precision, that the time of day or night may be known accurately from their humming noise, and from the different sensations of the pain which the different poisons produce. The only respite is the interval of a few minutes between the departure of one gang and the arrival of

their successors, for the species do not mix. On some parts of the Orinoco the air is one dense cloud of poisonous insects to the height of twenty feet. It is singular that they do not infest rivers that have black water, and each white stream is peopled with its own kinds ; though ravenous for blood, they can live without it, as they are found where no animals exist.

“ In Brazil the quantity of insects is so great in the woods, that their noise is heard in a ship at anchor some distance from the shore.” — pp. 290, 291.

“ Ants are universally distributed, but of different kinds : they are so destructive in South America, that Baron Humboldt says there is not a manuscript in that country a hundred years old. Near great rivers they build their nests above the line of the annual inundations.” — p. 292.

“ The migration of insects is one of the most curious circumstances relating to them : they sometimes appear in great flights in places where they never were seen before, and they continue their course with a perseverance which nothing can check. This has been observed in the migration of crawling insects : caterpillars have attempted to cross a stream. Countries near deserts are most exposed to the invasion of locusts, which deposit their eggs in the sand, and when the young are hatched by the sun’s heat, they emerge from the ground without wings ; but as soon as they attain maturity, they obey the impulse of the first wind and fly, under the guidance of a leader, in a mass, whose front keeps a straight line, so dense that it forms a cloud in the air, and the sound of their wings is like the murmur of the distant sea. They take immense flights, crossing the Mozambique Channel from Africa to Madagascar, which is 120 miles broad ; they come from Barbary to Italy, and a few have been seen in Scotland.” — p. 292.

The remaining chapters on animal life will be read with great interest and profit ; the more so, perhaps, that attention has been called so strongly to the subject by the popular and yet eminently scientific statement of the principles of zoölogy by Agassiz and Gould.

Mrs. Somerville’s work closes with a chapter on the distribution, condition, and future prospects of the human race, — a race which now exceeds eight hundred and sixty millions, and is to be renewed generation after generation. Her range of remark and illustration is so wide and various here, that we will not attempt an analysis, but conclude our notice with a few thoughts suggested by the subject.

If we may judge by the interval between the introduction

of other species, even the lowest, upon our planet, and their extinction, the human race has only begun its career. Those best able to interpret the silent teachings of nature assure us, that the creation and organization of matter upon our globe have been expanded over enormous periods of time, that they have been conducted according to a high plan, and that this plan has been ever looking and pointing to man as the crowning head of the animal kingdom. This note of preparation which has been sounding in so many strata and through so many epochs, — the convulsions that were needed, — the destruction of so many species of animals and plants, before the forests, the rocks, the atmosphere, and living things were attuned to the finely tempered nature of man, — all indicate that his future career upon this planet cannot be a brief or an unimportant one.

The human race has a destiny to accomplish, as well as each individual who is born into it. The plan which God conceived at the beginning must be a grand one; and it will surely be accomplished. Man cannot perfectly understand it; he is not responsible for it; he cannot thwart it, or hasten it. By the fulfilment of his duty he may put himself in harmony with it, and enjoy the satisfaction of being a co-worker with God for a great purpose. If he hold back or loiter, other agents will be selected, so that the Divine plan will not be defeated. That the whole human family, separated as its members now are by two thousand different languages, by impassable mountains, by extremes of heat and cold, by barren wastes through which no river runs, should ever be reunited and enjoy to the full extent the blessings of liberty, education, and Christianity, may not be essential to God's designs for the human race. But if it be, who shall say that so much as this, even to human conception, is hopeless? Suppose every meridian on the earth's surface to be marked by the iron bands of the railroad or the smoke of the steamship, — suppose each of its parallels of latitude to be made visible by the fine wires of the telegraph, so that every degree of its area should be bounded, north and south, east and west, by the lines of intelligence, — and suppose the Christian spirit to have taken possession of only two or three of the more powerful nations of the earth, and what ignorance or vice could stand up against the intolerable blaze which would be kindled round every hearth-stone?

It is not easy to keep up our interest in those whom we

have never seen and from whom we seldom hear. Even the hearts which have been knit the closest by the memories of childhood and the daily sympathies of life are more or less weaned by a long and silent separation, and instinctively reach out to the nearer objects by which Providence has surrounded them. Can we wonder, then, that whole races of men, squalid and degraded, with whom only a Christian benevolence can sympathize, who promise us no intellectual or commercial advantages, and with whom we can rarely communicate, are forgotten and left to themselves? Man has not yet gained more than half possession of this fair earth. At first, civilization clustered around the inland seas and double water systems: within a few centuries, emboldened by science, it has taken possession of the ocean, and ventured to circumnavigate the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn. But man's impatience will not brook much longer the danger or the delay of these cape passages. Only eighteen miles of land separate the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans at the Isthmus of Darien: about seventy-five more stand between the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Seas. These are not insurmountable obstacles. Whenever a course shall be opened through them for the water, the passage round the earth will be shortened by many thousand miles.

When we consider the beautiful proportion which marks all the works of God, we are constrained to believe that there is some relation between the size of our planet and man's ability to subjugate and enjoy it. Nature has other forces in store, which he will hereafter discover and apply as dexterously as he now uses steam, wind, or electricity. The Divine plan in regard to the human race, be it what it may, will be accomplished; and man, too, will be the agent in his own redemption. Christian culture will give the disposition, science will suggest the means, and God, who rules in the hearts of men and over the forces of nature, will allow the longest duration that can be needed by our race to accomplish its destiny upon this planet.

J. L.

ART. VI. — NEANDER'S LIFE OF CHRIST.*

WE read this book, we must say, with a good deal of disappointment, nor, on perusing it more carefully a second time, have our first impressions been entirely removed. It does, however, improve greatly on acquaintance. The spirit throughout is a Christian one. The doctrinal views do not offend us ; — we are not quite sure that we understand them. The attitude of the writer towards Jesus harmonizes with our own, though, possibly, it may not proceed from the same doctrinal basis. The author attempts to explain the gradual development of the consciousness of Jesus, “in perfect accordance with the laws of human life, from that mysterious union [with the Divine Word] which formed its ground,”† but we think the attempt more bold than successful, nor do we see how a genuine Trinitarian would dare undertake to speak of the opening consciousness of the Divine mind in its sojourn upon the earth. Even from our point of view, we believe so fully in a peculiar influence exercised by God over his Son from the first miraculous inception of his being, that we know not how to form from the development of other minds any theory of spiritual growth applicable to him. We have no doubt that it was all in accordance with a divine law, but we believe that it was subjected to influences in kind or degree wholly beyond what is usual in our human experience.

Neander deals freely, we should say too freely, with the text of the Gospels. For example, he says : —

“Matthew (iii. 7) states expressly, that ‘many Pharisees and Sadducees came to John’s baptism,’ and the form of the statement distinguishes these from the ordinary throng. It seems somewhat unhistorical that these sects, so opposite to each other, should be named together here, as well as in some other places in the Gospels ; but an explanation is perhaps to be found in the fact, that it was customary to name them together on the ground of their common hatred to Christianity. It appears improbable that men of the peculiar religious opinions of the Sadducees should have been attracted by the preacher of repentance, the forerunner

* *The Life of Jesus Christ in its Historical Connection and Historical Development.* By AUGUSTUS NEANDER. Translated from the Fourth German Edition, by JOHN M’CLINTOCK and CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL, Professors in Dickinson College. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1848. 8vo. pp. xlvii, 450.

† p. 32.

of the Messiah ; nor does John, in his severe sermon, make any special reference to that sect, — an omission which could hardly have occurred, had any of the sect so far departed from their ordinary habits as to listen to his preaching. It does not follow, however, that the mention of the Pharisees is in the same predicament ; on the contrary, the historical citation of the latter may have given rise to the unhistorical mention of the Sadducees." — pp. 50, 51.

If, on grounds so slight as these, we are permitted to question the accuracy of an historical account, and set it aside, we see not how any confidence can be placed in the narrative. When we consider how strong a principle curiosity is in all sects, and how many different motives might induce men to go to hear so remarkable a reformer as John the Baptist, we certainly can see no good reason why St. Matthew's statement in this case should be called in question ; nor do we think it consistent with just principles of criticism to doubt any one particular of what we receive generally as an authentic account, unless we have some reason for it stronger than so fanciful an improbability as this.

Neander's *Life of Christ* was called out by the peculiar state of theological opinion in Germany, and has constant reference to it. This circumstance, while it adds to the interest and value of the book there, must of course make it less generally interesting and valuable here. For, though the general subject has awakened much attention, the minute points of critical and historical inquiry which have so engaged the German mind have here been little regarded. But, however we may feel obliged to qualify our opinion, we still regard the *Life of Christ* as a useful and instructive book. It does not seem to us the work of a very commanding mind, but it shows marks of great diligence and candor, and evidently comes from one who understands the spirit of Christianity, and who is therefore well fitted to explain the letter. In some cases, much light is thrown on particular passages of Scripture. The translation seems to us a good one ; but scholars familiar with the German may feel the want of those idiomatic touches which give a peculiar raciness and flavor to the very words of an original writer. We particularly rejoice that a work of so liberal a character, from a source confessedly Orthodox, should be circulated among our Orthodox brethren in this country. It must do something towards making the theological scholarship of the country more gener-

ous and manly. The following passage will give, perhaps, a favorable view of Neander's mode of treating a subject. Under the question, "Had Christ a conscious plan?" — he remarks : —

"It is most natural for us, in treating of Christ's public ministry, to speak first of the *plan* which lay at the foundation of it. First of all, however, the question comes up, whether he *had* any such plan at all.

"The greatest achievements of great men in behalf of humanity have not been accomplished by plans previously arranged and digested ; on the contrary, such men have generally been unconscious instruments, working out God's purposes, at least in the beginning, before the fruits of their labors have become obvious to their own eyes. They served the plan of God's providence for the progress of his kingdom among men, by giving themselves up enthusiastically to the ideas which the Spirit of God had imparted to them. Not unfrequently has a false historical view ascribed to such labors, after their results became known, a plan which had nothing to do with their development. Nay, these mighty men were able to do their great deeds precisely because a higher than human wisdom formed the plan of their labors and prepared the way for them. The work was greater than the workmen ; they had no presentiments of the results that were to follow from the toils to which they felt themselves impelled. So was it with Luther, when he kindled the spark which set half Europe in a blaze, and commenced the sacred flame which refined the Christian Church.

"Were we at liberty to compare the work of Christ with these creations wrought through human agencies, we should need to guard ourselves against determining the plan of his ministry from its results. We might then suppose that he was inspired with enthusiasm for an idea, whose compass and consequences the limits of his circumstances and his times prevented him from fully apprehending. We might also distinguish between the idea, as made the guide and the aim of his actions by himself, and the more comprehensive Divine plan, to which, by his voluntary and thorough devotion to God, he served as the organ. And it would rather glorify than disparage him to show, by thus comparing him with other men who had wrought as God's instruments to accomplish his vast designs, that God had accomplished through him even greater things than he had himself intended.

"But we are allowed to make no such comparison. The life of Christ presented a realized ideal of human culture such as man's nature can never attain unto, let his development reach what point it may. He described the future effects of the truth

which he revealed in a way that no man could comprehend at the time, and which centuries of history have only been contributing to illustrate. Nor was the progress of the *future* more clear to his vision than the steps in the history of the *past*, as is shown by his own statements of the relation which he sustained to the old dispensation. Facts, which it required the course of ages to make clear, lay open to his eye; and history has both explained and verified the laws which he pointed out for the progress of his kingdom. He could not, therefore, have held the same relation to the plan for whose accomplishment his labors were directed, as men who were mere instruments of God, however great. He resembled them, it is true, in the fact that his labors were ordered according to no plan of human contrivance, but to one laid down by God for the development of humanity; but he differed from them in this, that he understood the full compass of God's plan, and had freely made it his own; that it was the plan of his own mind, clearly standing forth in his consciousness when he commenced his labors. The account of his temptation, rightly understood, shows all this.

"With this, also, are rebutted those views which consider Christ as having recognized the idea of his ministry only through the cloudy atmosphere of Judaism; and those which represent his plan as having been essentially altered from time to time, as circumstances contradicted his first expectations and gave him clearer notions. They are further refuted by the entire harmony which subsists between Christ's own expressions in regard to his plan, as uttered in the two different epochs of his history."—pp. 79, 80.

Every new exhibition of the Saviour's life by one whose mind is evidently penetrated by the Saviour's spirit is a valuable addition to our Christian literature. It is a new evidence at once of the truthfulness of the Gospel narratives, and of the richness and fulness of the divine life which those narratives set before us. On both these accounts we are glad to have the attention of thinking men called to the subject by one whose powers of mind and whose great learning must command their respect.

It is no slight evidence of the authenticity of the Gospels, that they bear the test of examination in so many different ways. We may come to them through the historical method adopted by Lardner, and carried out by Mr. Norton with an exactness which makes us almost forget the affluence of his learning and his thought. We may compare and test them, one by the others, through a Harmony like that of Dr. Car-

penter, seeing how their apparent discrepancies may be so reconciled as to confirm the truth of the different accounts. We may study out, with Dr. Robinson, the geography of Palestine, and follow Jesus from place to place through his ministry. We may compare our Gospels with the early apocryphal accounts of Jesus, and see how their natural simplicity is set off by the factitious extravagance of those illegitimate pretenders. We may approach them through the mythical theory of our day, and strive to explain how certain veins and arteries, apparently growing out of the common heart of the system and intimately connected with all the members, should have been inserted among the vital parts of our religion by the ignorance and superstition of subsequent ages. With Mr. Furness, we may look into the incidents of the Gospels, and, seeing in their fresh and glowing hues how perfectly lifelike they are, may resist, if we can, the conviction that they are true. Or, withdrawing ourselves from all commentaries and external proofs, we may read the narratives of the Evangelists, giving ourselves up to them, till, in the deep experience of our own hearts, we seem to comprehend something of the length and breadth and depth and height of the life of Jesus, and to feel in it a reality and a power unparalleled by any thing else in the world's history. Each of these methods, so far as we have pursued it, has only served to strengthen our conviction of the substantial truthfulness of the Gospel narratives.

There may be difficulties in respect to a few passages, which show that the text, as we have it, is not infallibly correct. It may not be easy to fix upon any precise theory of inspiration that shall entirely satisfy us. There may be a few things related as facts, which we cannot quite understand. But must we not, from the nature of the case, expect such difficulties? God is present in nature, sustaining its life, but precisely how he acts is what we can never in this world expect to understand. And in the relations between this life and the next, or between the laws which usually govern matter and the laws of mind through which intelligent beings, and especially the Supreme Intelligence, may interrupt the usual course of natural events, there must be something beyond the reach of our comprehension now, in the infancy of our being. In the history of a revelation, therefore, miraculously made, and having reference not only to our perfection in the present incipient stage of our existence, but to the ultimate fulfilment

of life in a world beyond, there may, and not improbably will, be passages which present insuperable obstacles to those who would master the full and precise meaning of every word. Take, for example, Matthew xxvi. 29 : — “ But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father’s kingdom.” In the mind of Jesus, having, as he had, a clear insight into his Father’s spiritual kingdom, these words must have had a distinctness of meaning which from our position we cannot obtain.

These difficulties, then, ought not to disturb us. We should not be troubled, if we find ourselves unable to form any satisfactory theory of miracles. The *facts* in the case are what we are concerned about. Suppose that a naturalist, when told of some remarkable and before unknown forms of animal life, should refuse to admit their existence or to examine the specimens offered to him, because he can frame no theory of animal physiology applicable to such cases. His business is to receive all the facts which come to him properly authenticated, and from them to frame a theory, if he must have it. He is not at liberty to reject birds of gigantic stature, and other creatures of dimensions inconsistent with any thing that we now see of the possible magnitude of the animal frame, because no such creatures have been in existence for thousands of years, or because they do not comport with his theory. So, in our religious inquiries, we are to receive whatever comes to us properly authenticated as fact, and if our theory is not broad enough to comprise all such cases, we must remember that the sphere of God’s influence is not to be cramped by the narrowness of our brains.

We have our theory of miracles ; but in the investigation of the truthfulness of the Gospel narratives, it should rather follow than precede the inquiry as to matters of fact. We can here only indicate a few of the kinds of evidence on which we rely in ascertaining what are the facts of the case. There are the external proofs from early writers, which certainly are entitled to great weight, though, if they stood alone, we might not think them entirely satisfactory. The many circumstances incidentally connected with the life of Jesus are not inconsistent with what we know from other sources respecting those times ; and yet the difficulties here and there are such as prove that the accounts could not have been made up afterwards in accordance with known facts. There are

nice adaptations of language to characters, such as could hardly have been understood at any subsequent period when it is possible that they could have been fabricated. Take, for example, in the second chapter of Luke, the song of the angels, so entirely free from any tincture of Jewish feeling, as compared with the words of Simeon and Anna, which are altogether Jewish in their conception. From the nature of the facts recorded in the Gospels, how is it possible that they could have been inwoven as myths in after-ages? As an instance, how could the resurrection of Jesus grow up as a myth or fable? How, on this supposition, could those minute accounts have been prepared, differing each from the rest, yet, when closely examined, harmonizing with and confirming one another? But allowing that the Gospel records of this event could have been thus prepared, how shall we account for the constant reference to it running through the Book of Acts, as if the resurrection of Christ had been the one essential article of belief among the Christians of that day? And what is still more remarkable, the same is enforced by St. Paul throughout his Epistles with all the fervor of his eloquence and his peculiar subtilty of thought, while it is often incidentally alluded to, or is left to be inferred from those transient intimations, which often, more conclusively than direct assertions, prove the existence of important facts. The same fact, again, is inwoven, with an undefinable air of reality, into the whole texture of the First Epistle of St. Peter. How is it — we will not say, probable — but how is it possible, that this myth, fabricated in a subsequent age, could not only so entwine itself into the fibres of those writings, but, as an essential part of them, or rather as a vital element, modify both their substance and their form?

Then the life of Christ, so unlike any other life, so thoroughly original and apart from all previous conceptions respecting any being upon the earth, so unique in itself and yet so consistent in all the parts relating to it, — how could that have been made up? It is presented to us in narratives indicating a wide difference in the taste and general culture as well as the original endowments of their authors, the various accounts being marked by these differences of tone and coloring, yet from these opposite points wonderfully harmonizing in all their essential features. The Gospels of Matthew and John are not inconsistent with each other. They do not represent two different beings as the Messiah, but each of the writers

has brought into peculiar prominence those acts and words which made the strongest impression on his own mind. In the very freedom with which they depart from each other in their accounts, while they preserve an essential unity of character, is evidence not to be mistaken, that they wrote from the fulness of their own convictions, with a consciousness of truth. In a case lately tried before one of our courts, forgery was proved from the fact that different signatures were exact *fac-similes* of each other, and therefore had not the freedom which an honest man exhibits when he signs his own name. The same thing may be seen in imitations as compared with original writings. The pleasant "Diary of Lady Willoughby" may be detected at once as an imitation, from the primness of its antique dress; there is not the careless ease which belongs to one writing in his own tongue. But in the Gospels there is the widest difference of style, the most perfect freedom in the mode of speech, in the selection of incidents, and even in the manner in which the same incidents are related, or the same conversation is reported. In the account of the miraculous feeding of the multitude, as given by Matthew and John, while the principal fact is the same in both, the words reported and the impression made upon us in the two cases are quite different. Yet there is no inconsistency. Each writer, with the freedom which comes only from an unconsciousness of any sinister purpose, writes out what actually took place, and records that part of the conversation which made the deepest impression on his own mind.

But in Jesus himself, as he is represented in the Gospels, is the highest proof that can be given of their truthfulness. Here is one who, in the most simple form, has brought out truths the most vital and profound that the world has ever known, principles of life which after eighteen centuries of progress few men have been able to comprehend, and which have found their only perfect illustration in himself; for in him is a fulness of life, which, even more than his words, is the light of the world. All the parts are in keeping with one another, and with him in whom they meet. Words the most weighty and sublime that have ever been uttered come without effort or restraint from one whose deeds are on the same high level with them. The superhuman wisdom, which flows out so easily in his instructions, is balanced and sustained by the superhuman power which manifests itself with equal naturalness in his acts, while the same divine benignity shines out

alike in his conduct and his speech. By four different writers is this wonderful being placed before us, in attitudes the most various, under circumstances fitted to call out the most opposite manifestations of character, with actions and words the most diverse, and finding their point of union only in the greatness of his spirit. There is nothing forced. The colors lie as easily as the sunlight upon a field. The parts grow out of a common centre as naturally, and with as much originality, as the branches, leaves, and fruit from a common trunk. Now is there any genius adequate to the conception of such a character? Sooner could we, through the imagination alone, conceive of a new Sir Isaac Newton, with yet profounder "*Principia*" carried out in all their mathematical details. Different minds could not draw out such a life, and sustain it through such a variety of events, unless they had before them a common original. We do not believe that any man from the third century down could insert one chapter in the Gospel of St. John, or record minutely a single incident in the Saviour's life, in such a way as to sustain the character which we find in the Evangelists.

But, apart from the difficulty of sustaining the principal personage, how could all the side-lights cast by him on others be preserved as they are, through such careless touches, and yet with such exquisite shadings? The influence of Jesus on Peter under circumstances so different and so remarkable, — his influence on Mary and Martha, each so lifelike and individual, — the scene in the garden of Gethsemane, where at that perilous moment the chosen disciples fell asleep more than once, — the conduct of the different persons on the morning of the resurrection, — the language in the Epistles of Paul and Peter, as well as in the Acts, — all so truthlike and natural, admitting the central fact, are yet such as we must think it quite impossible to receive on any other theory than that of the objective truth of the Gospel narratives. And when we add to this the momentous revolution which took place at that period in the world, a revolution which certainly since the second century has based itself on the Christ of the Evangelists as its one sufficient cause, we see not how men can doubt that these facts were substantially as they are represented to us.

Take the theory of our day, which supposes Jesus to have been a man of extraordinary moral and intellectual endowments, the promulgator of the truths which are ascribed to

him, while the miraculous parts of his character and life were all the creation of later times. We waive here what has been already briefly noticed respecting the fact of the resurrection of Jesus. We confine ourselves to what seems to us the utter impossibility of adding to such an original without marring its essential features. Who could complete the half-finished poem, *Christabel*, without disfiguring it? Not Shakspeare himself. Who could extend through one additional canto that most beautiful of all poetical conceptions, the *Beatrice of Dante*? Let any one compare the Jesus of Milton's *Paradise Regained* with the Jesus of St. John or St. Matthew, — for we would refer only to the efforts of real genius, and not come down to such presumptuous attempts to personify the author of our religion as we might adduce from the pages of modern literature. But the difficulty of sustaining the character of our Saviour under new circumstances and through new conversations is one of the slightest objections to the theory under consideration. It supposes men of subsequent times to have introduced a new and most important element into his nature, making it, indeed, an essential part of him, and causing it to run through all his words and acts, to give its coloring to his whole life, — to the relation in which he stood to others while living, and to his power over them when dead. And yet there is the most perfect naturalness and harmony in all the parts. And besides, this fictitious element has actually infused itself into the substance of his religion, into the teachings and conduct of his immediate followers, and of his Church down to the present day! Does not this supposition involve a degree of skill infinitely transcending the powers of human genius? A being of the most truthlike simplicity, as individual as it is possible for a being of so comprehensive a nature to be, is made up of materials partly true and partly fabulous, yet all wrought together with such wonderful skill, as to gain the homage and admiration, not of the weak and ignorant alone, but of the purest and wisest men, for more than fifteen hundred years! Such a theory is to us more incredible than that a being of such moral and intellectual endowments as all unite in ascribing to Jesus should also have been gifted with the power of working miracles.

Perhaps the best way to examine this matter is to take a single incident, as, for example, the resurrection of Lazarus, and show how it is possible that the monstrous drapery of miracle, if a mere rhetorical or mythical device, could be so

wound up in the simple original truth. Let any one who is doubtful on the subject try to separate the two. Or if, from the impossibility of separating the natural and the miraculous without destroying the life of both, the whole is rejected as fabulous, let any one give himself up to the account, till its mingled tenderness and sublimity shall have taken possession of his mind, and lifted him up into harmony with the spirit of the chapter, and then let him ask what evidence we have from all the other productions of the second century to prove that the poetical conception of such a character and such a scene was possible to any one then living. We do not hesitate to say, that, in all the works of human genius that we have seen, there is nothing which makes any approach to this, in the delicate traits of character shown under overpowering emotion, in the naturalness of the subordinate incidents, the easy consistency of the parts, the grace, majesty, and power of him at whose word "he that was dead came forth."

We wish the attention of Christians could be drawn more earnestly than it has yet been to the study of the Gospels. If the life of Christ, as there taught, could be brought out to us distinctly in all its parts, we believe it would be, not only the surest evidence of their truth, but the best guide we could have to our religious thought. He who follows the Saviour through his ministry, with any thing approaching to a full understanding of his acts, will learn whatever is essential to us in our religion. We believe, that, if preaching were given more to bringing out in their fulness of meaning the prominent features in the life of Jesus, applying them to the present wants of the hearers, it would be far more edifying and instructive than it now is, and the state of our churches would be much more encouraging. We do not believe in dry expository preaching; nor would we have any one suppose, that, because he can answer all Allen's Questions on the Gospels, he is therefore well instructed in the kingdom of heaven. It is well for us to know the little external facts that illustrate Scriptural language, and still more important to be familiar with the incidents and events recorded by the Evangelists. But a mere outside knowledge is not what we mean, when we speak of a minute acquaintance with the Gospels. There are few kinds of learning, or preaching, more unprofitable, when it stops there. It is storing away the seed-corn in dry places, instead of planting it in the ground. But there is a way of dwelling on each event in the life of our Saviour till

it becomes a quickening influence in our own hearts. There is a way of giving ourselves up to him till his words become spirit and life to us, and through them we are lifted up into communion with him. Then the truths which he has taught come home to us with power. His example becomes a thing dear and sacred to us. Our religion is no longer made up of abstractions or stiff rules of faith and practice. It is not Christianity, — a summary of truths, a code of laws, a collection of moral and religious precepts, — but the living impersonation of all that is true and holy in Christ, commending itself to us through the sweetness and majesty of his affections, drawing us by the strongest sympathies of our nature to him, that our holiest thoughts may be kindled, and our hearts burn within us. The word “Christianity” falls upon us like a piece of ice from the pulpit. It is not found either in the Gospels or in the glowing, impassioned Epistles of St. Paul. It was not Christianity apart from Christ, but Christ embodying Christianity, that dwelt within his Church in those days, dethroning the ancient idols, subduing kingdoms, and setting the world on fire with a new zeal and love. And if ever now an unusual Christian energy and zeal take possession of a community, it must be, not through the philosophy of Christianity, important as that is, but through Christ in his life and death, his sufferings and his joy, brought home to the conscience and the hearts of men. However much our preachers may please the fancy or engage the admiration of their hearers by profound treatises upon abstract doctrines and duties or beautiful illustrations of virtue and piety, it is not till they have learned to preach Christ, “the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation,” that they will convert the souls of their hearers, and make them humble, devout, and joyful Christians.

The one essential thing that is needed in our churches is an affectionate, intelligent, reverential faith in Christ. We must be more like her who, with the loveliness of a heart offered to its Maker in the freshness of its first affections, “sat at the feet of Jesus and heard his word,” till her inmost being was filled with the thoughts, penetrated by the love, and wrapped, as it were, in the very breath and atmosphere of his spirit. His truths then will have their fitting influence upon us, and our lives, by no forced and painful effort, but by the affinities of our souls to Jesus through their strongest affections, will become constantly assimilated to him, receiving of his fulness, and rejoicing in his love.

J. H. M.

ART. VII.—CHURCH MUSIC.*

IN a former article,† we adverted to the fact, that, of the many collections of church music which have been published in this country, not one has been compiled with special reference to the wants of the Unitarian denomination. All of them contain doctrinal expressions which are offensive to our religious views. Expressions concerning the worship of the Trinity, that are particularly repulsive, and concerning atonement and sacrifice, such as we cannot accept, continually occur. The value of the metrical portion of the books, it is true, is not materially impaired by this fact, since selections from Unitarian hymn-books can be adapted to the tunes; but most of the occasional pieces, and the chants, are rendered useless. Very few, if any, choristers would undertake the task of adapting other words to them. Consequently there arises a serious evil. The interest which the performance of the choir is calculated to excite is diminished, and the devotional feelings of the audience are disturbed, if the pieces in question are performed; and if they are omitted altogether, the service of the church loses one of its most important aids. This is an evil which demands attention. All other denominations have been keenly alive to the importance, not only of singing the praises of God, but of using expressions consistent with their own faith. The hymns should be as much objects of regard as the prayer or the sermon. When

* 1. *The National Lyre: a New Collection of Sacred Music, consisting of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, with a Choice Selection of Sentences, Anthems, and Chants; designed for the Use of Choirs, Congregations, and Singing-Schools.* By S. P. TUCKERMAN, S. A. BANCROFT, and H. K. OLIVER. Boston: Wilkins, Carter, & Co. 1848. Oblong 4to. pp. 160.

2. *Taylor's Sacred Minstrel, or American Church Music Book; a New Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, adapted to the Various Metres now in Use; together with Anthems, Sentences, Chants, and other Pieces, etc.; containing between Three and Four Hundred New Pieces, Original and Selected, now for the First Time presented to the American Public, and others from the most Distinguished European Composers.* Edited by VIRGIL CORYDON TAYLOR, Organist, and Professor of Music. Hartford: J. H. Mather & Co. 1848. Oblong 4to. pp. 379.

3. *A Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, comprising the Best Compositions in General Use, and including many by Eminent English and Foreign Musicians, which are now for the First Time published in this Country; harmonized for Four Voices, with an Arrangement for the Organ and Pianoforte.* Forming the First Part of the People's Music Book. Edited by JAMES TURLE, Organist of Westminster Abbey; and EDWARD TAYLOR, Gres. Prof. Mus. London. 1848. Royal 8vo. pp. 236.

† Christian Examiner, for November, 1848, pp. 406–412.

inappropriately selected or badly sung, they are unfriendly to devotion, and produce, on those of the congregation who have delicate ears, an effect which the happiest efforts of the preacher may be unable to remove.

The Church of Rome, in particular, has appreciated the impressiveness of music, and has used it unsparingly to enhance the dignity and solemnity of their worship. An important change was effected about the middle of the sixteenth century by St. Neri, who founded the Order of the Oratory at Rome. This powerful order of priests, wishing to attract as many persons as possible to the service of their church, and to divert their attention from the theatre, incorporated songs and choruses with their form of worship. Afterwards they caused the stories and incidents of Scripture to be dramatized and set to music. The story of the good Samaritan, Saul's vision, the parable of the prodigal son, etc., were thus used. They were accustomed to introduce these pieces between the prayers and after the sermon, presuming, that, by so doing, "the attention of the audience would be secured to the religious instructions of the preacher." Oratorios were soon admitted into all the churches in Italy, where they are still performed. They were accompanied by scenery, acting, and dancing, but these last, in the process of time, were excluded from the church.

The collections of sacred music recently published, of which we have given the titles, afford many examples of that unsuitableness to the purposes of Unitarian worship of which we have spoken. But, like most of the collections now in use, they also embrace hymns which should be excluded from all books designed for public worship, in consequence of their containing sentiments that cannot be ascribed to all the members of a mixed congregation. In the first and third of the books before us there is a hymn of this class :—

"Why hast thou cast us off, O God?
Wilt thou no more return?
O, why against thy chosen flock
Does thy fierce anger burn?"

In "Taylor's Sacred Minstrel," the following hymn is given in two places :—

"Depth of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?"

Many hymns are retained in our various collections, which are, either wholly or in part, unsuitable for use in any Christian congregation. The well-known hymn commencing,

“I would not live alway,”

we are aware, is a favorite composition with many persons, but still we question the propriety of the sentiment which it contains.

The following stanza occurs in the first and third of the books under our notice : —

“God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy and trumpets’ sound ;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song go round.”

We confess that we are unable to understand what idea the author meant to convey in the first line.

Of hymns particularly exceptionable to Unitarians on account of the doctrine they contain, the following, found twice in the “National Lyre,” is a familiar example : —

“To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.”

The following doxologies are found in most of the books : —

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

“Great Jehovah ! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory,
On the same eternal throne.”

The selections from Scripture which have been made for the purposes of chanting almost invariably contain the verse, —

“Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.”

But it is not on account of their doctrinal opinions alone that the hymns of other denominations are repulsive to Uni-

tarians. They often betray a want of taste and religious refinement. The feelings excited, in perusing many of them, after reading the finished productions of Norton and Ware, are analogous to those experienced when breathing the vitiated atmosphere of a close room after inhaling the pure mountain air. The themes on which they touch — God and man, redemption and immortality — are treated in a stern, gloomy manner. The very doctrines on which the Christian founds his hopes, and which conspire to soften the asperities of life and furnish peace and consolation, are enveloped in the same dark atmosphere. The various topics are presented as if it were a part of man's duty to condemn the earthly scenes in which he lives, and to view heaven and eternity with fearful forebodings.

In the books under notice we find some excellent hymns which we do not remember to have previously seen. Taylor has given us Koerner's celebrated "Battle Prayer"; and also that beautiful passage from Campbell, commencing, —

"Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn."

We also find Peabody's beautiful hymn,

"Behold the western evening light,"

which is here for the first time set to music. If it were not already so well known to our readers, we would quote it entire, not only on account of the beauty of the sentiment it contains, but for its exquisite musical diction. Many of the hymns in common use are so unmusical in their construction, that it is almost impossible to sing them. A perpetual recurrence of consonants, together with syllables totally destitute of euphony and often arranged with a seeming contempt for the feet of the verse, disfigure many of them. In the "National Lyre," and in the English publication before us, we find many hymns and psalms taken from the oldest collections. We prefer their bold strains, although occasionally harsh, and their Scriptural imagery, to the ungraceful flow and inappropriate similes and figures of modern poetry. In the "Lyre," Wesley's vigorous hymn, commencing,

"My God, my strength, my hope,"

is set to music for the first time. This has long been a favorite hymn with Unitarian clergymen. Messrs. Turle and

Taylor have given us two hymns in Welsh common metre. We quote one stanza for its oddity : —

“ Pan ballo noddod pawb a’ue hedd,
Duw, o’i drugaredd odiaeth,
Yn Dad, yn Frawd, yn Ffrynd a fydd
Argyfyng ddydd marwolaeth.”

Both composers and performers commit ludicrous errors by mistaking or disregarding the sentiment of the passage. Wherever the words *peace*, *rest*, etc., occur, or, on the other hand, *joy*, *victory*, etc., the music is set and performed to express the meaning which those words convey when taken separately, without regarding at all the context. The following verses are frequently performed in this manner : —

“ ’T is God’s all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
’T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ; —

That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast
When victors’ wreaths and monarchs’ gems
Shall blend in common dust” ; —

the first two lines of the second stanza being performed *fortissimo*, and the last two in the softest *pianissimo* imaginable. The whole hymn is expressive of joy, and the idea conveyed in the last two lines is *negative*. The following stanza is likewise often performed in an *adagio* movement, and in a soft and subdued manner, the performers forgetting that the idea conveyed in the first two lines is *negative* : —

“ Decay, then, tenements of dust !
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.”

In the following line, —

“ And peace and joy shall dwell therein,” —

we have often heard the word “ peace ” sung in a manner scarcely audible, and the word “ joy ” shouted with the loudest efforts of both choir and organ. The whole hymn is an aspiration after peace, repose, and silence. The joy

referred to is the calm, subdued joy of a well-regulated mind.*

We cannot close this article without noticing the musical character of the books the titles of which we have placed at its head. The "*National Lyre*" contains some excellent selections from Beethoven, Spohr, Mozart, Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. An acquaintance with compositions of this class tends to elevate and purify the popular taste more than a knowledge of all the common collections of church music put together. Dr. Hodges, director of the music at Trinity Church in New York, and Mr. Charles Zeuner, of Philadelphia, have contributed to its pages. Their compositions are such as their high reputation as organists would lead us to expect. The original compositions of the editors are worthy of notice. The harmonies of the tunes which bear their names are of a high order. The book does not contain so many pages as many of its class, but still it possesses every quality requisite for a good manual of psalmody. Many of the old tunes are here presented with truly beautiful harmonies. This is a feature which cannot fail to recommend it to choirs. The chants are superior to those of any collection which we have ever examined. "The marks of expression usually prefixed to tunes" the editors have judiciously "omitted, as the proper style of performance will vary with the varying hymn, and the true characteristic of any tune may be readily known on performance." In many of the books, the authors have prefixed directions to their music which are singularly absurd and inappropriate. Such directions as the following, — "Moderate time, with

* Secular composers have not escaped this error. In Purcell's "*Bonduca*," a tragedy of Beaumont and Fletcher's, to the following lines, —

"Where the shrill trumpets never sound,
But one eternal hush goes round," —

the composer has set a loud and boisterous passage, designed to imitate the sound of the trumpet. The air in which it occurs, "O, lead me to some peaceful gloom," is a prayer for peace and silence. The idea intended to be conveyed by the introduction of the trumpet is negative. When Sir Walter Scott's famous song, "*County Guy*," was first published, it was set to music by the composers of the day. In the passage,

"The lark, his lay that trilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner by,"

the trill of the lark was imitated either by the voice or the accompaniment, thus defeating the poet's intention when the lay of the lark was introduced. He expressly says the lay of the lark is "hushed."

tender and pathetic expression," — "With thoughtfulness and reverence," — "With emotion and deep solemnity, but not too slow," — "With delicate expression, yet with ardor and cheerfulness," — it has been well said, "are tacit insults to the devotion of the performer, to say nothing of his common sense."

Beauty and copiousness of melody and great variety of harmony are the distinguishing features of "Taylor's Sacred Minstrel." Most of the pieces are original. In this respect it differs widely from other works of the same class. If any are inclined to wonder at the fecundity of the press in the production of sacred music books, his wonder will be greatly diminished when he considers that a large part of the music which is found in these books is common property, a part of which was originally written for the service of the Church, and a part taken from the compositions of the great masters, mutilated to meet the Procrustean necessities of the metre. These *membra disjecta* stand in unfortunate contrast with their originals, and forcibly remind the reader of the mental poverty of their arrangers. "If that severe doom of Syneus be true, — 'It is a greater offence to steal dead men's labor than their clothes,' — what shall become of" the compilers of church music books?

"The People's Music Book" is a fine specimen of English science and typography. It was compiled in the hope of furnishing a good manual of psalmody for congregational singing. With this end in view, the editors collected the standard English tunes and rearranged many of them, and adapted the vocal score to the compass of voice most common in a mixed congregation, — for whom it is the best book extant. This, as well as the two other books which we have noticed, we would recommend to the attention of choristers and choirs generally.

F. F. H.

ART. VIII. — MERRY-MOUNT.*

WE have not often descended from our graver mood to notice the lighter literature of the day, except when its impure tendency has seemed to call for rebuke. But here is a book which, if we may judge by the impression it has produced on our own minds, will be read with deep interest, not merely by the lovers of fiction, but by the thoughtful student of the history and manners of the primitive settlers of the Massachusetts, called by Smith "the paradise of all those parts." It is an historical novel. Such a work, founded on incidents in the early annals of New England, has rarely been attempted with success. Yet we see not why the attempt, in proper hands, should not succeed. There are materials enough, one would think, which may be wrought to a good purpose. Some of them, it is true, may appear to be of a rather repulsive or refractory character. Puritanical precision and stiffness cannot very readily be made to assume a graceful and attractive form; and in the exhibition of them, there is some danger that the noble virtues, which really marked the Puritan character, will be thrown into the shade, or that ludicrous associations will be awakened, unfriendly to a just appreciation of them. Those stern old characters, iron-cast as they seem, are certainly a little difficult to deal with in the way of fiction.

But difficulties of this kind apart, — and they are not insuperable, — the mine, if skilfully worked, will turn out to be a rich one. Here was no lack of adventure; and with the story of the times blends not a little of the marvellous, — sufficient, one would suppose, to satisfy the demands of the wildest imagination and gratify the keenest craving for excitement. All the passions of human nature were here, — passions, it may be, nurtured in the hot-bed of European civilization; but in the gloomy depths of an American solitude, and amid the wide expanse of the ancient forest, they would miss much of their accustomed aliment, and would operate intensely in new forms, and spend themselves on new objects. There was a strange contrast between the old that was left behind, and the new that was found, — between the pleasant fields

* *Merry-Mount; A Romance of the Massachusetts Colony.* Boston and Cambridge: J. Munroe & Co. 1848. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 222 and 249.

of Old England, and the rough, bleak shores of New England ; and bold hands and bold hearts were needed to meet the privations and perils of a home in the wilderness. Yet gentle woman was here ; some came who had been used to luxury in their native land ; some who had been tenderly nurtured ; they came, like delicate plants, soon to droop and die amidst the rigors encountered in these wilds. There appeared, too, among those who sought these shores, some of whom had only a temporary residence here, no inconsiderable diversity of character. There were mere adventurers seeking wealth, — worn-out courtiers, — men of broken fortunes, — and loose men, who, disliking the restraints of the old civilization, sought a wild freedom in these remote and unsettled lands. As these planted themselves by the side of the inflexible religionists who had forsaken their pleasant homes and crossed the stormy sea for “ freedom to worship God,” and for “ progress in the Reformation,” a conflict would ensue, in which would mingle some of the most powerful passions and sentiments of the human breast. The historical novelist will here find no scanty supply of materials, and the quarry, as we said, is one which has been as yet little worked. If he have a talent for description, nature rises before him in some of her grandest, and occasionally her loveliest forms. The bays, the islands, and variously indented shores, forest-crowned, spread out beneath his eye, blending in his imagination with the mysterious traditions and history of races that have disappeared, leaving few foot-prints on the soil.

The author of “ *Merry-Mount* ” appears to be fully aware of the capabilities of his subject, and has, we think, very successfully treated it. He has certainly produced a work which is full of life and energy, and in its materials is exclusively American. The story, which is not too complicated, moves on with ease, and contains incidents enough, some of them of a stirring character, to give a zest to the narrative without overloading it. Some of the scenes are very exciting. The author has a vigorous and glowing imagination, and evidently draws from a full fountain. He has no lack of invention, yet in all the main incidents keeps verisimilitude in view, and in his historical personages, several of whom appear on his canvas, he has preserved the truth of nature. Of course, many of his incidents are fictitious ; this is agreeable to the laws of the historical novel, which do not preclude invention, but only require that the positions and

events described do not shock by any violent improbability, and that they be such as to develop the characteristic traits of the actors, and give individuality to the portraits. In this particular, we think that the writer of the tale of "Merry-Mount" has been in a more than ordinary degree successful. He uses discrimination, and in his narrative we recognize the peculiar bearing of the venerable heroes of the early days of Massachusetts. The brave and fiery Standish, the dignified, firm, and sagacious Winthrop, the zealous, rigid, and somewhat choleric Endicott, rise up before us in true and lifelike proportions. The primitive settlers with their severe visages and "sad-colored garments" move over the stage; their singularities and even their defects are not forgotten, but due homage is paid to their virtues, — their deep sincerity, their earnestness, their profoundly religious spirit, and inflexible, and, it may be, stern morality. The writer is no scoffer at Puritan errors and superstition; he touches on them, but with a reverential hand, as on the faults of men who, though they did not in all respects rise above the infirmities of their times, yet possessed heroic qualities of which any age might be proud.

But we did not sit down to praise the book, nor shall we, in the brief space we can appropriate to it, attempt any thing like a criticism upon it, or any minute analysis of its contents. We wish merely to record the impressions it has left on our own minds, and by a few extracts introduce it to the knowledge of our readers.

It was the spring of 1628. The Pilgrims had been at Plymouth between seven and eight years; a few "old planters," as they were afterwards called, had erected their rude and thatched dwellings in what was then known as "the Massachusetts," including the bay embraced between Nahant promontory and Point Alderton, or the headland of Nantasket. Roger Conant was at Cape Ann, or Salem; Thomas Walford, the "smith," at Charlestown; William Blackstone, or Blaxton, a solitary inhabitant of the peninsula called Shawmut by the Indians, Trimountain by the English, and afterwards Boston; Maverick, too, seems to have been here. Weston had, in 1622, established a small colony at Wessagusset (Weymouth), which was broken up the next year, and a similar attempt soon after met with no better success, though a few stragglers appear to have been left on the

spot.* Captain Wollaston had, in 1625, occupied Mount Wollaston, in Quincy, but had left, — Thomas Morton with a “disorderly crew” remaining. Endicott and his company had not yet (1628) arrived, though they came before the end of the year, and Winthrop two years after. The country had been in a great measure depopulated by pestilence; there were a few Indian clearings here and there; but with the exception of these, the primeval forests still waved over the soil, and nature stood in her original solitude.

At this time the narrative commences, and we are introduced to the riotous, roistering company at Mount Wollaston, called by Morton — who reigned there, “lord of misrule” — Merry-Mount. This Morton, originally a lawyer of Clifford’s or Furnival’s Inn, it is well known, caused great trouble to the sober colonists. Whether or not he was, along with Sir Christopher Gardiner, — a dark personage who occupies a somewhat prominent place in the tale, — engaged with Sir Ferdinando Gorges in ambitious projects unfriendly to the interests of the Puritan settlers, the loose way of life led by him and his companions, his connection with the Indians, whom he furnished with fire-arms and ammunition, and the disturbances he raised, caused the different plantations finally to combine for his ejection and the dispersion of his madcap associates. At present, however, he is enjoying himself at what he calls his palace on Merry-Mount. The scenes described with a free, bold hand, as taking place there, are not probably coarser than the reality. It is some relief to turn from them to join the Ludlows at Naumkeak (Salem). These were Walter and his sister, true Puritans, — he a melancholy, enthusiastic man, who, despairing of the cause of religious liberty in his native land, and having lost “the wife of his youth,” after they had laid their two children in the grave, had retired to this western wilderness with his young and beautiful sister, who was devoted to his comfort and shared all his religious enthusiasm. On this fair Puritan maid, accused of coldness, but in reality possessing great sensibility and warm affections united with deep religious faith, and intellectual gifts above the ordinary level, hangs no slight portion of the interest of the story. The following,

* “It is a striking fact,” observes the author of the work under review, very justly, “that, of the many colonies attempted in Massachusetts, none succeeded except those planned and supported by religious enthusiasm.” — Vol. I. p. 13.

which is part of a conversation that occurs between her and her brother as they are “wandering upon the wild and wooded peninsula, near which they had established their temporary home,” will sufficiently indicate the feelings of both at the moment referred to.

“‘This chill breath from the sea, these gloomy and leafless forests, this silent solitude which enwraps us as with a mighty funeral pall,’ said Ludlow, ‘are but a sad exchange for the soft airs and the opening blossoms of your old home, Esther. I fear you will bitterly repent, ere long, that you followed the fortunes of one whom God hath stricken, and sent into the wilderness to die.’

“‘Alas!’ said Esther, ‘if the returning spring could but warm the freezing current of your heart, — if but a few faded flowers could but revive again, which in old and happy times blossomed about your pathway, I should regret nothing, not even the garden flowers of England. Say rather that I should regret only for your sake, that we have taken the pilgrim’s staff and scrip, — for, indeed, you should have a bolder, or at least a more elastic and hopeful heart, to struggle among the heathen in this land of dark shadows.’

“‘Your existence was not broken like mine,’ said Ludlow, — ‘your future was not like mine, a pathway through eternal snow. Let the broken-hearted and world-weary man wear the cowl of his solitude, — let him wrap the desert about him even as a garment of sackcloth. But I had forgotten, — even thou hast sorrow of thine own,’ said Ludlow, pausing for a moment, while his sister answered him with a suppressed sigh.

“‘No, Walter,’ said she, ‘I have no sorrows, no regrets, of mine own. I know to what you allude, but I have cast from my heart an image which strove to impress itself there against my will. A worldling, a scorner of our religion, shall never hold the humblest place in my heart. One who had dared to mock at my faith, and even to sneer at your melancholy madness and fanaticism, as he termed it, shall never cause me one tear of regret at leaving the land of my fathers.’” — Vol. I. pp. 33, 34.

This high-souled enthusiasm is well sustained in many perplexing situations, and the character is a beautiful creation illustrative of that purity and sweetness of affection which in those stern days, amid stern duties and toils, frequently softened the repulsiveness of Puritan habits, and threw a charm around the rugged Pilgrim homes. But it is not our intention to anticipate the readers of the volume, by pursuing the thread of the narrative. The following, from the chap-

ter entitled "The Solitary of Shawmut," is part of the picture which the author gives us of the scenery around Boston at that time. It will serve to show his power of description.

"Upon the afternoon of that same day, a single figure sat upon the highest peak of the triple-headed promontory of Shawmut. Around him was spread the lovely panorama, which still, but with diminished beauty, surrounds the picturesque city of Boston.

"A solitary figure sat upon the summit of Shawmut. He was a man of about thirty years of age, somewhat above the middle height, slender in form, with a pale, thoughtful face. He wore a confused, dark-colored, half-canonical dress, with a gray, broad-leaved hat strung with shells, like an ancient palmer's, and slouched back from his pensive brow, around which his prematurely gray hair fell in heavy curls, far down upon his neck. He had a wallet at his side, a hammer in his girdle, and a long staff in his hand. The hermit of Shawmut looked out upon a scene of winning beauty. The promontory resembled rather two islands than a peninsula, although it was anchored to the continent by a long, slender thread of land, which seemed hardly to restrain it from floating out to join its sister islands, which were thickly strewn about the bay. The peak upon which the hermit sat was the highest of the three cliffs of the peninsula; upon the southeast, and very near him, rose another hill of lesser height and more rounded form; and upon the other side, and towards the north, a third craggy peak presented its bold and elevated front to the ocean. Thus the whole peninsula was made up of three lofty crags. It was from this triple conformation of the promontory of Shawmut, that was derived the appellation of Trimounttain, or Tremont, which it soon afterwards received.

"The vast conical shadows were projected eastwardly, as the hermit, with his back to the declining sun, looked out upon the sea. The bay was spread out at his feet in a broad semicircle, with its extreme headlands vanishing in the hazy distance, while beyond rolled the vast expanse of ocean, with no spot of habitable earth beyond those outermost barriers, and that far distant fatherland which the exile had left for ever. Not a solitary sail whitened those purple waves, and saving the wing of the sea-gull, which now and then flashed in the sunshine, or gleamed across the dimness of the eastern horizon, the solitude was at the moment unbroken by a single movement of animated nature. An intense and breathless silence enwrapped the scene with a vast and mystic veil."—Vol. I. pp. 77, 78.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of introducing one further specimen of the writer's skill in description. An ex-

cursion of the solitary up the Charles gives occasion for a sketch of the scenery on its banks, many points of which, as they who are familiar with the stream well know, open views of singular loveliness and beauty. The following picture is as just as it is vivid and forcible.

“The slow and tortuous Quinobequin, as the river Charles was then more properly called, which, as Captain John Smith had already informed the world, “doth pierce many days’ journey into the entrails of that country,” was a river whose calm, deep, almost stagnant, and at the same time highly erratic character, was singularly in harmony with that of the profound, wandering, gentle, unimpassioned hermit, who, first of civilized beings, then dwelt upon its banks. A brawling, shallow, headlong stream, now whirling through gravelly ravines, now dashing down precipices of granite, would have been no fitting companion for the exile. Blaxton thought, as he idly floated up the long reaches, or rowed himself against the lazy current, in the short, sudden coils, by which the river incessantly seemed doubling in its languid course, that the stream was a fit emblem of himself. Winding noiselessly and obscurely to and fro among the woods and meadows, the river flowed calmly along, with scarce an eddy upon its glassy surface, silent, but deep, hesitating, meandering, and yet, after leagues of its serpentine motion, accomplishing so little, that a child in a few bounds might measure the whole length of its actual progress towards its goal.

“Still, within its unruffled depths were ever mirrored nature’s freshest charms. The forest-crowned hills came from afar to bathe themselves in its tranquil flood, the serene heaven, with its floating clouds, the silver majesty of the moon, the countless troops of stars, and even the effulgence of the day-god himself, were daily and nightly reflected in its placid bosom. And was not this a compensation for the absence of that restless energy which would have hurried it faster to the eternal sea, but would have shivered its transparent surface into a thousand fragments, and rendered its nature tumultuous and troubled?

“Thus mused the contemplative solitary, as hour after hour he loitered in his bark along that solitary stream. Although gentle and quiet, there was still variety in his inland voyage. Here, the river coiled itself, like a silver snake, through a wide expanse of meadow, where, if he stepped ashore, the rank grass, unconscious of the scythe, grew higher than his breast. Anon, he floated into a more secluded reach, where the stream dilated for a moment to a mimic bay, where his oar would disturb a fleet of anchored wood-ducks. Again, as the river narrowed itself within its banks, a gray and decaying trunk of some fallen tree would almost ob-

struct his passage, from which the basking turtle would drop hastily and heavily into the stream, or the headlong frogs dash themselves off in nimble and grotesque alarm. At times, his course lay through broad and level meadows, where grew only the ring-letted and drooping elms, the most graceful, the most feminine, and the most fragile of trees; and which, sometimes like verdant fountains, sometimes like foliage-wreathed urns, sometimes like bending, graceful, suddenly metamorphosed nymphs, with their green tresses sweeping the ground, stood singly or in detached and picturesque groups, along the moist and open meads. Again, the river would lose itself beneath shadowy and deeply wooded banks, where the tangled forest grew close to the water's edge, where the various melody of summer birds was never silent, where the whirl of the strong-winged partridge would fall suddenly upon the ear, where the slender deer would steal timidly forth to slake its thirst at the river's brink, or the grim figure of the brown, indolent bear would appear for an instant through the thick curtain of the midsummer foliage. There, the maple, the birch, the alder, and the oak were all matted together, in intricate luxuriance, and the hermit would often pause to contemplate some Laocoön-like group of mighty trees, entangled, interlaced, and suffocated in the vast coils of some serpent-like grape-vine. A thousand flowers of brilliant hues decorated his lonely progress. Immense fields of the strong and tangled pickerel-weed, with its broad lotus-like leaves and flaunting flowers, now clogged his pathway; and now a multitude of white and fragrant water-lilies thronging around his bark, like troops of amorous, odor-breathing water-nymphs, seemed to woo him to repose. The delicate arrow-head, with its spikes of pale and tender blossoms, — the intensely brilliant cardinal-flower, which looked as if it should be transplanted to some ancient cathedral window-pane, where, placed upon the bosom of some gorgeous saint, its vivid crimson should reflect the sunlight for ages, — the stately eupatorium, the fragrant azalea, the gaudy sunflower, and a host of other nameless weeds, grew in rank and tangled confusion along the oozy bank."—Vol. II. pp. 101–104.

The history of the doings at Merry-Mount is continued, with such episodes as the plot and actors naturally suggest. The patience of the colonists being at length exhausted, Morton is seized by the redoubtable Standish, who has orders to that effect, and conveyed to Plymouth, whence he is sent to England to answer the charges preferred against him.*

* Morton was a bitter enemy to the Puritan colonists. He first gave currency to the story told with such effect by the author of *Hudibras*, that for a healthful culprit, a shoemaker, whose services could not be dispensed

Endicott and his associates had two or three months previous arrived at Salem, and Endicott had visited the scene of misrule in person. Winthrop's company followed not long after. Morton had come back from England, and by order of Governor Winthrop was again seized and brought before the Court of Assistants at Charlestown, the company not yet having transferred the settlement to the other side of the river. The magistrates assemble in the "Great House." The portraits of three of them are thus given.

"Governor Winthrop came first, a tall, erect figure in the prime of manhood, whose plaited vandyke ruff, dark-flowing robes, and magisterial chain harmonized entirely with the simple and natural dignity which distinguished his presence. As he placed himself upon a slightly elevated seat, behind a large table at the upper end of the room, while Dudley and Johnson occupied the seats upon either side, and the rest of the assistants arranged themselves around the table, even Morton himself could not look upon him without respect. The governor's features were prominent, but regular. The hair and beard were dark, the complexion olive, the hazel eye large and pensive, the forehead full of gravity and deliberation. The whole countenance expressed elevation of sentiment, earnestness, and decision, tempered with great gentleness, and somewhat overshadowed with melancholy. All these characteristics dwelt particularly in the upper part of the face. The eyebrows, which were delicately pencilled and remarkably arched, imparted a singular character to the whole physiognomy; and, in fact, the whole expression of the brow and eye would have struck an imaginative person as that of a man whose thoughts were habitually and steadfastly directed to things beyond this world.

"Well contrasted with Winthrop was the erect, military figure, and stern, rugged features of the deputy, Dudley. The Low-Country soldier, the bigoted and intolerant Calvinist, the iron-handed and close-fisted financier, the severe magistrate, but the unflinching and heroic champion of a holy cause, were all represented in that massive and grizzled head, that furrowed countenance, that attitude of stern command.

"Was it grief for the wife of his bosom, whose grave was still green, the gentle Lady Arabella,* who had left an earl's palace

with, he being the only one of the trade among them, they substituted an old and bedridden weaver, who could be of no use. In justice to Morton, however, it must be said, that a proposal of this kind, which he mentions as having been made, was, according to his own statement, rejected. It makes just as good a figure in *Hudibras* for all that.

* The best authorities have been supposed of late to give *Arbella*, and not *Arabella*, as the correct mode of writing this name.

to lie, after a few short months, in the same wilderness grave with her husband; was it grief alone for that flower so early withered on this inhospitable shore, which darkened the melancholy countenance, and bent the slender form, of the youthful magistrate who sat at Winthrop's left hand? Or was a dim consciousness of his own impending fate, mingled with his grief for the departed? Did Azrael's wing, hurtling so near him, already overshadow his soul? Gazing with an air of abstraction, Isaac Johnson sat at the board with his brother magistrates, but his thoughts seemed to be far away. His pale face and retiring figure mingled with the sterner and ruder heads of Sir Richard Saltonstall and the other assistants, and presented a pathetic contrast to them all."—Vol. II. pp. 176, 177.

The company has now crossed over to the opposite peninsula on which is to rise the future metropolis of New England, and we have the following luxuriant description of the brilliancy of an American forest in autumn.

"It was the middle of October. An autumnal day, such as exists only in the western hemisphere, was shining upon Shawmut, or, as it must now be designated, Boston.

"The stately groves, which adorned without encumbering the picturesque peninsula, the scattered trees of colossal size which decorated its triple hills, wore the gorgeous drapery of an American fall. Unlike the forests of the older world, which, thinly clad in their beggar-weeds of brown and russet, stand shivering and sighing in the dark and misty atmosphere, the monarchs of the western soil had arrayed themselves in robes of Tyrian purple and crimson, scarlet and gold, and like reckless revellers in some plague-struck city, attired in all their carnival bravery, and beneath a vault of crystal radiance, were awaiting the destroyer's stroke. The recent pilgrims from the older world wandered through these glowing and glittering woods with admiring eyes. The forests seemed like the subterranean groves with which the African enchanter charmed Aladdin, where rods of blossoming rubies, and boughs overladen with topaz, emerald, sapphire, and diamonds, dazzled the eye with their luxuriant and intertangled magnificence, and where every footstep fell upon countless heaps of crushed but sparkling jewelry. Or, as the eye rested upon some hill, covered from base to summit with its radiant foliage, where every prismatic color seemed flung at random in one confused and gaudy mass, a vagrant fancy might have deemed it nature's mighty palette, with all the blent and glaring colors wherewith she paints the rainbows, myriads of which seemed struggling and wreathing themselves through the forest branches to float into the cloudless heavens.

“ There is no power in language to represent, certainly not to exaggerate, the brilliancy of an American forest in autumn. The precise reason for the peculiarity which the foliage exhibits has never been satisfactorily ascertained, but every species of tree and shrub seems to have a tint peculiar to itself. Upon that memorable morning, which may be called the birth-day of the Massachusetts metropolis, the woods which decorated the promontory, or covered the chain of hills which encircled it, were still virgin from the axe, and were robed in all their natural glory. The oak still retained his foliage undiminished, but every leaf, though green in the centre, was edged with scarlet, and spotted with purple ; the sumac, bare and leafless, lifted its crimson crest ; the grape-vines hung around every cliff festoons of clustering coral ; the red maple, first to be transfixed with the frost-arrow, stood with every leaf crimsoned in its blood ; the hickory looked like a golden tree transplanted from some vegetable mine, as it displayed its long leaves of pale metallic yellow ; the birch looked like a flaming torch, fit for the hand of autumn’s goddess, when seeking through the world her ravished Proserpine ; while, mingled with and contrasting solemnly with all, the dark pines held on high their plumes of fadeless green.”
— Vol. II. pp. 188, 189.

The following language is strong, but the statement in its general spirit is undoubtedly correct.

“ If this early chapter of New England annals has any meaning in it, it certainly illustrates the peculiar character of the Massachusetts settlement. Colonies of every other variety had been sent to that inhospitable region, but not an impression had been made upon its iron bosom. It was reserved for exalted, unflinching, self-sacrificing, iron-handed, despotic, stern, truculent, bigoted, religious enthusiasts, men who were inspired by one idea, but that a great idea, and who were willing to go through fire and water, and to hew down with axes all material, animal, or human obstacles, in the path which led to the development of their idea,—it was reserved for such men to accomplish what neither trading companies, nor fishing companies, nor land companies, nor schemers of satrapies, nor dreamers of palatinates, were able to effect. It was a great movement,—not a military, nor a philanthropic, nor a democratic movement, but a religious, perhaps a fanatical movement ; but the movers were in earnest, and the result was an empire. The iron character of these early founders left an impression upon their wilderness-world, which has not yet been effaced ; and the character of their institutions, containing much that is admirable, mingled with many objection-

able features, has diffused an influence, upon the whole, healthy and conservative, throughout the length and breadth of the continent." — Vol. II. pp. 235, 236.

But a work of this kind is not to be judged of by a few extracts consisting of such passages as admit of being most readily detached from the main work. The tale has now nearly reached its conclusion, the nature of which, as well as various incidents of the narrative on which we have not touched, we must leave the reader to gather from the book itself. We give a single passage, describing the last days of the hermit of Shawmut, who found the infant Boston too populous a place for his residence.

"As for the hermit Blaxton, he soon found it impossible to exist among what seemed to him the uproarious multitude, which now thronged his sylvan peninsula. He lingered irresolutely for a year or two, as loath to leave the scenes endeared to him by his long and solitary residence, but at last he made up his mind that there was no room left for him in his much loved Shawmut, and so, taking his pilgrim's staff in hand, he wandered forth into the wilderness again.

"Upon the east bank of the river which still perpetuates his name, a pyramidal mound of alluvial earth rises to the height of seventy feet. Near that mound, then covered with majestic forest trees, the exile again pitched his tent. His cottage he called Study Hall; the mound, which became his favorite haunt, he called Study Hill. Thither he brought his library and all his worldly goods, there he planted his orchard again, and there he lived to a good old age, and died, with singular good fortune, a few weeks previously to the commencement of the bloody war of Philip, in which his house was laid in ashes, his collection of books and manuscripts destroyed, and nothing spared but his grave." — Vol. II. pp. 248, 249.

We have said enough to indicate our opinion of the general merits of "*Merry-Mount*." If it has any fault of style, it is its too great luxuriance. There is occasionally, we think, an unnecessary accumulation of epithets, at least greater than suits our taste. The narrative or description appears a little encumbered, — if we may so express it, overlaid with riches. We should prefer at times a little more simplicity. But this is a fault, if it be such, which time and practice will readily correct. We close with the single remark, in which we fear no contradiction, that, whatever defects a rigid and unsparing

criticism may detect either in the plan or the execution,* the author has evinced powers of a high order, and he has only need to persevere in order to secure for himself a distinguished reputation, and write his name permanently on the literature of his country. Why not try his hand at history? His wide and generous culture — for such the work before us clearly shows that he possesses — must enable him to enter on his task under peculiar advantages, and, with due labor and patience of revision, his success cannot be doubted.

A. L.

ART. IX. — REV. HIRAM WITHINGTON.

IF it be true, as the poet tells us, that

“ he most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best,”

the lamented brother whose name we have placed at the head of this article deserves respectful and tender notice. Although he died young, his life was long; for it was crowded to its close with noble aims and lofty endeavours; although he achieved no wide reputation in the brief period of his ministry, he was already eminent in the fidelity with which uncommon gifts were employed, and in the promise of distinction which, if he had been spared, he would, we believe, have reached. We hardly dare to say how much we hoped of him, — how we honored, nor with what sincerity we loved him. Enjoying no close personal intimacy with him, we yet perceive that he has left in our mind the image of a finely attempered genius, of an harmoniously developed and beautiful spirit, which, if we are so fortunate as to be able to transfer it through these pages to other minds, will be contemplated with interest and be gratefully cherished.

Mr. Withington was born in Dorchester, Mass., July 29, 1818, and from the beginning exhibited those peculiar traits which marked him for the service of the Church. In any other profession than that of the preacher he would have

* Some slight anachronisms undoubtedly occur in the volumes, which the author probably was not solicitous to avoid, and which are permitted, we believe, in compositions of this kind.

been out of place. Our memorials of his childhood are scanty, but we are sure he was a thoughtful, observing boy, of strong affections and quick sensibility, — a dreamer of dreams, yet a lover of fun and frolic, — so conscientious and firm for the right, and yet so gentle, that he won the confidence and love of his whole neighbourhood. Reared in a quiet and secluded home, we have no doubt that his first and most intimate friends were the mute objects of nature, — that he loved the green fields, and knew where to cull the earliest and fairest flowers, — that he would often stand and gaze on the summer cloud, enraptured with the airy castles and thrones of gold, and full of glee at the grotesque shapes, which an affluent imagination detected there; and yet would be touched with pity when he saw the daisy uprooted by the storm, or the “timorous beastie” turned out of its wintry home. In one of his earliest letters which we have read, he describes the wonderful beauty of a conflagration in his neighbourhood, seen at night in the midst of a shower, lighting up the darkness and making the raindrops “like spangles of silver,” and yet allowing himself to enjoy the spectacle only because no poor cattle were perishing in the burning barn and no poor man’s property was consumed.

He was educated in the schools of his native village, and at the early age of seventeen became an instructor in the grammar and Sunday schools which he had attended. This fact alone is a sufficient proof of the confidence and respect which he already inspired, — so young, and yet so trusted by those who knew him best. In the day-school his youth was against him; but he was altogether a favorite amidst the more quiet duties of the Sabbath instructor. There was a maturity of thought and feeling beyond his years, and a beauty of expression and illustration, a refinement and spirituality, as if the language of poetry and religion were his native dialect. We are told by one who was his associate in those days, that he awakened uncommon interest in the minds of the old and young. He bore his full share in the deeper discussions at the teachers’ meetings, and when in his turn he came to give the general lesson to the children in the school, so attractive was his little sermon, so simple and beautiful, delivered in a tone so impressive and sweet, that they would cluster around him and hang upon his words, enjoying at once the charm of his stories and the music of his voice.

Mr. Withington seems early to have had intimations of

his peculiar vocation. He could never have had a serious purpose to enter any other profession than that of the Christian ministry ; but his circumstances were such as almost to preclude the hope that he could qualify himself for a work of such moment. Having no patrimony of his own, no influential friend, little aid and no encouragement from his nearest kindred, the necessary means of preparation were so remote and difficult to procure, that one less earnest and resolute would have shrunk from the attempt. And, no doubt, there were times when insurmountable barriers seemed to lie between him and the first wish of his heart. But, as an assurance of his success, he began in the night of his discouragement. He picked up a little Latin here and there, laid aside the small income of his school, and was understood by his fellow-laborers in the Sunday school as already resolved on the service of the Church. At this period he became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Hall, the recently ordained minister of the congregation to which he belonged, and by him was advised and encouraged to pursue a more direct and effectual method to accomplish his great object. Through his instrumentality, he obtained a place in the family school of the Rev. Dr. Allen, of Northboro', in the double capacity of assistant and pupil ; and after spending two years in preparatory studies, he passed the next three in the Divinity School at Cambridge. These five years were an important and happy period of his life, and could not fail to awaken a new consciousness of the power that was in him, and reveal that power to others. He had access to books ; he was brought into daily contact with refined and cultivated minds ; he was in the midst of a class of earnest, inquisitive young men of his own age. Breathing the healthful and invigorating atmosphere of free thought and speech, the great field of truth stretching interminably around, he could not fail to find just the influences to call forth his latent energies and mould him into an entire man. Here his genial nature found sympathy. He was a favorite pupil, and endeared himself to all his companions. He grew day by day : his powers were rapidly unfolded, and he began to inspire those hopes in a wider circle which had been cherished by those who knew him intimately. He left the School in July, 1844, and the dissertation which he read at the Annual Visitation, "On the Mystical Element in Religion," afterwards published in the pages of the *Exami-*

ner,* awakened high expectations in those to whom he had hitherto been a stranger. After preaching a few Sundays in this vicinity, he received an invitation to settle, and was finally ordained over the First Congregational Church and Society in Leominster, December 25, 1844.

Here let us pause and see what fashion of a man we had among us ; and if we did not do him all justice while he was living, at least gather up our fading remembrances and inscribe them on his monument now he is dead. Let us contemplate him in the maturity of his powers, at the head of a large and widely scattered parish, and in the midst of duties that he loved.

We pass over the first few months after his settlement, spent as they must always be, in measuring his strength and making acquaintance with his parish. We contemplate him at the close of the first year, and, in a letter to a friend, find him writing in this wise :—

“Never was there a time when preaching seemed so signally to fail of its legitimate and designed results, — so it seems to me. If I were asked the reasons, I should say because it is not uttered with authority, nor with faith enough. It is very eloquent, very ingenious, very refined, very wise. But it is the voice of man to men. The oracles are dumb, and men know no charm to bring back the life to the ‘chill marble statue’ which once they knelt before in prostrate reverence, or to find any substitute for that blind worship. Men do not love God much ; they fear him less ; and it is too true, that, so far as his action or their personal relations to him are concerned, they do not believe in him. They want faith in the great doctrines of a spiritual religion, — repentance, regeneration, retribution, the efficacy of prayer, the actual presence and action of God in the soul. How shall we bring back piety, reverence, and faith ? is the great question for the pulpit now. . . . The first requisite for a minister now is a fervent, living piety. Ay, devotion ! is it not the secret of all worthy achievement ? the want of it the source of all our poverty ? One cannot help reverencing the saints of old time, and wondering how they accomplished so much. We have no men to match them now. St. Bernard, Ignatius Loyola, Pascal, — Protestantism has given the world few such. These men lived in God and for God, — they believed and they worshipped. The popular belief is not strong enough for real prayer. A single doubt of its utility sweeps away the breath of devotion, — extin-

* See *Christian Examiner* for November, 1844.

guishes the kindling flame of our aspiration. Let the man rejoice and thank God, who, in sincerity and fulness of heart, can daily kneel and commune with the Infinite ; and if any consecrating power of habit, of times and seasons, of thoughtful meditation, can bring him one truthful, yearning aspiration after the Father, let him beware how any coldness or neglect, any speculative difficulty of metaphysical device, rob him of that privilege. Let him cling to that as the dearest portion and joy of his soul, — the promise of his progress and prosperity, — the talisman of his inward peace.”

By this extract from a private letter, we are let into the mind of Mr. Withington at this period, when he had surveyed the field and was in the midst of his labors. And with what ability and success did he solve the mighty problem which he himself had stated ? In our estimate of his ability, we must not forget that he was never robust in health, but that he brought to the exacting labors of his profession a frail and broken constitution, which forbade long-continued application, and which required remission from toil at least three months in the year. And then his education must be considered. It lacked the fulness to be acquired only by the severe discipline of a regular course of study, and oppressed him with a sense of deficiency. As we looked upon his countenance, if luminous with thought, yet so marked by disease, and observed his frame, if compactly built, yet wasted by ill health, and then remembered his scanty opportunities for preparation, we wondered at the temerity which led him to undertake so great a work ; but as we knew him better, we wondered that he had not been called to a greater.

There was one characteristic which, while it renders it difficult to describe him, never failed to awaken our surprise and admiration. What Goethe said of Schiller — that in the intervals of their intercourse, however brief, he grew so rapidly, he took such strides, that he could scarcely keep sight of him — seemed to us, in a measure, true of our friend. A single month might have passed since we saw him, and we felt that he had done the work of many months. Yet he was not a close student, nor a very diligent reader of books ; for the habits of systematic and unremitted study he never formed, though he endeavoured to acquire them. He could not be a plodder, and had no taste for the metaphysical subtilities of his profession. Nor was he, in strictness of speech, a theologian. He knew little of the polemics of religion.

He could not make nice distinctions nor give all the arguments for any established doctrine, nor could he describe the rise and decline of dogmas as recorded in the history of the Church. And yet he seemed to have read much, and to have reached clearly defined opinions on almost every subject, and could give a reason for the faith that was in him. Herein we see the leading characteristic of his mind. He better loved to think than to read and study. His intellect was exceedingly active. He learned almost by intuition. By a glance he would possess himself of the contents of a book ; and once possessed of a fact, he would retain it, — once the master of a principle, he would see in a moment all its applications and trace it to all its conclusions. So that what he knew, he knew accurately ; what he saw, he saw clearly ; and what knowledge he had, arranged in every part in the storehouse of his memory, was ready to come forth at his bidding. Hence it was that he was able to speak with more than common clearness on the general doctrines of a spiritual religion. His own faith in them had the distinctness of vision, and what he vividly conceived he could exactly state. Hence, too, the ease and rapidity with which his best productions were composed. Discourses which enchained the attention of audiences, and from which the intelligent hearer would retire in admiration, wondering how many days were spent in maturing so much thought and in producing such an elaborate finish, were thrown off at a sitting, — were even, perhaps, the work of a single evening.

Another characteristic of Mr. Withington's mind was an exceeding richness of fancy. His imagination revelled amidst the ideal and lovely. Fair forms floated around him, and "the faculty divine" created the element in which he lived, informed all his tastes, and gave the tone and coloring to all his speech. He loved nature with the reverential affection of a child. Going his parochial rounds generally on foot, he communed with her intimately. He was equally alive to her minuter and her grander displays. He felt the solemnity of night and storms ; he enjoyed the morning breaking in the east and the glorious hour of sunset, the fields in the spring-time and the brown woods of autumn ; he saw, too, a beauty in the modest flower, paused to examine the delicate moss that grew by the way-side, and was attracted by the winged seed that floated across his path. He was familiar, also, with the modern poets, lingered over their

beauties, and knew their best passages by heart. In this way his imagination was improved, and a mass of striking images was accumulated in his memory and his discourse greatly enriched. It is true, he was sometimes lavish of his wealth of fancy ; and his sermons, especially his earlier ones, may have had more of poetry than of exact theology. Wordsworth and Tupper were more largely quoted than the language of John and Paul. This undoubtedly was a mistake ; but it was the sin of youth and inexperience, and it was a fault which his maturer judgment corrected. Employed with the moderation with which he afterwards used his fancy, it gave him unusual powers of delineation and illustration, and spread a charm over his preaching, which, attracting both old and young, distinguished him as a favorite preacher in the circle of his exchanges. His was not the imagination which electrifies and astonishes, but rather that which soothes and elevates. He had acquired a rich vocabulary, and he could paint ; but the colors were laid on with delicacy rather than with boldness. He loved to draw pictures, but they were the pictures of a summer's evening, of the Sabbath's stillness, and of the peace of the Christian.

His judgment was as accurate as his fancy was rich. Although of a temperament essentially poetical, his views of life were as really practical and his plans of usefulness were as sober as the severest utilitarian could desire. In rising into a world of ideality, he never left the solid earth. He was the life of his Sunday school, and all its details were arranged by his own hands. He attempted important changes in his church, — resolving it into an association, as he conceived it should be, for religious improvement and benevolent action, — and he entered into the work in a business-like manner, as if it had been his occupation all his life to adapt means to ends. “ This was not a scheme,” writes one of his parishioners, “ beautiful in theory, but impracticable, but its beauty consisted in its practicalness.” On all subjects connected with the ministerial office, as his views were at once enlightened, comprehensive, and practical, the brethren of his Ministerial Association will testify to the value which they attached to his opinions, — to their general soberness and soundness, the more remarkable in one of so brief an experience.

Thus much we have thought it just to say of the intellectual traits of Mr. Withington : there were traits of character, too, on which those who knew him dwelt with fond and affection-

ate interest. His fine powers were faithfully developed. He combined in an uncommon degree qualities that at first view seem irreconcilable and inconsistent. He was simple in his habits, almost to plainness. In his dress, his domestic arrangements, his social intercourse, his pastoral walks, his pulpit exhibitions, he was the farthest possible removed from a finical elegance. He was content with a plain exterior ; he never put the humblest of his people to shame by a show of fastidious refinement ; he was more often seen, in making his exchanges, on foot, than driving the best vehicle in the neighbourhood ; and when he stood in the pulpit, he sought only with a quiet and modest simplicity to deliver his great message. And yet there was in him a peculiar refinement of taste and feeling. If he had possessed the means, he would have enriched his house with the choicest works of art. His unstudied conversations, expressed in elegant language, often glowed with refined thought and sentiment. He shrunk from the most distant approach to vulgarity.

He was gentle in his manners, speech, and thought, — loving in his affections, — tender in his feelings, and most tender of the feelings of others, — true in his attachments, — pliant in his temper and yielding in his disposition to a certain point, to any extent of personal inconvenience, — playful almost to hilarity within the bounds of innocent freedom, but beyond those bounds, when truth and duty demanded it, he was fixed and firm and unyielding as a rock. Who can recall a harsh word from his lips, or a bitter or sarcastic word on his tongue ? We remember once what was construed as a hasty and unkind expression, but we remember that the next day brought a letter full of penitential regrets, far deeper than the occasion required. Who ever accused him of infirmity of purpose, or of indifference to human suffering ? We know that he was all alive to the wrongs and woes of humanity, — that in his opinions and feelings he stood on the very verge of ultraism, — that he always spoke the word which he thought should be spoken and did the thing which he thought should be done, and yet spoke so sweetly and acted so wisely, that, however unwelcome the subject, no one's opposition was aroused, no one's prejudices were offended, none censured him, however they might censure themselves. And how cordial and genial, too, he was ! His playful fancy would gather the most grotesque and ludicrous images ; he would sit by the hour and pour out an inexhaustible fund of fresh anecdote,

with such charming effect that we never grew weary of being with him ; and yet almost in an instant, without a change of tone, with the same cheerful serenity on his countenance, he would enter into the most serious subjects, discourse on the spiritual life, or describe some touching scene which he had just witnessed, and almost move us to tears. His brethren will remember the joyousness of his spirit, the contagion of his hopeful and happy temper ; his parishioners speak of the cordiality of his intercourse, of the tenderness of his sympathy in the chamber of sickness and the house of death.

There is one more trait in the character of our brother of which we must speak. We should do him injustice, if we did not refer to the spirit of devotion, the unaffected, childlike piety, which imparted life, which gave the hue and coloring, to all the rest. A friend who knew him intimately, who was in the habit of daily intercourse with him, and was familiar with his daily thought, speaks of his rare combination of Christian graces, of a singular beauty and maturity of the Christian life seen in him. He says, —

“ I consider him to have passed the point where constant watchfulness and consideration are needed to a right course of action ; right-doing had come to be a sort of second nature with him. What he did well, nobly, he did unconsciously, impulsively ; if I may say so, he had arrived at ‘ the state of play ’ : not wholly, of course, but to an extent which certainly is not common. Undoubtedly, it was all the result of the inward culture and discipline to which he had subjected himself. If he had got beyond conscious obedience (we mean in regard to the more common phases of the Christian character) it was because he had passed through it. ‘ He was no longer under the law,’ because ‘ he lived by the spirit.’ It was this spiritual culture, his purity of heart, his elevation of soul, that made him what he was. His was a nobility of soul that was gained by secret means, by private culture. His ‘ life was hid with Christ in God.’ We knew the fountain, not because it lay open and exposed to view, but from the surpassing clearness and sweetness of the stream. His was a life of prayer. He was never forward, forthputting in devotion, but in private he was often — always — with God, and at all times in that spirit of prayer which preserved him in his beautiful calmness and self-possession.”

Let no one regard this as the exaggerated praise of partial friendship. We saw in our brother, day by day, a pervading, animating, and controlling spirit, which could be drawn only

from the fountains of life. Although he had attained to an unusual simplicity, purity, and beauty of character, he yearned to be an abler and better man than he was. He was haunted by visions which beckoned him onward ; he heard voices that said to him, "Come up hither." Well as he preached, and knew that he preached, he strove to do better ; he sought inspiration and strength far and near ; he communed with his brethren, he invited criticism, and when they had pronounced judgment, and had, justly or unjustly, condemned his fairest productions, he would sit and listen with a charming meekness, and condemn with a juster discrimination, a more unsparing severity, than any. Although he was most faithful in his parochial duties, — inviting his people to his own house, visiting them in their scattered homes, charged with the superintendence of their schools, addressing them in religious meetings, lecturing before their Lyceum, doing an amount of work which, with his broken health, seems incredible, — yet he thought he had done nothing. There was "the mystical element" in his own religion, and at the same time the active. In the young hour of his hope he had consecrated himself to the service of God and man ; he had given his whole heart to the work, and never relinquished it until he could work no longer.

And with what a spirit of sweet, cheerful submission did he persevere in it ! In a few months after his settlement, when the heats of summer came on, his health began to fail him. With the slow martyrdom of the invalid he dragged his enfeebled frame about, or, as he expressed it, — what to him "seemed a sad limitation, — he felt tied down from labor by this miserable chain of the flesh." Yet under such circumstances he could write to a friend in language like this : — "My love and hopes to ——. When I see her, I think sickness is a beautiful and almost coveted experience. I know that the good God never cheats us, but gives us always so much for so much ; and when the poor body pines and aches and languishes, the spirit is oftentimes full-fed and developing new energies and more divine powers. Many of the fairest flowers sow themselves by darting their seeds arrow-like into the soil where they germinate." In one short year from the time of his settlement, the home where he had garnered all his earthly hopes was desolate. He saw himself in the sole charge of an orphan child, while he had laid the mother, the object of his early attachment, in the grave. But he met

his friends with his accustomed smile, and to the outward eye went on his way as cheerfully as ever. He pressed on in his work with a serene brow, and if there was any change, it was seen in the increasing tenderness with which he spoke to the mourner and the deeper solemnity with which he delivered his great message. "Except for duty," he writes, "the present is indifferent to me; and yet I am not sad and lonely. Other people wonder at my cheerfulness. I wonder at my enjoyment, while its sources are inexplicable to myself."

Such was Mr. Withington as we knew him in his strength, — as his image now rises before us. A mind of rare gifts, a beautiful, fervent, devoted, self-sacrificing spirit, has been among us, and has passed away. How far the hopes we entertained of him would have been realized, — whether he would ever have reached the eminence to which in our hearts we destined him, — it is now vain to inquire. He fain would have become all, and more than all, that his friends desired. He saw himself in a position of usefulness and responsibility, in the bosom of a kind and affectionate people, and was regarding them with the fresh feeling of a first love. He had again married, and gathered about him anew the comforts of a home. It was hard to omit duties so urgent, or to relinquish prospects so fair; and, though warned by frequent illness and the remonstrances of his friends, he pressed the feeble frame too far, — it may be, worked too irregularly. Its overstrained cords gave way, and it sunk beneath the fervors of his spirit. Seeing no longer a hope of being able to sustain so weighty a charge, he asked and received a dismissal from his people, July 2, 1848. The separation was mutually painful. But the pain was soothed on the part of the people by the thought that his heart would be with them wherever he should go, and on his part by the assurance of their cordial sympathy, expressed by their votes and by the continuance of his salary to a period which, by a singular coincidence, terminated on the day after his death.

He hoped that after a few months' rest he should be able to resume his labors in some smaller field of duty, but his mental and physical forces had been too severely tasked ever to rally again. He retired to his native village, to breathe once more its healthful and invigorating air, — to enjoy once more the quiet of his early home. The summer passed and the autumn advanced amidst alternate hopes and fears. Then came the autumn's sickness to himself and all his household,

followed by prostration of mind and body : his fine powers were all unstrung, and he lay for several weeks with only intervals of consciousness. The day of darkness had come, the cloud in thick folds had lowered, but its edges were fringed with a golden light. In these intervals, he was calm, collected, undismayed, and expressed his willingness to go. He made his preparation ; he expressed also the wish to be buried in the midst of his people. He died October 30, 1848. After a brief service in the meeting-house of the Rev. Mr. Hall, in Dorchester, his remains were carried to Leominster to be interred in a more public manner, in the spot which he had chosen. Once more he was borne into the house of God ; an affectionate tribute was paid to his memory in a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg, and prayers were offered by members of the Worcester Association ; and then he was followed by the long procession of his parishioners and friends to the place of his rest. It was the noon of a beautiful autumnal day, and the sun without a cloud was looking down upon a congregation in tears, for he was now preaching to them his last and most impressive discourse. The young pastor who had come to them in the full tide of life and hope three years before, who had walked among them so holily and unblamably, and won their affections, now led them into the beautiful grove where he had so often followed to soothe and sustain. There he sleeps beneath the virgin soil, while the spring-flower above him in its early decay shall image to the heart his brief life, and the pine-trees, that wave over him in their perennial verdure, shall be the emblems of the influence which he has left behind.

A. H.

ART. X.—MOUNTFORD'S EUTHANASY.*

MR. MOUNTFORD has already become favorably known by his two former volumes, published first in London and afterwards in this country. The first publication, "*Martyria*," bore throughout the stamp of originality. It had great depth of thought, expressed in a singularly lucid style, with much

* *Euthanasy; or Happy Talk towards the End of Life.* By WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, Author of "*Martyria*," "*Christianity the Deliverance of the Soul and its Life*," etc. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1848. 12mo. pp. 466.

of the richness and quaintness of the old English writers. It was graphic, discriminating, and devout ; while over the whole was a poetic glow and ideality which gave it a peculiar charm. The volume on "Christianity," while philosophical in its character, is thoroughly practical and Christian. Though brief, it is full of thought, and instinct with spiritual life. The work which has just been published is not a reprint, but is now for the first time presented to the public from the author's manuscript, under the editorship of the Rev. F. D. Huntington, who has added to the interest of the volume by his brief but admirable Preface. This last work is in no degree inferior in merit to those which have preceded it, and we believe it is destined to become even more generally useful. It is a book which will prove an incalculable treasure to those who are in sorrow and bereavement, and cannot be perused by any thoughtful mind without pleasure and improvement.

Mr. Mountford pursued his studies in the College at York, and afterwards preached at King's Lynn, on the eastern shore of England. He is at present connected with a religious society in a small village near Birmingham, known as the Parsonage. In this neighbourhood the author passed his early days. Here he now engages in his various duties, and enjoys his books and the quiet of the country. In his love for literature, the claims of the needy are not forgotten ; he is deeply interested in the poor, and, in addition to his parochial labors, devotes a portion of his time to the instruction of destitute children, having one school wholly under his charge.

Thus in humble and honorable walks has his mind been disciplined and developed, and we think the productions of his pen show throughout the result of his experience. They are the work of one who has an intense love of nature, and who has at the same time a yet deeper love for humanity. They are the expression of a mind which can easily soar into the ideal world, and which yet loves the homeliest duties of actual life. They bear the impress of the most refined culture, and yet are not only free from every thing like pedantry, but are marked by a childlike simplicity of spirit. They are evidently the fruit of deep personal experience. Of his outward life he says little or nothing ; to himself in any way he seldom alludes ; and yet much of his inner life, with its hopes and fears and impulses and aspirations, is clearly made known to us. No one could write as he has written who had

not passed through the discipline of severe sorrow, and whose mind had not become habituated to spiritual thought. We have seldom read a book which has given us a stronger personal respect for the character of the author.

The work before us is in the form of dialogue. It has few incidents, and little that is in any way dramatic. Those who should anticipate a narrative of outward events would be disappointed, as hardly any thing of this nature is to be found ; not enough, perhaps, to satisfy the wishes of many, who might desire to know more of the worldly fortunes of those whose spiritual condition is so fully exhibited to us. But this is not attempted. The volume presents us with a portraiture of inward rather than of outward life. There are two characters, and but two, introduced, — Marham and Aubin, an old man and his nephew. There is no attempt to give these characters sharpness of outline in the delineation, to make the one, in any way, a foil to the other, or to clothe their thoughts in such distinctive phraseology as to stamp their language with a marked individuality. We have simply the natural conversation of two persons who are in many respects similar, — an old man with freshness of feeling, and a young man with maturity of thought. The conversation commences in a library, and, for aught we know to the contrary, nearly all that passes between them occurs in the same place. We have no recital of actions, but of thoughts ; we are made acquainted, not with place, but with mind. The form of dialogue might seem at times to have been taken for the opportunity it gives to state an objection, or to express a side-thought, or to break up the monotony of a continued discourse ; and for this purpose, it has its advantages, as may be seen in some of the writings of Herder, or, to go to a more ancient date, the Dialogues of Plato. But in this instance there are other advantages. Without any striving for dramatic effect, a certain individuality is given to the two characters introduced, and a personal interest is awakened in them. We cannot but feel veneration for the old man who carries so much of the beauty of youth into the experience of age, who is humble, gentle, and devout. We see, before his retrospective view, the horizon widen, while the past is filled with bright remembrances. His mind is also open to the reception of truth, and the future has its charms as well as the past, though shaded by some slight sadness. We see one who has

cultivated thought and taste, and many of the finer affections and sympathies of his nature.

It is true, that, in this volume, the lessons of wisdom come from the young man. Still, he gives expression to interesting views in regard to age, and we are led to respect age the more for what he says and feels. Nor does it seem presumptuous that youth should thus speak, for it is always with warm affection and respectful deference; and a good old age is not only willing to impart, but willing to receive. And there is, no doubt, a vivacity in the earlier periods of life, which gives to the mind a peculiarly glowing appreciation of the beauty and truth which it beholds. Certainly nothing can be more pleasing than the advantages and privileges of old age as here depicted.

The young man, called Oliver or Aubin, has passed through severe trials. Pain and poverty, sickness and sorrow, have pressed sorely upon him; but they have all been borne with Christian trust, and have thus been made ministering angels. We see one whose body may have become enfeebled, but whose mind has risen constantly upward with increasing vigor. He is poor in the goods of this world, but he has affluence of thought and is rich in the priceless treasures of a devout mind. He is meditative, but it is not idle reverie which he indulges, but earnest contemplation upon the great mysteries of existence. He has a mind that is philosophical and often profound, penetrating the depths of being with a calm insight; and, united with this, a living faith in Jesus, which gives a divine beauty to his whole thought and exalts and purifies every sentiment of his heart.

We cannot doubt that in Aubin we look into the author's mind and have the result of his own mental experience; and this gives value to the whole volume. It is not a romance. It is not a chapter of theories. It is not a mere work of art. It is the expression of a life, the earnest utterance of a living soul in the loftier phases of its being. Biographies detailing external facts may be easily multiplied; and there are many whose lives are so mechanical, that little else could be said of them than what was external. But there are those who have a hidden life, infinitely superior to any outward show. A universe of thought opens before them. They see beneath the material world into its hidden laws. They hold communion with the Father of spirits, and become the recipients of his Divine influence. They have thoughts which run for-

ward into the future, and which unite them with the Infinite and Unseen. They have hopes and joys and aspirations which are peculiar to themselves. They have developed and exercised powers of their nature which in many minds lie dormant, and which, when called into right action, raise the whole spirit into a higher scale of being. Records of such lives we need. They lay bare the hidden springs of character, and make known to us the successive stages of spiritual progress and the joys and experiences which follow. As far as this volume is a transcript of the actual inner life of the author, (and that it is so to a very considerable degree we are confident,) in that proportion it has a rare value.

But this book is conversant not only with inward experiences, but with outward nature, — with society, science, philosophy, life. Indeed, what is society, science, philosophy, life, to us, but what it becomes through our inward condition? What we see and feel depends upon what we are. Let one who lives wholly under the dominion of the senses, and another whose spirit is more finely touched and who sees into the life of things, look upon any scene or consider any subject, and how widely different will appear that which they behold! The one sees but the surface; the other is conversant with the spiritual laws of God, while every thing becomes transparent, so that those laws shine through. How different is literature to the cultivated and to the ignorant mind! How different art to the savage and to the man of refined taste! Every one will find in these what he is capable of finding, — and no more. Thus, as the mind itself rises in spiritual life, it will discover a profounder meaning in all the works of God. Beauty and truth will be more fully seen and understood. Hence it is not only interesting to know what is the spiritual condition of any mind, but how that mind looks upon all outward things. What it would say of the mysteries of life, of death and immortality, of revelation and providence.

In "Euthanasy" we see these subjects reflected, as the sky and the hills are reflected in a calm, deep lake. We find them treated by a mind that has put itself in harmony with the spiritual laws of God. In all the conversations, views upon various subjects of thought are introduced, and important truths unfolded; or at least what has appeared truth to an earnest and thoughtful and devout mind. A few examples will illustrate the character of the work.

In alluding to poverty as one of the means of discipline, Aubin observes : —

“Poverty came to me, and she said, ‘I must dwell with thee.’ And while I held the door of my room half open, she was hideous and ragged, and her voice was hoarse. But when I said to her, ‘Thou art my sister,’ her face looked divinely thoughtful, and there was that in her voice which went to my heart, and she was ragged no longer, nor yet gay, but like the angels, whom God so clothes. And through looking into her eyes, my sight was cleared. And so I first saw the majesty of duty, and that beauty in virtue which is the reflection of the countenance of God.” — p. 7.

Of humility, it is said to be not only essential to moral and religious worth, but also needful for the best uses of the intellect : —

“It is from out of the depth of our humility that the height of our destiny looks grandest. For let me truly feel that in myself I am nothing, and at once, through every inlet of my soul, God comes in and is every thing in me. Weak, very weak, I am, and I would not be otherwise, if only I can keep looking towards righteousness ; — this is what I think sometimes ; and as soon as I feel this, the almightiness of God pours through my spirit like a stream, and I am free, and I am joyful, and I can do all things through Him that strengtheneth me.” — pp. 264, 265.

Of prayer it is said : —

“Over the head of a saint, the meanest cottage has heaven open ; and nigh him always is a door to be opened by prayer, and at which to ask is to have given him a wealth of goodness and comfort and assurance of heaven. ‘For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth.’” — p. 159.

In reference to the connection between nature and the mind we find such a passage as this : —

“There are landscapes by Paul Potter which are a delight to look at. But the Dutch scenery that he painted from, and painted exactly, is ugly and very dull ; or rather I should say, it is so to most persons ; but to Paul Potter it was not. Now I can believe, if some little want were supplied in my spirit, that the whole earth would be glorified to me, and God be seen throughout it.” — p. 119.

Alluding to the moral effect of nature upon us, the author says : —

“Last year’s birds are dead, many of them ; but many of their songs are lasting on in men who heard them. In my spirit there

are some tones which are the fuller for the birds I have heard sing, — the lark in a morning in spring, the nightingale on a summer's evening, the thrush against a storm, and the robin when the rain was over. In my mind there is what has come of my being awed by thunder-storms, of hearing the wind in the woods, of feeling the air cool on an August evening, and of sitting on the sea-shore at the flow of the tide." — p. 273.

In speaking of the likeness between some appearances in nature and moods of the mind, and of the manner in which the soul is affected by the world about us, the young man is represented as saying, that sometimes a clear night calms his spirit, and, while he is walking in it, "high thoughts rise upon his soul, like stars above the horizon." And then he adds, that, as by looking on the blessed face of Jesus, a happy person will rejoice more purely, and a tearful one sorrow more wisely, and a sinner feel contrition, while a righteous man will drink in righteousness, —

"So it is with nature ; and what it makes in us is most blessedly felt by the soul, which is a child of God, through Christ. O, out in the country, sometimes my soul feels wrapped, as though in the arms of the Great Father. It is as though the wind whispered me divine messages ; and it is as though divine meaning broke upon me from out of the clouds, and the hill-sides, and from among the stars." — p. 269.

Again, of the soul that has become truly God's, it is said, that it will be illuminated from within by such a Divine light as will glorify every thing else : —

"Duty is an angel, reverently beloved, that walks beside the man, with solemn steps ; and common life is a path shining before him more and more ; and the future is a mist which he will pass through, and so be nigher God ; and if to-day the world feels round him like a temple for worship in, then to-morrow there will be a further world for him to pass on into, and it will be the holy of holies." — p. 369.

The power of faith in Christ is thus described : —

"If Jesus Christ had all power over my soul, and were present with me, and were to lay his hand upon me, I should say, 'Lord, do with me what thou wilt.' And if the horrors of death compassed me about, and frightful appearances of judgment took shape before my eyes, and if everlasting death gaped against me, I should not fear, if I could look into the face of Christ ; for my soul would be calmed, and I should say, 'What thou wilt, Lord, —

whether it be life or death, — let it be for me what thou wilt, O, what thou wilt! ’” — p. 275.

Thus he reasons upon the immortality of man :—

“ As the world itself is not eternal, therefore we ourselves must be. The Infinite must have an infinite end in what he does. And in the making of this world, we human beings are the infinity. It is our souls which are the everlastingness of God’s purpose in this earth. And so we must be — we are — immortal.” — p. 331.

“ Any day I may die, and so there is no day but feels like a porch that may perhaps open into the next world. Yes, death, the hourly possibility of it, — death is the sublimity of life.” — p. 228.

Of the enduring influences of every right endeavour we read as follows :—

“ For every good deed of ours, the world will be the better always. And perhaps no day does a man walk down a street cheerfully, and like a child of God, without some passenger’s being brightened by his face, and, unknowingly to himself, catching from its look a something of religion, and sometimes, not impossibly, what just saves him from some wrong action.” — p. 168.

“ Years ago, a beggar and I exchanged looks on a road-side, and we have never seen one another since, and we never shall again, in this world ; but after many ages, perhaps, we shall find ourselves standing side by side, looking up at the throne of God.” — p. 173.

Of genius, he remarks that it is more or less darkened, unless purely Christian. When, therefore, a truly Christian spirit becomes common, an artist will have that for his usual temper which, as yet, is only his genial, and, in many cases, very rare mood.

“ Yes,” he adds, “ the purely Christian spirit will be the inspiration of a glorious literature ; and it will possess the minds of sculptors, painters, architects, and musicians, and make them priests unto God.” — p. 297.

These passages will give some slight insight into the mind of the author. They have been selected, not because they are more striking than other portions of the volume, but because they exhibit its prevailing thought and spirit. Passages might be quoted, perhaps, to show more condensed power and force of illustration ; as where, in his “ Vision of

Tasso," he describes moments of great depression. "I prayed," he says, "for peace, long, long before it came to me; and, flat on the ground, I have wept like an only and an orphan child, till, in my wretchedness, the cold earth under me has felt like the bosom of a dead mother."* How could language more forcibly express a consciousness of utter desolation? The imperfection of human virtue calls forth the following exclamation: — "It is to me as though the brightest life of man would be but a dark track on the shining floor of heaven."† And in alluding to the few whose names will live for ever, it is said, — "There are only one or two persons in a generation, and not ten out of a whole people, who stand in the sun of life in such a way as to have their shadows lengthen down all time."‡ York Minster is spoken of as a noble thought made into stone: —

"I look at its western front, — I go through the door, and up the nave, and into the choir, and up to the east window. And round my head I am conscious, as it were, of the sublimity of the stars; and under my feet the floor feels as though it were low, very low, down in the earth. I experience what the builder meant, — how humility is the basis of that character which has glory for its crown. I return down the aisle in the spirit of the place, and I feel, that, while walking humbly with God, there is heaven above a man very soon about to open." — p. 201.

But it is not so much in separate passages as in the spirit and tone which pervade it, that the chief value of this volume consists. It seems throughout the simple and truthful statement of a mind alive to the divine beauty of truth and goodness. There is in it a singular combination of qualities. It appreciates fully what is most common in life, while there is a keen love of the ideal; and the one is never made to contrast or conflict with the other, but both are always in perfect harmony. In fact, the writer has that power of genius which looks beneath external nature.

"He feels

A presence that disturbs him with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;

* p. 425.

† p. 383.

‡ p. 167.

A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

He has an eye for external forms, he sees the outward beauty of rock and river, — but he sees far more. He sees a spirit of life with which his soul communes until at times he is moved to awe and joy and tears. And more than this, he sees wisdom and love, and he recognizes them as the wisdom and love of God. Then nature becomes a temple, where he listens to the whisperings of the Infinite Spirit, and feels the Divine presence. This gives a mystical charm to all that is seen ; but it is not an unmeaning or pantheistic mysticism. It is the mysticism of Christianity, which recognizes the omnipresence and omniscience of God, and sees even in the delicate flower

"An emanation of the indwelling life,
A visible token of the upholding love,
That are the soul of this wide universe."

"The world is never so far out of tune," he says, "but some strain of heaven is to be heard in it by the ear that is spiritual"; and the greater the spirituality, the more there will be of heaven. Is not this the truth uttered by Jesus, when he declared that the pure in heart shall see God, — see him in providence, in revelation, and in all his works? Thus the subtle and mysterious changes of nature delight the soul. There is a solemn sanctity connected with all.

"The clouds are touched,
And in their silent faces do we read
Unutterable love."

But it is not in nature alone that our author feels this Presence. He is penetrated with a sense of the paternal character of God, and in every event recognizes his overruling care. Every severe dispensation is contemplated from this point of view, and all is so spoken of as to reveal the hidden wisdom that is within it. The spiritual laws are often traced where they are not perceptible to every mind. He discourses with a heart full of living faith on immortality, and brings near to us the spiritual world, and shows us that we ourselves make the gates of the grave "either frown upon us, as dungeon-doors, or gleam with golden light."

The great object of the book is apparent from what has been said. It is to transmute into familiar feeling the doctrine of immortality, and to develope such corroborations of this grand truth as are seen to be latent in nature, history, science, and art. It gives us the spiritual aspect in which all things appear to a devout mind that has been touched and purified by sorrow.

In reading these conversations, we have been reminded at times of King Alfred's version of Boethius, where that philosopher, in the reign of Theodoric, is represented as being in prison, and when much disturbed in mind and very sorrowful, heavenly Wisdom comes to him, and they converse together, day by day, upon many of the mysteries of existence. At times, also, the quiet and quaint beauty of the delightful Izaak Walton has been brought to mind. "So when I would beget content," would that rare old angler say, "and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk in the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures, that are not only created, but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him. 'This,' he adds, "is my purpose, and so 'Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord,' and let the blessing of St. Peter's Master be with mine." Then, says his companion, — "And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in his providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling." The cheerfulness, the quietness, the love of the beautiful, the homely truthfulness combined with ideality, which we love in Walton, are in a measure to be found here. The volume takes us under the soft shadows and the mild sunlight which fall on the world, and through the green pastures and valleys, and by the river of life.

The author evidently loves the writings of such men as Dr. Henry More and Ralph Cudworth and Sir Thomas Browne. We can understand with what a keen relish he must also listen to that sweet singer of the Temple, George Herbert. One can see how he would enjoy the subtile reasonings of Plato, or hang enchanted over the melting music of the old Greek bards, or lose himself for a time in the mysticism of Swedenborg. But if he can enjoy communion with such minds and has caught something of their spirit, yet he evidently writes from his own nature, and, while he has peculiarities of

style, there seems nothing strained or affected. In fact, the naturalness of the book constitutes one of its prominent characteristics. It is marked by clear and sound thought, and breathes throughout "the still, sad music of humanity." We cannot but believe, therefore, that this volume will be generally read with pleasure and profit. It will prove to many, amidst the infirmities of age, and in hours of illness, the means of rich consolation; while to others it will be a source of suggestive thought and spiritual impulse; and we are confident that few will read it without being lifted into truer views and higher sympathies. R. C. W.

ART. XI. — PEABODY'S SERMONS.*

THE feelings with which one welcomes a volume like this are unusually mingled. The affection and admiration which the author inspired, his excellence as a student and expounder both of the word and works of God, his quiet but signal fidelity as a Christian pastor, his peculiar powers of pleasing and blessing in social intercourse, cause in us a poignant grief at his seemingly premature removal. And yet not only are these very thoughts our comforters, but we feel also that a great blessing has been bestowed in the power of a death so beautifully consistent with the life, and a death that could hardly have spoken so impressively at any other period of life.

Then there are emotions, not confined to a few perhaps, but peculiarly deep and tender in those most intimate with the friend thus removed. With the exception of Henry Ware, whose sphere was larger from difference of station, but whom in many qualities he resembled, we doubt if any other has so unconsciously, yet so powerfully, touched the deepest springs of sympathy and love. Speaking, as we do, both from observation and experience, we may be allowed the indulgence of personal recollections. Having enjoyed the privilege of beginning the ministry as his nearest neighbour in the same household of faith, we found in Mr. Peabody even then, though but recently settled himself, a friend who seemed to unite the rela-

* *Sermons by the late WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY, D. D.; with a Memoir, by his BROTHER.* Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 1849. 12mo. pp. cxli., 258.

tions of brother and father. Without ever assuming the office of adviser, or appearing to know that he had the power of giving information or exerting influence, he was constantly dropping precious words, beautiful truths, useful hints, conveyed in original, varied, delightful illustration. Such humorous yet truthful delineation of character, such kind yet searching and severe discrimination, so perfect a catholicism with so individual a judgment and fearless a courage, we have seldom found. None could sit at his fireside, especially in the first months of a most favored domestic union, and witness the mutual confidence and feel the combined influence of those two characters, beautifully blending in a ministry of truth and peace, without a deep impression of the blessedness of meek and cheerful views of providence and life. How large a place *she* filled in that Christian home, how tender the love and strong the arm with which she sustained *him* in weakness and struggle, we must not attempt to show. Hard is it to suppress the tribute which rises to our lips, as the lovely image of that true and noble woman comes back to us after years of separation. Few names of the many devoted wives of ministers and missionaries, at home and abroad, deserve to be more cherished, or will be more cherished, in grateful remembrance. Not one, we are sure, would have been more pained in life, — perhaps we should feel would be more grieved even now, — to be made the subject of eulogy. We forbear. But we will ever thank God for the influence of that life and death.

In the volume just published, we have the promise fulfilled — so far, at least, as God permitted — of a Memoir of Dr. Peabody by his brother, and a selection from his Sermons by another friend. That God did not permit the Memoir to be finished by the hand that began it, but struck that hand also with death in the midst of its work, gives new interest to this impressive family history. The leading facts are known, having been presented in this journal,* and in other forms, soon after Dr. Peabody's death. His biographer has not attempted to give many new facts, but to arrange all in their natural order, interspersing and illustrating them with extracts from his brother's correspondence. He has also thrown in those two "Addresses," — which many of us had seen in manuscript, but which have not before been published, — deliv-

* Christian Examiner for September, 1847.

ered just after the deaths of the wife and daughter, and marked by a simple pathos and devout eloquence, such as we have never seen surpassed. In connection with the sad occasion of those addresses, portions of letters are given, full of interest. Indeed, the whole Memoir, written simply and frankly by one who was "kindred" in more than the usual signification of the term, will take its place among the good biographies of the best men. It sets him before us just as he was; and we again look upon him, and again listen to him, with the impression, which he always gave us, of a true man and an ever advancing Christian.

It is known that he was fitted for college in Exeter, his native town, and after graduation at Cambridge at the early age of seventeen, returned to Exeter, and spent a year there as assistant to Dr. Abbot, in that academy where so many of the finest minds in New England have been trained. Going to Cambridge again to prepare for the profession of his choice, — the profession for which he seems to have been ordained of God, — he began to preach in 1820, and was at once called to Springfield, where he passed the rest of his life. His loneliness there for several years, his inexperience and self-distrust, the difficulties he encountered, the loss of health and impaired sight, from which he never entirely recovered, will be seen in this Memoir to have created a more serious and peculiar probation than may have been supposed. It was no ordinary trial, as some well knew. Few have been called to a greater effort. It was made, — and it prevailed. A work was accomplished in his own soul, in his congregation, in the town and the community, such as would have been honorable to any one, in the best health, with favoring circumstances and long life. That he accomplished it in the absence of all these, and by the simple power of faith and character, is the grand lesson.

A few passages from the Memoir we wish to give, and we take those which are likely to be least familiar. Though his love of nature is well known, and his knowledge of natural history, his use of that knowledge in his profession, as seen in the following extract, may be new to many.

"For several years he occupied a detached building as a study, situated in his garden. In this retired spot, he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the varieties of birds, and of studying their habits. This persecuted race have abundant sagacity to distinguish the idle destroyers, from whom it is well that

they can fly, from those who are disposed to be their friends. With these they are glad to be familiar, as if to show that they deserve more attention and better treatment than they have ever yet been able to secure. Mr. Peabody's researches on this subject were curious and minute; more so than is usually to be expected from one whose mind is earnestly employed upon more important things. But he endeavoured to bring all his occupations into harmony with the great object to which his life was devoted, and he believed that this pursuit would not be without its value, if it should enable him to cultivate a taste for it in the children of his charge, before they learn from the example of their elders to become acquainted with birds only for the purpose of tormenting or destroying them. There is extant among his papers a series of lectures, delivered before the Sabbath school of his society, in which the subject of plants and birds is treated in a manner that could not fail to engage the attention of the young. These were illustrated by drawings, made and colored by his own hand, with an accuracy and beauty which would have done no discredit to the skill of an accomplished artist. Indeed, in youth he exhibited a decided taste for drawing, and, though he subsequently ceased to cultivate it, practised the art occasionally for the benefit of his friends, or for some purpose of his own. There is reason to believe that the instructions to which I have alluded were not without a lasting and beneficent effect upon the minds of those who received them."—pp. xxix., xxx.

From the letters here introduced, we must draw an illustration of that quiet and racy humor for which he was so remarkable, and which often covered earnest and severe truth, — as in the following passage.

"*Dec. 17, 1834.* — I suppose E. keeps you advised of all that goes on here,— or rather does not go on; for a general palsy seems to have affected the social system. We should be glad even to have phrenology back again; for we are fast hastening to that ideal state in which the individual shall be every thing, and associations of every description be done away. We looked to the lyceum for relief, but Dr. — began an extemporaneous anatomical lecture last Wednesday, to be continued, — how long was not stated; but I fear he will hold on till the house is as thin as one of his skeletons. I confess, however, that I admired the man's courage; for I never dared to follow the ancient clerical practice so far as to announce the after part of the sermon for the after part of the day, having fears lest the after part of the audience, meantime, should disperse past recall."

"*Oct., 1840.* — I am rather curious to see how far the anti-Sabbath-and-clergy mania will extend. I see that my old ac-

quaintance, Mr. —, is engaged in it; and if he is at all zealous, the movement must be on its way down hill, since that is the only direction in which he could charge with vigor and effect. I was a good deal edified with —'s explanation, that their desire was to have the Sabbath more spiritually observed. In answer, I should say, that to put a friend on trial for his life is not the happiest way of clearing up his character; the danger may be, that it will throw a suspicion over him in the minds of many, which, but for this ingenious process of purgation, never would have existed. If they have any doubts themselves, the best course they could pursue would really be to keep the Sabbath, and see if it might not do them some good. She quoted to — a remark of Mr. —, that to oppose such investigations implied an apprehension that the institution might not be able to stand it. This reminded me of the time and again when I have called my children away from my neighbour's mill-pond, — they thinking my caution very preposterous, no doubt; but it was not from any alarm with respect to the pond, but simply from the fear lest they should fall in, — a view of the subject which they could not be made to understand. Well, if it is any comfort to them to employ their energies in this way, I do not know why any one should object. They may dig down to the foundation on which Christianity rests, and satisfy themselves that their teeth and nails are inadequate to the operation of removing it, so as to clear it away, or make it stand more to their minds. When they learn to make the best of things as they are, the instruction will be worth what it costs them." — pp. xxxv. — xxxvii.

We find, likewise, in the Memoir extracts from the diary of that admirable wife to whom we have already alluded; and if such private meditations should ever be given to the world, it is when they relate exclusively, as do these, to plans and exertions for the attainment of the complete Christian character. The death of Mrs. Peabody, after a short illness, occurred in October, 1843, and that of the only daughter in the January following. Such blows, falling so quickly on a loving heart and enfeebled frame, seemed too much for human weakness. Let those who would see that weakness clothed with a strength almost preternatural, yet consistent with the whole nature and life, read the addresses which he made to his people, and the letters which he wrote to private friends. The following extract is from his diary, bearing date the very month of his wife's death.

"October, 1843. It was a heavy day when I followed my beloved Amelia to the grave. At the funeral service, in the church,

they sang her favorite hymns, — ‘Jesus, lover of my soul,’ and ‘Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings.’ I was glad that her form was laid where the communion-table usually stands, that I might have that powerful and affecting remembrance connected with the place. At the grave, where a great number were assembled, they sang, ‘There is a land of pure delight.’ And now she lies in those beautiful grounds. How I bless God, who disposed me to interest myself so much in the preparation of the cemetery! For all that I have ever done for it, verily I have my reward.”

“And now it begins to open upon me why I needed this terrible blow. Had we been laid in the same grave, as I could have wished and prayed, had it been right, we should not have been united in death. She was too far above me. She was so heavenly-minded, so charitable, so thoroughly excellent, that, dear as I was to her generous heart, I could not have stood at her side. But now, perhaps, under the stern teaching of death, in solitary communion with my own heart, with the inspiration of her spiritual presence, with the light of her memory before me, I may do the duties assigned me, and thus form such a character, that, when I go, she may stand ready, with her sweet smile and open arms of love, to welcome me to the skies.

“But I bless God that in the earlier days of my solitude and sorrow I did not derive my support from such thoughts as this. God was present to me, — I realized that he was with me, — and what could I want beside? In a condition as helpless and hopeless as possible, I was supported by the Everlasting Arm, as if it were visibly extended from the skies. I thought not of reunion. I was perfectly resigned. I had no wish to alter in the least what was appointed me. ‘The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?’ was the language of my soul. All these thoughts of consolation were present, no doubt, but they came not by themselves; they seemed, like all other glorious, happy, and inspiring thoughts, to be assembled in the single thought of God, and to float in the great ocean of his boundless love.” — pp. lxii. — lxiv.

This was written while his daughter was yet spared, and he was rejoicing in the opening promise of her filling the void to him, his family, and people. In four months, she also was taken. He wrote thus from his sick-chamber and desolate home: —

“Feb. 5, 1844. When I wrote you last, I told you that I was prepared for whatever might come; but I did not know. So far as to be able to receive it with grateful and undoubting confidence, with unaltered love of my Heavenly Father, and without a wish that it might be otherwise, I was prepared. But not to feel wound-

ed, stricken, and desolate,—for this I was not prepared. I was lifted above my former sorrow, but now, ‘He hath brought me down to the dust of death.’ Perhaps, as I gain my physical strength, which is now entirely subdued, I shall feel stronger in spirit. I shall commit myself to Him, and he will do with me as he thinks best. His will be done!” — p. lxxxiv.

After these terrible trials, instead of flying from the scene, or shunning any labor, though in extreme debility, he gave himself more than ever to his people, and appears to have walked among them as a being of a higher sphere. His brother says : — “He seemed at every moment standing on the confines of the eternal world, as one ‘ready to be offered’; permitted, just before entering its gate, to point out to those he loved, with the failing accents of a dying voice, the way to reach its blessedness.” It was after this, and in one of his last public efforts, that many of us were permitted to see and hear him at Cambridge, before the Alumni of the Divinity School; and we can testify to the truth of his brother’s words, that “his voice sounded like that of one who is on the border of the grave.”

It is one of the peculiar associations between these twin-brothers, in life and death united, that the significant words which we just quoted were the last that the survivor wrote. Permitted to bring the story of his brother’s life to the point where he represents him as “on the border of the grave,” he is compelled to drop the pen, and lie down himself in the dust! With reason did he say to a friend, while engaged in writing those last passages, that “he felt as if he were carving the letters on his own gravestone.” The Memoir is resumed and finished by a friend intimately acquainted with both brothers, who carries the first through the remaining “six months of debility” to the end, — the end of life and the end of toil.

The volume contains, besides the Memoir, brief Notices of the brother who began it; and then follow the Sermons, twenty-one in number, on a variety of subjects, devotional, critical, and practical. Of the ability of these sermons we leave others to judge. Of their spirit, their piety, earnestness, and Gospel simplicity, there can be but one opinion. As a preacher, Dr. Peabody was eminently Christian. He preached Christ. He built upon the Gospel. He left no hearer in doubt, and these discourses will leave no reader in doubt, as to his faith in Christianity, or his views of its authority. On every subject his opinions were carefully formed

and freely given. But he did not carry every subject into the pulpit, nor think it necessary to express his opinions at all times. He held the old and half-obsolete notion, that the Lord's Day and the pulpit are designed for the inculcation of Gospel-truth ; and while he sought all truth, and used all to illustrate and apply the Gospel, he considered every thing else secondary to this, and believed, that, as men heard enough and thought enough about secular matters all the week, they both needed and desired a little *religion* one day in the seven. This is one great reason for the high rank which we give to Dr. Peabody as a preacher. For such we believe to be the true and essential view of preaching, and we honor every man who adheres to it in this day of differing opinions and conflicting demands. It is not that the preacher is forbidden to touch what are called exciting topics, or should be restrained from any expression of honest conviction. It is not that men have a right, or the power, to exclude religion from any province, by calling it political, commercial, or sectional. The religion of Christ pertains to every thing human ; and the minister of Christ is bound to show its application to all relations of life, to all principles of character, courses of conduct, temporal and eternal interests. Wherever man is, he owes obedience to the commands of God. Wherever there is power or opportunity, there is obligation. Wherever sin lurks or defies, it should be exposed and rebuked. The danger is not of too severe denunciation of sin, — but of denunciation in a wrong temper, the consideration of lighter to the neglect of weightier offences, a superficial and trivial use of Gospel truth, or the introduction of every thing else in its place. The most thorough and most comprehensive of all preaching was the preaching of Christ ; and he who preaches in his name, and to those who expect and need to hear of him, should preach in his spirit, the spirit of gentleness and faithfulness ; should preach by his authority, which is of God, and not of man ; should preach his truth, as it came from him, as it stands in his life and death and resurrection, without mixture, without reserve, definite and divine.

For an example of such preaching, we should be at a loss where to look with more confidence or satisfaction than to the man and the sermons now before us. They are not remarkable, except for the character and qualities just indicated. Dr. Peabody, as all know, was not an attractive or forcible speaker, but had defects of voice, intonation, and

physical power. These do not appear, of course, in his writings, and yet it is possible that some readers may find similar defects in his printed sermons, from a want of arrangement, variety, and what is called "point." But let every one judge. To us these sermons are of high character, intellectually and spiritually. They have no artificial arrangement, but they are full of truth and beauty. There is not in one of them a numerical mark, setting off the divisions, but there is in all an object, a relation, and progress. Best of all, there is humility, charity, spirituality, pointed rebuke, kind encouragement, the faith that fears not nor fails, the hope full of immortality.

From a sermon on the "Sisters of Charity" we take the following passage.

"But while it is not necessary that a human being should be happy, it is necessary that every one who values his soul should be united in full sympathy with the Saviour, drawing the support of its religious life from him and through him, as a branch is nourished by the vine from which it grows. Christ thus in us, exerting influence in us, and quickening life in us, is our only hope of glory; and there cannot be an object more important to every true heart than to secure this union of sympathy, desire, purpose, and endeavour with the Saviour, which shall make his feelings our feelings, which shall make us look on all things as he saw them, and give us a deep and sincere interest in that which he most delighted to do. There is no way in which this union can be formed so surely and so soon, as to engage with all the heart in those labors and charities which were the daily work and pleasure of his life when he was on earth. Perform a kind action and you find a kind feeling growing in yourself, even if it was not there before. As you increase the number of objects of your kind and charitable interest, you find, that, the more you do for them, the more you love them. If such charities are guided by your taste or fancy, and limited to those in whom you happen to be interested, it will not be so. You will find that charity itself may be a self-indulgence merely, and then it will only strengthen selfish feeling. But only act upon the broad principle of love, as unfolded in the Saviour's life,—serve others, not because they are your friends, not because they are interesting, not because they are grateful,—serve them when they are unfriendly, when they are distasteful, even disgusting,—serve them when they are ungrateful,—serve them because they are the children of your Father, and therefore are all your brethren,—and you will soon find that the fervent heart keeps time with the charitable hands, and warms towards the Saviour as its best and kindest friend.

Surely such labor is not vain ; and when Christ, who is your life, shall appear, you will rejoice that you chose that path, however hard it may have been to tread." — pp. 15, 16.

On the same subject, in another form, we see his discrimination ; as in the sermon on " Preparation for Heaven."

" But very often there is a selfishness in the midst of benevolence. There are those who are willing to do good, but will do it in their own way, — thereby showing that they are thinking quite as much of themselves as of others. Thus, in relieving the distressed, — for there are persons distressed, and that with no fault of their own, — each one is apt to give what he values least. Here we must be on our guard. Let him who gives his money give what he values more, his attentions or his time ; let him who gives his services, if he values other things more, give them, in order to be sure that his very kindness is not selfish, or, at least, that it has in it no other selfishness than the manly and honorable desire of securing one's interest in the future world.

" Even the benevolent must be on their guard ; they are far too apt to take as much with one hand as they give with the other. You will sometimes find that those who are liberal of wealth to others wound them with their neglect and scorn. You will find those who, with a manner all kindness, encourage hopes of friendship which they never intend to redeem. You will find those who will sit night after night by the bedside of the sick, and at the same time stab them with what the Scripture calls the edge of the tongue. Therefore inspiration tells us to ' be perfect and entire, wanting nothing ' ; then we may know whether we are innocent merely because we are not tempted, — whether we are kind from principle, or only from feeling. Mere feeling will not face the wind and tide ; mere feeling will do good as long as it is pleasant, and no longer ; — principle is something worth having ; it is patient, not easily discouraged, and enduring." — pp. 140, 141.

Having implied that Dr. Peabody, while he seldom carried into the pulpit the common topics of the day, did regard and use those which involve the principles of the Gospel, it should be shown how fearlessly and faithfully he dealt with them, when he touched them at all. We do not know a more searching, uncompromising discourse on Peace, than that which bears the title of " The Ethics of War." We do not quote from it, simply because its substance has appeared in our pages, expanded by the author himself into one of his ablest articles, called " The Moral Influence of War." * His views of

* *Christian Examiner* for March, 1847.

“Religion and Philosophy,” and of a question often raised now, may be seen in what he says of inward and outward light.

“Much is said of *the light within us*, and some appear to feel as if it superseded the necessity of any illumination from on high. But what is it ? Nothing but a power of vision like that which resides in the bodily eye. It is compared to the eye, to explain to us what it is. Now does any one suppose that light originates in the eye, or that the power of sight would help us, unless there were light by which we may see ? It is the same to the body that a window is to a house,—the avenue through which the light passes in. And this light within is nothing but a power of moral sight, by which we may discern the moral and religious truths presented, and therefore, so far from rendering light unnecessary, would itself be useless to us, if there were not light by which it is enabled to see. Jesus Christ is the light of the moral world. He is the source and fountain of that light by which our spiritual sight is able to discern the truths which it is so much concerned to know. Without him, the spiritual sight would be as helpless as the eyes in utter darkness ; so that the light within us, of which so much is said, only increases our dependence on him.

“This being the case, it is evident, that, except we possess and enjoy the light without, we can have no benefit from the light within, and nothing can be vainer than to speak of being guided by this inner light, to the exclusion of the other. Guided by the eyesight without any light from the sun ? While he shines, we may feel as if we could do without him, but not so when the horror of deep darkness falls. Those who have depended on the inner light, without regard to the other, have gone fearfully astray. It would not be easy to number the crimes, the unnatural and revolting crimes, committed by some who thought they were obeying the dictation of God within them, and at the same time refused to consult his revealed and written law. And now, when we hear men speak as if this inner light alone were sufficient for our guidance, it is as if they should say, — ‘ Break down the lighthouse which for ages has shone through the storms, conducting thousands of voyagers safe into the harbour ; there is no need of it, for each vessel can carry a rush-light at its own mast-head, and thus find her way through the entrance channel, winding, and rough, and rockbound though it is.’ She would probably find her way to the bottom ; and he who trusts to the inner light alone for guidance will also be in danger of shipwreck of the soul.” — pp. 149–151.

Connect with this another passage, from the sermon on “Divine Communications,” and it will be seen, that, in fidelity to the Bible, nature and the soul are not forgotten.

“It was, as the Bible itself teaches, in concession to human sin, not on account of the want of other original means of light, that the Christian revelation was made. How well it supplies the hunger and thirst of the soul may be seen in the value which is attached to it by the spiritually disposed. Observe, it is of real wants, and not of tastes and fancies, that I speak. Those dreamy and imaginative minds, which have had little as yet to trouble and distress them, may find something more exciting elsewhere. To them it is as a lamp, unvalued in the thoughts of him that is at ease, though so welcome to the benighted stranger. To the sorrowful, to the heavy-laden, to those who are fighting a life-long battle with human woe, to those who are stripped of other blessings and whose earthly crown is fallen from their head, to those whose minds are made intensely earnest by fear, anguish, and the presence of death, the Bible is a priceless treasure. They would not for worlds surrender it, for it speaks to them in tones of deep sympathy of that God who is the only dependence they have, and brings the glories of heaven in living brightness before their eyes. Thus the Bible, so often rejected by the vain and happy, is sure of a warm welcome wherever a suffering heart is found. When sorrow comes to the lordly mansion or the straw-built shed, when death is raging on the bleeding deck or the trampled field, when the light of life is sinking low in the chamber of the dying or the prisoner's dreary cell, — wherever man is called to deal with the stern realities of life, — he clasps the Bible with both hands to his heart till its beating is still for ever.

“But it is not every one who understands how God communicates with us through the Scriptures. It is not by the letter alone. To this must be added the suggestions which they give, the trains of thought which they awaken, the active energy which they inspire, in the thoughtful mind. Reflect on some of our Saviour's words, and you are struck with their depth of wisdom ; but you see not all at once. As you ponder, their meaning seems to spread itself out before you ; it continually unfolds itself in new aspects and relations, showing how truly it was likened to a small seed containing all the parts and proportions of the tree which is to lift itself to the skies and give shade to many generations. It is by appealing to that which is within, by quickening the spiritual powers into life and action, by drawing out all the resources of the soul, and making it earnestly attentive to the teaching of nature and God's spirit, that the Bible fulfils its highest function in the upright and trusting heart. The direct information which the words convey to us, vast as it is, seems of little worth, compared to this quickening and life-giving power.” — pp. 186–188.

One other extract we desire to make, on a distinct subject.

Dr. Peabody, it is well known, was never a controversialist. The disposition and influence which all parties ascribed to him, in the community in which he lived, appeared particularly in his preaching. Yet we have never known the man of any sect, whose opinions on all points of theology and doctrine were more distinctly defined, or more readily avowed. A catholic Christian, first and most, he was also a firm and open Unitarian believer. How much he preached or taught doctrinally we do not know. Only one discourse of such a character is here published, but it is enough to show, at once, his decided views, his style as an expositor, and his large charity. The subject is the "Trinity," — from the words, "I and my Father are one." We can give only the conclusion, in which, after speaking of Jesus as presenting "a union of God and man such as the world never before saw," he says :—

"I dwell on this union longer, perhaps, than is necessary, for I wish that my meaning and my view of the subject may be thoroughly understood. I am not fond of believing that my brother Christians profess absurdities and contradictions. I care much more for my own feeling toward them than I do for their feeling toward me. I would fain respect their understandings as well as their hearts. Hence I rejoice to see, that, when they first used the word 'person' in this connection, they meant *character*, and the doctrine of the Trinity originally was, that God manifests himself in three different characters,—in creating and preserving, in redeeming and saving, and in comforting and sanctifying, the sons of men. Who will deny it? Who stands ready to controvert a truth which is so little at war with the Gospel? The union of God and man, — which, when first thought of as a union of person, seems impossible to believe or understand,—if we remember that *person* originally meant *character*, and that a union of character is all that is intended, ceases to be a mystery or contradiction, and becomes an inspiring truth. And thus it is that every doctrine which has ever gained large acceptance was originally founded on a basis of truth, and if we dig through the fragments which have crumbled and fallen round it, we shall come down to the living stone, — to the rock of ages on which it stands.

" I have no doubt, you will find that those who really have opinions on these subjects agree very nearly with each other. The great difficulty is, that so many take up with *words*, and never are at the pains of forming an *opinion*. Looking at the words which Christians use, you would suppose them to be

fearfully disunited ; but words are not much, — words are the daughters of earth, and therefore perishable ; while things are the sons of heaven, and do not pass away. Words cannot keep men apart for ever, any more than air-lines can form permanent inclosures. There are some animals which, if you draw a line round them, will feel as if it could not be passed over ; but the greater proportion of those which have wings and feet are always ready to use them. No one needs be troubled about party feelings ; they are of those things which perish with the using. Now they are like ice upon the living waters, binding up their channels and suppressing the music of their flow ; but when the sun of righteousness rises higher, — and rise it will, — all these chilling restraints on the free action of the mind and heart shall feel its influence, and for ever melt away.

“ I see the Divine mercy in this provision, that in all matters of profound importance men cannot think very unlike each other. They may talk very differently ; they may feel some alienation ; but these things are written so plainly on the front of the sacred page, that he who runs may read, and read the same practical meaning. As Christians grow more spiritual, they take less note of things outward, and give more heed to those that are within. When they look under the distinctions of party, they see that one Christian is like another Christian ; his real character is not affected by the name which he happens to bear. And thus narrowness and exclusion are wearing away ; — things are leading to that consummation when there shall be one fold and one shepherd, — one faith, one baptism, — one God and Father of all.” — pp. 99–101.

The volume closes with the “ Address delivered at the Consecration of the Springfield Cemetery,” in 1841, published separately at the time ; and showing, as do all his writings, the poet’s as well as the Christian’s use of natural imagery, and all material forms of beauty, wisdom, and love.

We are glad to see in a Note, that “ another volume of selections from the writings of Dr. Peabody will probably be given to the public.” The writings of such a man are all valuable. As compositions alone, there are few, if any, better specimens in the language, and their sentiment is always pure, always elevating. They speak to the whole nature of man, from a soul in harmony with God. They strengthen our faith in the power of character, and the influence of a Christian minister, true to himself, true to his people, and his Master. Mightier power there is not on earth, nor richer blessing. God be thanked for such an illustration, in life and death !

E. B. H.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Complete Works of the HON. JOB DURFEE, LL. D., late Chief Justice of Rhode Island ; with a Memoir of the Author. Edited by his Son. Providence: Gladding & Proule. 1849. 8vo. pp. xxvi., 523.

WE do not know any book with which this original and interesting volume may be fitly compared. Where shall we look for an author who appears before us at once as poet, historian, jurist, and metaphysician, and who, respectable in all his literary efforts, is preëminent alike for practical sense and metaphysical acuteness ; — a sound New England judge and a daring German idealist united in the same person? Such was Chief Justice Durfee, in whom Rhode Island has recently lost one of her most honored and gifted sons.

He was born at Tiverton, R. I., September 20, 1790, and passed his childhood and youth amid the romantic scenery around the heights that overlook Narraganset Bay. The plough and the school had about an equal share in his early training. In 1809 he entered Brown University, and was in due time graduated with high honor. He immediately entered upon the study of law in the office of his father. In 1814 he was elected representative to the State legislature, and continued to hold that office until he was called, six years afterwards, to a seat in Congress. In 1826 he returned to the State legislature, and was elected Speaker of the House ; and in 1829 he withdrew from political life, hoping in his retirement to have time, from his labors in the law and upon his farm, to give to literary pursuits. He then wrote "What-cheer," a poem in nine cantos, celebrating the "exodus" of Roger Williams from the persecutions of Salem, with the vicissitudes that attended on his wanderings through savage wilds, and his final arrival on the shores of the Narraganset in 1636. The poem takes its name from a tradition, that, when Williams was landing on the bank of what afterwards became the town of Providence, he was accosted by an Indian with the salutation, in broken English, "Wha-cheer? Wha-cheer?" This production met with a warmer reception in England than here, and was very favorably noticed by John Foster, in the *Eclectic Review*. It is more interesting as a manifestation of Rhode Island feeling than as a specimen of poetical genius, although by no means without literary merit.

In 1833 Mr. Durfee was appointed Associate Justice of the

Supreme Court of Rhode Island, and two years afterwards was made Chief Justice. He continued in office until his death, July 26, 1847.

We presume, that, to general readers, the historical portions of the present volume will be most interesting, exhibiting as powerfully as they do the fortunes and character of the native Indian races, and sketching graphically the prominent points in the history of the State. The portions, however, which claim the highest regard from thinking men are the philosophical treatises, and such passages of the legal papers as deal with abstract principles. The "Panidea" is a metaphysical treatise on the Logos or omnipresent reason, and is as lucid as any work on that topic from the days of Philo of Alexandria to those of Swedenborg or Schelling. It is surely a very able work, and will reward any man's perusal, if entertainment be not his object so much as the sharp exercise of his metaphysical wits. The Discourse before the Historical Society and the Phi Beta Kappa Oration rest upon the essential principles of the Panidea, and assert what none of us can deny, that in all history and social progress there is the manifestation of the Eternal Word, the omnipresent reason. Whatever practical men may think of Judge Durfee's metaphysics, who will demur at such Platonism as these noble words from his Charge on Perjury convey?

"Gentlemen, Justice herself is nothing but truth carried into action. She appears here in the shape of legal evidence, — she passes through the forms of judicial proceeding in the verdict of a jury, — thence into a judgment or sentence of the law, and thence into final execution. He is a superficial lawyer and worse philosopher, who holds with Helvetius, that justice is created by legislative enactment. She is created by Truth. She is Truth herself, ever in substance the same, yet manifesting herself under a variety of forms, — now in the shape of laws, which are nothing but instruments declarative of the preëxistent requirements of society, giving them definite forms, and bringing them within the scope of judicial power, — now in the shape of evidence, which is but declarative of the relations in which an individual stands to those laws, — and now in a combination of these declarative forms in the judicial sentence or judgment. Truth, Gentlemen, to conclude, is every thing to society, and that man who can come into court and commit deliberate perjury is an enemy to himself and a traitor to mankind." — pp. 501, 502.

Law such as this surely rests quite as much upon St. John as upon Blackstone. o.

Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley; comprising the Results of Extensive Original Surveys and Explorations. By E. G. SQUIER, A. M., and E. H. DAVIS, M. D. Accepted for Publication by the Smithsonian Institution, June, 1847. Pub-

lished for the Authors. New York and Cincinnati. 1848. 4to. pp. 306.

THE official authorities of the "Smithsonian Institution" have apportioned its annual income, of about forty thousand dollars, to two uses. One half is to be devoted to the increase and diffusion of knowledge by original researches and publications; the other half, to furnishing a Library, Museum, and Gallery of Art. Works of original research are invited, and, when offered, are to be submitted to the inspection of a Committee competent to pronounce upon their merits. The elegant volume before us is the first fruits of this wise arrangement. Setting homely questions of utility aside for the occasion, or, what is better, giving to the word, utility, its widest and fullest meaning, we may express a high satisfaction after having examined the volume. Its subject, its contents, its authors, and its execution harmonize with the national character which it is desirable to have attached, in a proper degree, to the Smithsonian Institution. We are left to infer that the investigations and results here exhibited were undertaken without a view to the medium through which they have now come before the public, and were allowed to pass through this channel solely on the ground of their own merits. The manuscript was submitted, through the officers of the Institution at Washington, to a Committee of the American Ethnological Society, and by that Committee it is highly commended. The printer and the engraver have labored to present the literary and the scientific tasks of the authors in a fair form. The volume contains a most elaborate and intelligible account of those remarkable "earth-works" in the Mississippi valley which have puzzled so many philosophical inquirers, and which have just enough of resemblance to natural or accidental phenomena to have suggested the idea that they might be "the results of diluvial action." They are proved incontestably to be the works of man, though their date, and builders, and some part at least of their purpose, are unknown. Messrs. Squier and Davis pursued in their examination a systematic and thorough method which had never previously been applied to them, while they engaged the help and availed themselves of the labors of all others who have shown an interest in the subject. They do not offer any speculations or theories, but content themselves with a simple statement of facts, with their vouchers.

A section of the Scioto valley, of which Chillicothe is the centre, was the scene on which they commenced their examination, which they afterwards extended over Ohio and the adjacent States. More than one hundred inclosures and groups of the ancient earth-works have been examined by them, and more than two

hundred mounds excavated, for the first time. They estimate the number of *tumuli* in the State of Ohio at ten thousand. These structures, if we may so call them, have proved more durable than erections of stone or brick. They are classified by our authors into "works of defence," and "sacred and miscellaneous inclosures." The chief ground of distinction seems to be, that the ditch exterior to the embankment marks the military work, and the interior ditch or fosse the religious or sepulchral work. The most striking and extensive of the works of either class are described at length, and with far more interest than we expected. Of course there is much similarity in the descriptions, and the laborious investigations of the diligent and pains-taking authors must be inferred from the necessary repetition of the same tasks with but little variety. They have produced a highly creditable work, and deserve the respectful returns of commendation from the friends of science, research, and archæology. The remains of ancient art found in the mounds are lavishly represented and described. The volume contains forty-eight plans and maps, and two hundred and seven wood-cuts. E.

Dictionary of Americanisms. A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States. By JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT, Corresponding Secretary of the American Ethnological Society, and Foreign Corresponding Secretary of the New York Historical Society. New York: Bartlett & Welford. 1848. 8vo. pp. 412.

How far the rights asserted for us in our Declaration of Independence, and yielded to us by our treaty with the monarch of Great Britain, absolved us from allegiance to the "King's English," might afford a subject for a debating society. It would involve the question of our liberty to make what new words we pleased, and even to form a new language, if we wished for one. This liberty has been assumed and acted upon to some extent in our country, and Mr. Bartlett has given himself to the task of searching out the fruits of its moderate exercise, and of its occasional excesses. His work must have required great labor, yet could not have been without interest to one, like the author, fondly addicted to ethnological and philosophical studies. Of the precise value of the volume before us there will be different estimates. For ourselves, we commend Mr. Bartlett's object, and would bear testimony to the pains with which he has pursued it, and to the successful and satisfactory result. Two useful purposes may be supposed to be answered by his volume. First, to the inhabitants of different sections of this country respectively,

and to foreigners, it will furnish a glossary of words and terms which occur in our local anecdotes, in our political contests, and in our letters, newspapers, and books; and, secondly, it may help towards preventing the further corruption of our language, may restrain the use of vulgarisms and barbarisms, and may favor refinement of speech among all classes of our citizens. The work must necessarily be imperfect. The wonder is, that Mr. Bartlett has been able to collect and define so many words and phrases which are used as vulgarisms or colloquialisms in different parts of our country. Probably every reader, who has had much intercourse either in a wide neighbourhood or over the whole Union, can at once supply many words and phrases that will not be found in this volume. But at the same time, he must be a very sociable and inquisitive man, and have travelled widely and have mingled with a great many people, who has actually met with all the articulate utterances collected in this book.

The Introductory Remarks on the Dialects of England and America contain much condensed and valuable information. Mr. Bartlett quotes English authority to substantiate his own belief, that "the English language is in no part of the world spoken in greater purity by the great mass of the people than in the United States." The following sentence might challenge discussion, if we were examining the volume at any length:—"But the greatest injury to our language arises from the perversion of legitimate words and the invention of hybrid and other inadmissible expressions by educated men, and particularly by the clergy." The following are quoted as specimens,—*to fellowship*, *to difficult*, *to eventuate*, *to doxologize*, *to happify*, *to donate*. It happens, at the present day, that a "clergyman" and "an educated man" are not identical terms. We never heard either of the above quoted expressions from an educated person. We have frequently met with the spurious verb *to fellowship*, and the still more objectionable compound *to disfellowship*, in the papers of some religious denominations. We cannot agree with Mr. Bartlett in his opinion, that "residents of the city of New York are, perhaps, less marked in their pronunciation and use of words than the inhabitants of any other city or State." We can distinguish a New Yorker as far as we can hear him. His *shil'n* for shilling, and his *haaf* for half, etc., betray him at once;—to say nothing of the practice which prevails in some pulpits of that city, of uttering such words as broken, open, token, as if they were written *op'un*, *brok'un*, etc. Speaking of clergymen, we would suggest to Mr. Bartlett the propriety of giving, by way of appendix to his second edition, a glossary of the new words invented and used by the late Dr. Chalmers, who exceeded all the divines whose works are known to us in his liberties with language.

Memoirs of American Governors. By JACOB BAILEY MOORE.
Vol. I. New York: Gates & Stedman. 1846. 8vo. pp. 439.

THIS book has not attracted the notice it deserves, as one possessing real and substantial merit, and supplying a want met by no other work. "Our best biographical dictionaries," as the author justly observes, "contain but meagre sketches of a few of those public men who have been distinguished as Governors; while of others, who were renowned in their day, and exercised an important influence upon the times in which they lived, no account whatever is to be found." Belknap's biographies cover only a small part of the ground which Mr. Moore proposes to occupy, and these admit of additions and corrections from sources explored since his day. Mr. Moore's work is to embrace the lives of those who have held the "office of Chief Magistrate, in the several Colonies, which now form [a part of] the United States; to be followed by Memoirs of the Governors of the several States." The present volume comprises the lives of the Governors of "New Plymouth, from the Landing of the Pilgrims, in 1620, to the Union of the Colony with Massachusetts Bay, in 1692," and of those of Massachusetts Bay, from 1630, the time of the settlement of the Colony, to the expulsion of Andros, in 1689. "It has been the aim of the author," he tells us, "to make his work full in details, precise in facts, and, as far as possible, accurate and reliable as a book of reference." The volume already issued bears marks of patient research and attention to accuracy, of the value of which the language just quoted shows that the author has a just conception. We hope that he will meet with encouragement sufficient to induce him to persevere. The work, if completed as begun, will form an important addition to our biographical and historical literature. L.

History of the Town of Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, from its Settlement in 1717 to 1829, with other Matter relating thereto not before published, including an Extensive Family Register. By ANDREW H. WARD, Member of the New England Historic and Genealogical Society. Boston: S. G. Drake. 1847. 8vo. pp. 508.

History of the Town of Groton, including Pepperell and Shirley, from the First Grant of Groton Plantation in 1655. With Appendices, containing Family Registers, Town and State Officers, Population, and other Statistics. By CALEB BUTLER. Boston. 1848. 8vo. pp. 499.

THESE histories of towns we are always glad to see. The

labor of their preparation is great, requiring much research among obscure records; they are not showy performances, but they do something more than gratify an idle curiosity or antiquarian taste; they preserve from oblivion many facts worth knowing, as illustrating the character and manners of times gone by, and throwing light on the origin of our institutions. Mr. Ward's *History of Shrewsbury* may be, in some respects, incomplete, and, artistically viewed, may have some defects. It was designed, he says, to be a history of the "people," rather than of the "town," and "the chief, if not the sole, cause of the undertaking" was to "furnish a family register of the inhabitants." This statement should be kept in view, in judging of the volume. Still, with all its imperfections of plan, and occasional prolixity, it contains a great deal which merits preservation, and the author is certainly entitled to gratitude for what he has done. The *Family Register*, occupying more than half the volume, will be acceptable to those who are fond of genealogical researches, as well as to the descendants or connections of the families of which notice is taken.

Groton was incorporated in 1655, forty-four towns, as the author of the present history states, having been previously "established within the Plymouth and Massachusetts Colonies." Its history furnishes many incidents worthy of record on the printed page; some of them — as those connected with the Indian wars, during which Groton "had its full proportion of suffering" — possessing a thrilling interest. Mr. Butler has executed his task thoroughly and well, giving, in a clear and well-arranged narrative, an account of the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of the town, and its efforts in the cause of education, with notices of its topography and remarks on various matters pertaining to the settlement. The history of Pepperell and Shirley, originally "set off" from Groton, is very properly included; and to the whole is added an elaborate Appendix, containing, besides other documents, "family lists of marriages, births, and deaths," and a map of the three towns, exhibiting their present condition. L.

Poems. By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Illustrated by H. BILLINGS. Boston: B. B. Muzzey & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 384.

THE poetry of Whittier, like a long smothered fire, has at last found its way in flame to the surface of the literary world, and not a few persons, we imagine, will be startled and surprised at the splendor that bursts so suddenly upon their eyes. Almost every body, indeed, who has taken an interest in American literature, must have known that John G. Whittier, a respectable

Quaker of Massachusetts, long prominent as a reformer, has secured a foothold within the domain of the muses. But we doubt whether one man in a hundred is aware that this disciple of George Fox is actually the most fiery and powerful of American lyrical poets, who from the depths of a passionate soul pours forth gushes of inspired song, as natural and impetuous and musically beautiful as the very streams that leap from the heart of Parnassus. Yet so it is. Gifted with something of Shelley's magical instinct of expression, with much of Scott's chivalric spirit and power of scenic description, and with all of Körner's self-forgetting Tyrtæan enthusiasm, this champion of freedom transports us with an irresistible power into the true heroic atmosphere. With Sir Philip Sidney, "we confess our barbarousness that we never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that we found not our heart moved more than with a trumpet," but never song of sword or shield so stirred us as have some of Whittier's clarion-voiced lyrics. Nor is his delicate, loverlike appreciation of the beautiful everywhere less remarkable than his stern devotion to the right. His pictures of woodland and river and mountain are exquisitely faithful and fresh; his poems of the affections are fragrant with an inexpressible simplicity and tenderness. His very faults, of occasional roughness and inelegance of metre and language, spring from his eminently natural and practical habit of mind. In books he is said to take comparatively little interest, and there is probably no living writer of equal ability who has written so seldom with a merely literary purpose. He has left those serene and shady spaces of the imagination in which the poet loves to linger, for the hot strife of reform; and if he has thus sacrificed much, his reward will be great,—in that consciousness of a brave, true life which is the "palmshade of eternity," and in the grateful reverence of the future to whose glory his hope and labor have been given.

The edition of his Poems which has elicited these remarks is the first worthy monument of his genius. Those who have admired his productions in the two very imperfect collections formerly published will be rejoiced to find their old favorites united here in one society. We must, however, complain of the absence, annoying and unaccountable enough, of the "Songs of Labor" from this goodly company. The *physique* of the book is charming. The illustrations, although better than the majority of American engravings, do not equal our expectations either as regards the design or the execution.

H—t.

Poems. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. New and Enlarged Edition. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1849. 16mo. pp. 272.

THE present edition of Dr. Holmes's Poems contains all that

were published in the first edition, together with those added in the London edition, and nine poems which are now first collected, —including that strangely disconnected but profound and beautiful “rhymed lesson,” somewhat vaguely called *Urania*. Of the new poems, we think “The Stethoscope Song,” with its blended humor, wit, and sarcasm, the best; although “A Modest Request,” “*Nux Postcœnatica*,” and “A Sentiment,” nearly equal it in merit, while the last surpasses it in quiet beauty. The older poems are, probably, more or less familiar to our readers, and have already passed into general favor.

The distinguishing characteristics of Dr. Holmes’s poems are a happy combination of wit, humor, pathos, and sound sense, and the easy, unconstrained flow of his verse. A perfect master of the art of versification, he touches no subject upon which he does not leave the impress of his peculiar powers. Alike successful in writing an anniversary poem, or throwing off an after-dinner song, he is certainly the finest humorist that our country has produced; for, while he ridicules the arrogant pretensions of the intellectually small, wherever found, there is no spice of vindictiveness or personality in him. He is ever the same genial lover of mirth for its own sake; and the object of his humorous hits is constrained, in spite of himself, to laugh as heartily as any disinterested person. Possessing as keen a perception of the incongruous as Halleck, he never, like him, debases a really serious subject by the introduction of grotesque images or ideas. Though best known as a humorist, his graver productions have a subdued beauty and a depth of feeling not often found in a poet possessing so much wit and such skill in its exercise. Several of his minor pieces, and numerous passages in his longer poems, display a pathos and a felicity of imagery which charm as much as the sparkle of his other productions. Indeed, we think his powers are generally shown to the best advantage in his didactic and purely imaginative passages. s—h.

Verses of a Lifetime. By CAROLINE GILMAN. Boston: Munroe & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 263.

In this volume Mrs. Gilman has collected most of the fugitive pieces which have helped to establish the reputation she enjoys as a pleasing and popular writer. Her admirers will give the book a hearty welcome, and to those who are acquainted with her as yet only by fame, these very various poems will afford a fair criterion of her literary abilities and accomplishments, and a just insight into her character. H—t.

Poems. By WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON. Cambridge: G. Nichols. 1848. 12mo. pp. 275.

Some ten years ago (in the *Examiner* for January, 1838) we

noticed favorably a volume of youthful poems by the author of the present collection, and we now kindly greet him again as he comes to us with an offering of the fruits of his maturer days. Mr. Bacon is not "of imagination all compact," but belongs rather to the class of thoughtful and meditative minds, and his poetry possesses a corresponding character. He writes with truthfulness and nature, and with a deep love of the beautiful and the good; and whoever does this will be sure to strike a chord in the reader's breast which will send forth an answering note. L.

Pompeii and other Poems. By WILLIAM GILES DIX. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1848. 16mo. pp. 160.

The poets, according to Bembus, were "the first bringers-in of civility," and it is but grateful to acknowledge the benefit in our treatment of all members of the sacred fraternity. Worse poems than these have been published by men who afterwards did the world good and notable service in fields remote from the fountains of Helicon. We do, in all courtesy and sincerity, suggest to the author of "*Pompeii*" a fearless emulation of their wise and honorable conduct.

H—t.

The Rosary of Illustrations of the Bible. Edited by REV. EDWARD E. HALE. Boston: Phillips & Sampson. 1849. 8vo. pp. 293.

Beauties of Sacred Literature. Illustrated by Eight Steel Engravings. Edited by THOMAS WYATT, A. M., Author of "*The Sacred Tableaux*," etc., etc. Boston: Munroe & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 220.

The Women of the Bible. Delineated in a Series of Sketches of Prominent Females mentioned in Holy Scripture. By Clergymen of the United States. Illustrated by Eighteen Characteristic Steel Engravings. Edited by the Rev. J. M. WAINWRIGHT, D. D. New York: Appleton & Co. 1849. Royal 8vo. pp. 214.

As a general remark, it may with truth be said of all the annuals, poured upon us in such number at Christmas and New Year's time, that their literary character and value will not bear comparison with their typographical execution, with the beauty and finish of their engravings, and the costly splendor of their binding. While art has done all in its power to make them attractive, learning and genius have done little to make them instructive, or even highly entertaining. Of late years, many of the annuals have been not simply moral, but distinctly religious

in their character. These, however, do not form an exception, we fear, to the remark first made. We have seldom read a religious annual and not laid it down with the feeling that it wanted heartiness,—a genuine, earnest purpose,—that it was “got up” more for its mechanical than for its intellectual beauty, to please the eye and gratify the taste, rather than instruct the mind or touch the conscience and the heart. The writers seem to feel that it is not their thought that is to give the principal interest and value to the volume; and this imparts something of a constrained, cold, formal air to their articles. To this cause is it owing, probably, that the selected pieces, written for some other purpose, are commonly better, more full of life and vigor, than the original communications. Then, again, the articles, in order to have a sufficient variety, must necessarily be short, affording little room for learning to unfold its treasures, or imagination to display its power, or genius to soar into the highest realms of thought and feeling. There are, therefore, intrinsic difficulties in the way of making a really good religious annual,—a book that shall be as valuable for its literary merit as for its exhibition of the skill of the engraver and the printer. In the volumes before us these difficulties have not all been overcome, though they are an improvement upon most works of the kind that have been published in this country.

“The Rosary of Illustrations” has six mezzotinto engravings, which do not seem to be of the highest order of merit, if we except two,—“Hagar sent out,” and “The Women at the Tomb.” The letter-press of this volume is principally composed of selections, which are made with the taste and judgment that it might be supposed Mr. Hale would bring to the task. These selections are arranged so “that the passage from author to author may not always seem sudden and vexatious”; and both in making the selections and in their arrangement, it seems to have been the further object of the editor to meet, provide for, and illustrate “the three different stages that mark every man’s true religious experience.” This gives something of plan and purpose to the volume, although the connection and relation of the parts to the whole are not often very distinct and perceptible. Much of the poetry in the “Rosary” is very beautiful, and one or two of the sonnets of Mr. Jones Very are gems of their kind.

The “Beauties of Sacred Literature” has eight mezzotinto engravings, all of which represent some scene or event in Scripture, except one, entitled “The Friend in Adversity.” This engraving has some merit, but, as a matter of taste, and to preserve the harmony of the plates with the title and purpose of the volume, we think that it should have been excluded, and the same truth—the power of religion to console the afflicted, and bring peace to the penitent—have been represented by some Scripture scene.

The articles in the volume seem to be principally original contributions, written expressly for it by persons in different parts of the country, and of different religious denominations, and some of them are deeply interesting and instructive.

"The Women of the Bible" has eighteen line engravings, most of which are beautiful. Some of the "Sketches" are prepared with care and thoroughness, some seem to us meagre and deficient, and to others we should seriously object on the score of the criticism and theology directly or indirectly inculcated in them. There are some instances of bad taste, of low, vulgar comparison; for example, the opening sentence in the sketch of Deborah: — "Doubtless, if Deborah had lived in our day and been an American, the people would have elected her for President of the United States. There is such a madness in the world for military glory, that nothing but her piety and poetry, with her hatred of slavery, would have prevented her political success." We are surprised to find this sentence, as well as some others, sanctioned by Dr. Wainwright. Some of the women, also, brought forward in this volume, might better, we think, have been passed over, as unworthy of a place in it. The "conception and plan" of the work are good, and its mechanical execution surpasses any book of the kind that has been published in this country. Yet we are compelled to confess to some feeling of disappointment in examining it. It did not fulfil our expectations. A much better book on "the Women of the Bible" might be prepared.

L—p.

* * * Messrs. Little & Brown, of this city, have published the twentieth volume of the *American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge*, for the year 1849. The care which has been bestowed on this work in former years has given it an authority, both at home and abroad, which will be sustained by the amount of various and accurate information embodied in the present volume. The astronomical, meteorological, statistical, historical, and biographical departments all show diligence and ability on the part of the editors. We may notice a single error that has fallen under our eye. In the table of "Religious Denominations" are assigned to the "Unitarian Congregationalists" 300 churches, 250 ministers, and 30,000 communicants. If by "communicants" be meant worshippers, the number is much too small; if, according to the usual import of the word, it mean attendants on the Lord's Supper, it is, we grieve to say, too large.

The *Unitarian Congregational Register*, for the year 1849, issued by Crosby & Nichols, (12mo. pp. 72,) we have examined

with pleasure. The statistical portions appear to have been prepared with care, and the extracts which compose the "Miscellaneous Department" indicate good judgment and taste in the compiler.

Among the recent publications in medical literature, indicating the rapid and extensive introduction of agencies for the alleviation of human suffering, we notice *A Treatise on Etherization in Childbirth, illustrated by five hundred and eighty-one Cases*, by WALTER CHANNING, M. D., (8vo. pp. 400,) issued by W. D. Ticknor & Co., Boston, — a work mostly professional, but containing facts and reasonings of great interest to the cause of science and humanity.

A Fable for Critics; or a Glance at a Few of our Literary Progenies, is a part of the title of a thin 12mo. volume, from the press of G. P. Putnam of New York, but, as it seems to be well understood, from the pen of a gentleman whose poetic effusions have usually been dated from Cambridge; — in which, somewhat after the slipshod style of Byron's "Don Juan," the author describes several of the living writers of our own country, generally in terms of commendation and good-humor, and with a liveliness and frequent felicity of expression that will doubtless secure for it a wide perusal. — Of another work understood to come from the same hand, *The Biglow Papers*, published by George Nichols of Cambridge, (16mo. pp. 163,) though it contains no small amount of humor, and many happy "hits" at men and things, we are compelled to say that it fails through a twofold excess. The exhibition of Yankee phraseology becomes a caricature, and the affectation of vulgar shrewdness, which might amuse in an occasional *jeu d'esprit*, grows wearisome and offensive when pursued through a whole volume.

We have been pleased with a small volume, issued by W. H. Wardwell of Andover, bearing the title of *A Manual of Morals for Common Schools, also adapted to the Use of Sabbath Schools and Families*, (12mo. pp. 175,) — a timely and useful publication, marked by great purity and freshness, and a more easy and attractive style than books of the kind have usually exhibited, as well as by the introduction of a greater variety of topics, showing the author's appreciation of a refined and liberal culture.

An octavo volume of four hundred and eighty-five pages, entitled, *Important Doctrines of the True Christian Religion*, etc., as understood by the disciples of Swedenborg, has just been published by Messrs. J. Allen of New York, and O. Clapp of Boston, being a *Series of Lectures*, by Rev. S. NOBLE, with an *Introduction* by Professor BUSH. The position which Mr. Noble has long held in England, as "a distinguished advocate and expounder" of the doctrines of the "New Church," will doubtless give this

work currency among the members of that Church in this country, and secure for it the attention of those who may wish to become acquainted with their peculiar tenets.

We are indebted to Messrs. Appleton & Co., of New York, for a thick 8vo. volume (of 552 pages), the typographical execution of which is highly creditable to their press,—*The Sacred Poets of England and America, for Three Centuries*; edited by RUFUS W. GRISWOLD; illustrated with Steel Engravings. The editor acknowledges that he has done little more than “rearrange and combine materials” furnished in recent English volumes of a similar kind; but he has incorporated several valuable additions, and has given a choice collection of the sacred poetry of our language from Gascoigne and Spenser to our own day, made, as far as we can perceive, without any undue influence of religious opinion or peculiar literary taste. The brief biographical sketches prefixed to the selections from the different authors, though they contain little more than a notice of the outward life, will be found useful.

C. S. Francis & Co., of New York, have issued a neat volume, in 16mo., of *Poems by William Wordsworth; with an Introductory Essay on his Life and Writings*, by H. T. TUCKERMAN; by whom also “the selection of the contents of the volume,” containing “about one-fifth of all Wordsworth’s poems,” appears to have been made. Its editor has studied “variety in his choice of pieces,” and to those who are contented with a part instead of the whole this will be an acceptable book. — The same publishers have also issued a volume of similar size and appearance, containing *The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; with an Introductory Essay*, by H. T. TUCKERMAN. We shall be glad, if it bring Coleridge’s poetry within the knowledge of some who regard him only as an unintelligible metaphysician.

The Rose of Sharon: a Religious Souvenir for 1849, edited by MRS. S. C. EDGARTON MAYO, and published by A. Tompkins of Boston, is worthy of high commendation, when compared with other similar publications. It contains thirty-one articles, some of them of remarkable excellence, most of them meritorious, and all of them, in a moral and religious point of view, unexceptionable. We deeply regret the loss which the public, as well as a wide circle of friends, has suffered in the death of Mrs. Mayo, who has edited the Rose from its commencement. She possessed uncommon talents, united with uncommon virtues.

Professors M’Clintock and Crooks, of Dickinson College, have issued, through the press of Harper & Brothers, New York, an admirable *First Book in Greek* (12mo. pp. 315) for those who approve of the general system of Ollendorff. They have, however, while careful of Greek accent, forgotten to say any thing of the accent to be used by an English reader.

Our juvenile readers will be pleased with the issue of a fresh edition of Charles and Mary Lamb's *Tales from Shakspeare*, (12mo. pp. 347,) by Messrs. Francis & Co. of New York, — a delightfully executed work, intended to serve as an introduction to the original, which can be read with profit only in riper years.

The Childhood of Mary Leeson, by MARY HOWITT, republished in Boston by Crosby & Nichols, abounds in hints to parents and teachers that are both valuable and timely, though the narrative in which they are scattered seems to us somewhat tedious, in consequence of the excessive minuteness with which all sorts of trifling scenes and events are described.

The *Sixth Report of the Middlesex Sunday School Society*, made at the seventh annual meeting, held at Weston, October 11, 1848, and prepared by Rev. T. H. Dorr, Secretary of the Society, consists mainly of extracts from replies to a circular sent to the different schools. The extracts are valuable for the remarks they contain upon points connected with Sunday school instruction, and discover a laudable interest on the part of the teachers in Middlesex county.

Among the books which we have received too late to notice in the present number of the Examiner are the "Mirror of Nature, a Book of Instruction and Entertainment, translated from the German of E. H. Schubert, by William H. Furness," and "Selections from the Writings of James Kennard, jr." (of Portsmouth, N. H.), with a "Memoir by A. P. Peabody." A volume of Sermons of the late Dr. Brazer is now in the press.

A Discourse delivered before the First Congregational Society, Sunday, October 8, 1848. By JAMES H. PERKINS. Cincinnati. 1848. 8vo. pp. 16.

The Christian Church and Social Reform. A Discourse delivered before the Religious Union of Associationists. By WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1848. 8vo. pp. 32.

Christianity in History. A Discourse addressed to the Alumni of Yale College, in their Annual Meeting, August 16, 1848. By LEONARD BACON, of the Class of 1820. New Haven. 1848. 8vo. pp. 31.

An Address delivered before the Art-Union of Philadelphia, in the Academy of the Fine Arts, on Thursday Evening, October 12th, 1848. By WILLIAM H. FURNESS. Philadelphia. 1848. 8vo. pp. 32.

THE purpose of Mr. Perkins's Discourse is to persuade the congregation which he addressed to "abandon the ground upon which

it was originally gathered," — not to renounce Unitarianism as a matter of individual belief, but "to declare to all interested, that, as a society, they abandon the Anti-Trinitarian faith as their bond of union, as the basis of their religious association: 1. because it tends to make them sectarian; 2. because it is too narrow for our day; and 3. because the time calls for societies which recognize the need of, and are willing to labor for, a social as well as an individual regeneration, trusting in the power of faith in Jesus Christ, and the influence of the holy spirit of God." As we agree with Mr. Perkins neither in regard to the wisdom of the step which he advises, nor in respect to the pertinency of the reasoning by which that advice is enforced, we are glad to learn that the society at Cincinnati decline adopting it as the basis of their action. — After some preliminary remarks, Mr. Channing proceeds to speak of "the special work allotted to Christendom to-day"; he presents "a brief historical review," which, he says, "will show us where we stand, and what humanity expects of us"; what it "commands to-day is not destruction, but construction; not revolution, but reform; not dissolution, but resurrection"; he treats of the revolutionary tendencies of our times, in relation to which we stand in the "position of judge," — of its "unitary tendencies" and the "position of prophet," of "reconciling tendencies" and the "position of mediator," and of "socialism." But this bare enumeration of some of his topics will give our readers no just idea of the discourse, which abounds in the writer's usual affluence of thought and is marked by his wonted intensity of feeling and expression. — Dr. Bacon introduces his Discourse with some felicitous allusions to the occasion; he then enters on his main topic, — the inseparable connection between the "history of Christianity" and that of "human progress," which he treats with marked ability and with as great fulness of illustration as the limits of a single address admit. Some graphic description occurs, and the whole performance bears the stamp of vigorous thought and good taste. — In Dr. Furness's instructive and beautiful Address we have, first, some account of "Art-Unions" in London and in this country, and the benefits resulting from them; this is followed by remarks illustrating the "value of the fine arts," — the "love of the beautiful" being, as the writer observes, "the central life of art"; the connection between the fine and the useful arts is touched upon, as also the connection between the arts and religion; in conclusion, a delicate and feeling tribute is paid to the memory of Mr. Carey, "a generous and devoted lover" of painting and sculpture; and the "group of Hero and Leander, a duplicate" of which has been recently received in Philadelphia, is noticed with warm expressions of admiration.

INTELLIGENCE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Ecclesiastical Record. — Without any special manifestation of religious zeal, our churches appear to maintain the institutions of worship with an increasing rather than declining interest. Many of them enjoy visible prosperity, and all, we believe, internal harmony. If some are feeble, others exhibit a growing strength. The religious societies in the immediate neighbourhood of this city, particularly, are in a good condition. Among our younger ministers are men of fine gifts and a right spirit. The causes of disquiet and separation, which have resulted in the removal of so many ministers within the last few years, are not, we apprehend, so active as they have been. A portion of our people carry their disinclination to doctrinal discussion, both in and out of the pulpit, beyond the bounds of a just regard to truth or charity; and but few discover that warmth or earnestness of the religious life which is not less essential to the stability of a denomination than to the welfare of an individual; but we doubt not that direct, strong, fervent preaching, united with faithful (and by faithful we mean both abundant and spiritual) pastoral intercourse, would be accepted as a response to wants of which the people are conscious, and would secure a large return for the labor bestowed. Of such preaching and such intercourse many examples may be found among us. Let there be more. Let all our ministers preach as if they felt the unutterable majesty, beauty, and authority of the truths which they deliver, with man's need of those truths for his proper enjoyment of life here and his preparation for a life to come; let them use their opportunities of close approach to the conscience and heart in private communication as if they understood at once the privilege and the responsibility of holding a relation which gives them such opportunities; and the result will show that we have no reason for distrusting either the acceptableness or the efficacy of the views which we entertain on religious subjects.

On looking over our record of the last year, we find that within this period we have taken notice of twelve dedications, fourteen ordinations, and twelve installations. When compared with the whole number of our religious societies, this enumeration must appear large, and indicates either great readiness on the part of our people to provide themselves with regular religious services, or singular ease in transferring their affections from one spiritual teacher to another, or, perhaps, — both.

Rev. Dr. Abbot of Peterboro', N. H., who some time since retired from the pulpit on account of his bodily infirmities, has, upon the settlement of another minister, relinquished his pastoral relation to the people. — The connection of Rev. Dr. Dewey with the "Church of the Messiah" in New York has been dissolved, from his inability to take the whole charge of the pulpit. — Rev. Mr. Fisher having resigned his office as minister of the Irish Protestant congregation in this city, religious services have been suspended, and the society will probably cease to exist. —

Rev. Mr. Perkins of Cincinnati has resigned his care of the pulpit of the First Unitarian society in that city. — Rev. Mr. Everett of Northfield will close his ministry in that place on the 1st of February. — Rev. Mr. Stetson, formerly of Medford, has become the pastor of the church in South Scituate. — Rev. Dr. Thompson of Barre will preach to the Unitarian society in Lincoln through the winter. — Mr. N. O. Chaffee, from the Meadville Theological School, has taken charge of the pulpit at Montague for one year. — Mr. G. G. Channing of Boston has renewed his connection with the people at Mendon for another year. — Mr. D. W. Stevens, of the class last graduated at the Cambridge Divinity School, has accepted an engagement to preach at Somerville for six months.

Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and Others in North America. — The Annual Report of the Select Committee of this Society, presented November 2, 1848, contains copious extracts from the correspondence of the missionaries employed in its service. "At no period within the remembrance of the Committee, or, they believe, since the commencement of the Society, have its operations been more varied or extended than during the past year." The whole amount of funds at the present time, the income of which is devoted to the furtherance of the objects of the Society, exceeds \$ 51,000, having, "by skilful management and a late munificent bequest," increased within the last four years nearly \$ 14,000. The charter limits the number of members to fifty; the present number is forty-five, — Edward Wigglesworth, Esq., of Boston, and Rev. William J. Buddington of Charlestown, having being chosen at the late meeting in place of Hon. Samuel Hubbard and Rev. John Codman, who died the last year. The missionaries now "in the employment of the Society" are Rev. W. G. Eliot, — St. Louis, and destitute vicinity, Mo.; Rev. Mordecai De Lange, — Quincy, etc., Ill.; Rev. A. H. Conant, — Geneva, etc., Ill.; Rev. G. W. Woodward, — Galena, etc., Ill.; Rev. W. T. Huntington, — Milwaukee, etc., Wis.; Rev. T. C. Adam, — Manchester, etc., Mich.; Rev. Henry Emmons, — Vernon, etc., N. Y.; Rev. E. T. Gerry, — Standish, etc., Me.; Rev. Addison Brown, and Rev. A. M. Bridge, — Vernon, etc., Vt.; Rev. L. D. Blodget, — Isle of Shoals, N. H.; Rev. Abraham Plumer, — Island of Matinicus, Me.; Rev. Phineas Fish, — Indians of Marshpee and Herring Pond, Mass.

Dedications. — The Second Congregational Society in MARSHFIELD, Mass., having remodelled their meeting-house, it was dedicated anew by religious services October 24, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Leonard of Marshfield, from Genesis xxviii. 17; the Dedication Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Kendall of Plymouth; and the other services were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Moore of Duxbury, Bradford of Bridgewater, and Smith of Pembroke.

The meeting-house erected by the First Congregational Society in BROOKLINE, Mass., in place of one which they had found inconvenient for the purposes of public worship, was dedicated December 1, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Knapp of Brookline, from 1 Chronicles xvi. 29, and 1 Corinthians iii. 16; the Prayer of Dedication was offered by Rev. Dr. Pierce of Brookline; and the other ser-

VICES were conducted by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury, and Messrs. Hill of Waltham, and Reynolds of Roxbury.

The meeting-house erected by the First Unitarian Society in UPTON, Mass., was dedicated December 14, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Tenney of Upton, from Matthew v. 17; the Prayer of Dedication was offered by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; and the other services were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Willson of Grafton, Stacy of Milford, and Hale of Worcester.

Ordinations and Installations. — Rev. LIBERTY BILLINGS, of Augusta, Me., a graduate of the Meadville Theological School, was ordained as Pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in PETERBORO', N. H., October 25, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Peabody of Boston, from John xvii. 17; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Leonard of Dublin, N. H.; the Charge, and Right Hand of Fellowship, were given by Rev. Mr. Morison of Milton; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Whitwell of Wilton, N. H.; and the other services by Rev. Messrs. Whitwell, and Clarke of Jaffrey, N. H.

Rev. WILLIAM CUSHING of Hingham, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School, was ordained as an Evangelist, at Sherburne, Mass., October 25, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Stone of Chelmsford, from Mark xvi. 15; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Robinson of Medfield; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Richardson of Hingham; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Hubbardston; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Stone of Sharon, and Hill of Hubbardston.

Rev. JAMES FRANCIS BROWN, of Quincy, a graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as Pastor of the First Church and Society in WEST CAMBRIDGE, Mass., November 1, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Robbins of Boston, from Matthew vi. 6; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Walker of Cambridge; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Hall of Dorchester; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Appleton of Danvers; the Address to the People, by Rev. Dr. Francis of Cambridge; and the other services, by Rev. Dr. Ingersol, and Rev. Mr. Muzzey, of Cambridge, and Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston.

Rev. JOSEPH HOBSON PHIPPS, of Weare, N. H., a graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as Minister of the First Parish in FRAMINGHAM, Mass., November 16, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Hall of Dorchester, from Matthew xxii. 40; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Muzzey of Cambridge; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Alger of Roxbury; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Barry of Lowell; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Fox of Boston, Reynolds of Roxbury, and Dr. Allen of Northboro'.

Rev. WILLIAM ORNE WHITE, of Salem, a graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as Pastor of the First Unitarian Society in WEST NEWTON, Mass., November 22, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Morison of Milton, from 2 Corinthians iv. 18; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem; the Charge was given by Rev. Dr. Walker of Cambridge; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Bond of Barre; the Address to the People,

by Rev. Mr. Simmons of Springfield; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Hale of Worcester, Knapp of Brookline, and Hill of Waltham.

Rev. AMOS SMITH, late of Boston, was installed as Pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in LEOMINSTER, Mass., on Sunday, November 26, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Gannett of Boston, from John vi. 68; the Prayer of Installation was offered by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; the Charge, and Address to the People, were given by Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Willson of Grafton; and the other services, by Rev. Mr. Smith and Dr. Parkman.

Rev. THOMAS STARR KING, late of Charlestown, was installed as Pastor of the Hollis Street Society in BOSTON, Mass., December 6, 1848. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Dewey of New York, from Ephesians ii. 1; the Prayer of Installation was offered by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; the Right Hand of Fellowship was given by Rev. Mr. Alger of Roxbury; the Charge, by Rev. Mr. Bartol of Boston; the Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Chapin of New York; and the other services, by Rev. Drs. Frothingham of Boston, Ballou of Medford, and Parkman of Boston.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

University at Cambridge. — The internal state of this institution, we learn, was never better than at the present time. It is therefore the more to be regretted that President Everett's health is such as imposes on him the necessity, under advice of his physicians, of retiring from the office on which he entered with such auspices of success, and to which he has devoted himself with so conscientious and laborious a purpose. The choice of his successor by the Corporation and its confirmation by the Board of Overseers will not take place till the regular meeting of the Board, during the session of the Legislature which will commence on the first Wednesday in this month.

From the Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the University recently published, it appears that the number of Theological Students is 19; Law Students, 103; Students attending Medical Lectures, 139; Special Students, etc., in Scientific School, 16; Resident Graduates, 6; Undergraduates, — Seniors, 75, — Juniors, 58, — Sophomores, 68, — Freshmen, 72; total, 556. The present members of the Corporation are Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. Lemuel Shaw, Charles G. Loring, Esq., Rev. James Walker, D. D., John A. Lowell, Esq., Benjamin R. Curtis, Esq., and Hon. Samuel A. Eliot. The number of persons engaged in instruction in the different departments of the University is thirty-two. The President, Librarian, and Assistant Librarian, Director of the Observatory, and Assistant Observer, four Proctors, and three Professors bearing the title of *Emeritus*, make the whole number of "Officers of Instruction and Government" to be forty-four. Two vacancies remain to be filled. The Public Library of the College includes 54,500 volumes; to which, if the Libraries of the Theological, Medical, and Law Schools be added, the whole number of books belonging to the University will be 71,700. The necessary expenses of an undergraduate, "included in the College bills," are estimated at two hundred dollars a year. Fourteen hundred dollars, the income of various bequests

and donations, are distributed annually, "in sums ranging from twenty to sixty dollars," to "deserving Students in narrow circumstances"; besides which, the interest of a Loan Fund, now amounting to about one thousand dollars, "is annually distributed to meritorious students desirous of receiving it, in sums ranging from twenty to eighty dollars."

From the Triennial Catalogue published this year, we learn that the whole number of persons graduated at Cambridge is 6,131, of whom 2,088 are now living. Of these graduates, 1,489, or nearly one fourth, have afterwards entered the ministry, 319 of whom are living.

A note to the Annual Catalogue refers to a very common error, and corrects it by the information which it gives:—

"'Harvard College' is the name given to the institution by the Charter of 1650, which still remains unaltered and in force. The legal style of the Corporation is 'The President and Fellows of Harvard College,' and their rights and privileges are confirmed to them under that name by the Constitution of the Commonwealth. The chapter of the Constitution in which this is done is entitled, 'The University at Cambridge and Encouragement of Literature, etc.,' and in its first section Harvard College is spoken of as 'the said University.' The name of 'Harvard University' prevails extensively; more so, perhaps, than either of the other designations. But 'Harvard College' and 'The University at Cambridge' are the only names known to the Charter, to the Constitution, and (it is believed) to the legislation of the Commonwealth."

OBITUARY.

MR. PETER MACKINTOSH died at Cambridge, Mass., July 28, 1848, aged 60 years.

Mr. Mackintosh was a native of Boston, and spent his life in laborious usefulness within the city of his birth. Educated at the public schools, he engaged in business at an early age, but met with disappointment and reverse that induced him to quit mercantile pursuits, and qualify himself to become a teacher. In 1822 he was placed at the head of the writing and mathematical department of the Hancock School, where he remained till his death, a conscientious and successful instructor, by his faithfulness securing alike the love of his pupils and the confidence of those who have the oversight of our public schools, as was shown in twenty-five successive elections to the responsible office which he held. Mr. Mackintosh was a religious man in his convictions and his habits. At the age of twenty-seven, he connected himself with the Second church, then under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Lathrop, and in 1824, during the ministry of Mr. Ware, was chosen deacon. By Mr. Ware he was highly esteemed as a friend and parishioner, as in everything relating to the prosperity of the church, and the interests of religion generally, he took a deep interest. Some years ago he removed his residence to Cambridge, and upon the formation of the Lee Street church, in which he took a part, was chosen one of the deacons, acting, also, as superintendent of the Sunday school. Of an ardent temperament, his benevolence was yet governed by judgment, and his life controlled by principle. In his various domestic and social relations he fulfilled the law of love. Possessing a strong faith and a patient trust, he bore a protracted illness with perfect submission, and died in the beauty of a Christian departure.

MR. ISRAEL ALDEN PUTNAM died at Danvers, Mass., October 31, 1848, aged 27 years.

The death of Mr. Putnam struck us all with surprise. He was so full of health, so instinct with life, so earnest in hope and fervent in faith, that we could hardly credit the report that he had been smitten down upon the threshold of professional life. He was ill but ten days, of a malignant disease, by which others of the same household were also dangerously affected.

He was born in Danvers. His early life was marked by a thirst for knowledge which prompted him to surmount serious difficulties and the dissuaves of revered friends, that he might devote his life to truth and holiness. He entered Dartmouth College in 1844, with the settled purpose of spending his strength for the cause of Christ; but circumstances which he could not control obliged him to abandon the hope of a collegiate education almost as soon as it began to be realized. After one college term, he connected himself with the Cambridge Divinity School, passed honorably through its whole course, and when he entered upon those duties at first so unworthily and feebly discharged by all, his services were acceptable, wherever rendered. Engagements pressed upon him, and the new society at Winchendon, which he had done much to gather, desired that he should become their minister, and were ready to erect at once a suitable house of worship. But Providence did not will that it should be so. In the midst of successful activity, and on a day of earnest pulpit-labor, he was seized with the malady which terminated his life.

What struck us most in Mr. Putnam's character was its singular disinterestedness. He never asked of any service which he was desired to render, if it were to many or few, in a school-house or a crowded city church, for little compensation or much. He conceived that the minister ought to present an example of self-sacrifice; and he gave that example. His really superior abilities would have been as cheerfully put forth in the Western log-hut as in the Gothic cathedral. He seemed to prefer to begin with "taking the lowest room," and, while capable of the largest sphere, he chose that which was least coveted, because it was the least, and which, under his profitable ministry, would have soon risen into consequence. But the root of our friend's disinterestedness was his earnest, unaffected piety, his growing spirituality, his constant thought of consecration to doing good. He did not contemplate the ministry as a means of comfortable maintenance, or as an avenue to distinction, and cared little for the formal respect attending upon it as a profession. He wished to be loved for his "work's sake," to live in and for the Church of Christ, to build up the living temple of God's spirit at least in renewed hearts, if not outwardly in flourishing institutions. Hence, short as his professional course was, it has not failed, and it cannot be forgotten. It lives in those for whom he labored, and it lives with us who witnessed his labors. By the smoke of such sacrifice, to adopt Goethe's thought, we are warmed. By his willingness to toil the sluggard-heart is rebuked, as by his generosity the selfish thought is dispelled and the worldly motive changed. Would that we, would that every Protestant ministry, had many such martyr-missionaries!

H—d.

* * * We have added eight pages, in the present instance, to the usual size of our numbers.

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

MARCH, 1849.

ART. I. — LÜCKE'S DISSERTATION ON THE LOGOS.

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE EXAMINER :—

I send you a translation of a Dissertation on the Logos of John, taken from the German Commentary of Professor Lücke of Göttingen. The author is well known by his Commentaries on the Gospel and Epistles of John, and especially by his very learned Introduction to the Apocalypse. He has often been referred to, by Orthodox writers in this country, as an Orthodox theologian. Why he has been so considered, it is difficult to say. He regards a real doctrine of the Trinity as neither contained in the Scriptures, nor consistent with reason. He is, however, a supernaturalist, and receives the records of the miracles of Christ as genuine and essentially true. His Introduction to John's Gospel contains an able defence of its genuineness.

The following Dissertation upon the Logos of John contains some opinions inconsistent not only with Orthodoxy, but with views generally held by Unitarians. But in publishing such an article, no one would think of being responsible for all the opinions it contains. It is a sufficient reason for printing it, that it is a learned, thorough, and honest investigation of a very important subject, — one on which it is desirable to have the views of different writers, distinguished by their learning and love of truth. The author discusses the different points connected with the subject so minutely, that, where he does not engage our assent, he at least shows us in what direction we should renew our inquiries. The discussion may not be interesting except to scholars, or those who are accustomed to investigations in critical theology; but it is certainly desirable that a part of the Examiner should be devoted to articles of this kind. I doubt not that a considerable number of readers will peruse it with pleasure, whether they assent to the correctness of the author's views or not. I send you the translation with the greater satisfaction, as thereby performing an act of justice to Professor Lücke, who has been presented to the American public in a dress which does him little credit.

A translation of a part of the Dissertation, which appeared not long ago in one of our periodicals, was marked by essential imperfections and errors. I have omitted to translate most of the notes.

G. R. N.]

THE fundamental idea of the prologue of John, which is, as it were, the sum of his whole Gospel, is that of the original, antemundane, divine Logos incarnated, that is, become man, in Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God. The enigmatical word in this prologue is the Logos.

The conception of the Logos is not a general religious idea, which may be understood by itself. It is rather of a technical, theological character, not to be understood except in connection with a philosophical or religious system, or mode of thought. John has neither explained nor established it by argument. He has only expressed it in isolated and independent, rather than in connected, propositions. Hence it is evident that he supposed the conception to be already known, in connection with a prevalent system of philosophy or religion. Such being the case, the interpretation of the prologue of John can neither begin nor end with the explanation of particular expressions, and with sole regard to their immediate connection with each other. A mere grammatical interpretation of the Logos of John has never proved satisfactory. It introduces us to the difficulty, without being able to solve it.*

It has appeared from the Introduction,† that the idea of the Logos in John's Gospel grew out of an established religious or philosophical system, or mode of thought, and that it is set forth in essential connection with the same. The great object, therefore, of one who undertakes to explain it must be to unfold this connection with exactness, and thus to throw light on the conception of the Logos which John held. But before entering upon the historical discussion, a preliminary inquiry is necessary. In order to discover the exact course of thought with which John's conception of the Logos is historically connected, it must be settled, by a preliminary grammatical inquiry, what general meaning John attached to the term Logos, according to general and Biblical Greek usage, in its particular connection with his prologue.

* An explanation of this kind may be found in the Examiner for September, 1836. — TR.

† That is, the author's Introduction to his Commentary, § 13. — TR.

According to general Greek usage, the term $\delta\ \lambda\acute{o}\gamma\omicron\varsigma$ may be translated "word," or "reason." If the more definite phrase $\delta\ \lambda\acute{o}\gamma\omicron\varsigma\ \tau\omicron\upsilon\ \Theta\epsilon\omicron\upsilon$ had been used by John, it would have expressed a familiar idea of frequent occurrence in the Scriptures. But John uses simply the term $\delta\ \lambda\acute{o}\gamma\omicron\varsigma$, and expresses more definitely the relation of this $\lambda\acute{o}\gamma\omicron\varsigma$ to God by the affirmations, "In the beginning^e was the Word," "the Word was with God," and "the Word was God," (*Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος, — πρὸς τὸν Θεόν, and Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος*), John i. 1. There can be no doubt, however, that, if a genitive could have been used in this connection, the expression would have stood $\delta\ \lambda\acute{o}\gamma\omicron\varsigma\ \tau\omicron\upsilon\ \Theta\epsilon\omicron\upsilon$, "the word of God." But there can be as little doubt, that the phrase $\delta\ \lambda\acute{o}\gamma\omicron\varsigma\ \tau\omicron\upsilon\ \Theta\epsilon\omicron\upsilon$, as it is used in the writings of John, as well as in the rest of the New Testament,* denotes either "the word of God" as contained in the Old Testament, or "the preached doctrine of the Gospel," and thus expresses an idea different from John's idea of the Logos in his prologue, though perhaps related to it. Such a use of the word in the prologue is forbidden by the proposition, "the Word was made flesh" ($\delta\ \lambda\acute{o}\gamma\omicron\varsigma\ \sigma\acute{\alpha}\rho\kappa\iota\ \epsilon\gamma\acute{\epsilon}\nu\epsilon\tau\omicron$), i. 14.

It is also to be remarked, that, according to the Scripture use of language, the term $\lambda\acute{o}\gamma\omicron\varsigma$ is used neither by John, nor by any other writer in the Scriptures, as denoting "the reason," that is, "the intellect," of God, or man. This idea would be expressed, according as the connection might require, by the terms *πνεῦμα*, *καρδία*, or *νοῦς*, as in 1 Cor. ii. 16. As a Divine attribute, the intellect of God is called in the Scriptures $\eta\ \sigma\omicron\phi\iota\alpha\ \tau\omicron\upsilon\ \Theta\epsilon\omicron\upsilon$. In classical writers the term $\lambda\acute{o}\gamma\omicron\varsigma$ is used to denote the rationality of a thing, etc., — as it were, the objective reason in things and relations, but not the faculty of reason, or the subjective reason. The general signification of the term $\lambda\acute{o}\gamma\omicron\varsigma$, both in the Old and New Testaments, in all connections similar to that in which it is used in John's prologue, is "speech," or "word." And in this signification the phrase $\delta\ \lambda\acute{o}\gamma\omicron\varsigma\ \tau\omicron\upsilon\ \Theta\epsilon\omicron\upsilon$, "the word of God," is a symbolical expression, conveying the idea of the creating, revealing, commanding, and law-giving energy or activity of God. Now that John by the term $\lambda\acute{o}\gamma\omicron\varsigma$ intended to express the particular idea of "the creating, revealing word of God" is placed beyond doubt by the undeniable allusion, in the first three verses of the prologue, to the history of the creation in Gen. i. 1, etc.

* Perhaps Rev. xix. 13 may be an exception.

“The word of God” in the Scriptures never denotes an immanent attribute of God, but always the objective action of God in the world and in relation to the world. It follows, therefore, that, according to Scripture analogy, that interpretation of the Logos which proceeds on the idea that it denotes simply a Divine attribute is at once to be rejected.

John represents the Logos as something personal, — as a person who, although “with God,” *πρὸς τὸν Θεόν*, yet acts and is manifested as in some respects a different person from God (*in einer gewissen Verschiedenheit von Gott*). In verse fourteenth, in particular, the thought is clearly presented, that this Logos became flesh, and thus appeared as a distinct historical person in Jesus Christ. Here the personification of the Logos has reached its height. But however this enigmatical word may be understood, thus much is clear from the tone and sense of the prologue, that it must here denote more than a rhetorical or poetical personification. Taken in connection with the expressions of the Baptist, and of Jesus himself, concerning the preëxistence, and even the antemundane existence, of the Son of God, to which the proposition, *Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος*, “In the beginning was the Word,” evidently refers, John must have had the conception of a dogmatical personification, that is, of an hypostatizing, of the Logos.

But by what previously existing system of dogmatic views may John's conception of the Logos, to which we have been led by mere grammatical interpretation, be illustrated? There are three important circumstances which may safely be regarded as historical argumental data, by the aid of which we may arrive at the true exposition of this prologue. The first circumstance, and that which is most nearly connected with it in regard to time, is the doctrine of Philo concerning the Logos. But the doctrine of Philo may, in its connection with the Jewish theology, be regarded as the union of two courses of thought (*gedankenreihen*) already commenced in the Old Testament, namely, the doctrines of “the word of God,” and “the wisdom of God.” This was the Old Testament background of Philo, and, at the same time, it supplies the second and third of the argumental data by which the prologue of John may be illustrated, and to which we have just alluded.

I. The idea of the Logos is connected with essential elements in the development of the knowledge of God among

the Jews, as made known by history. Through the general revelation in Adam, and the revelations in Abraham and Moses by which the first general revelation was more distinctly defined, the idea of the only true God (the monotheistic, ethical idea of God) was implanted in the minds of the Hebrew people with such energy, that it must of necessity, as a powerful germ of life, irresistibly develop and perfect itself in its time. The character of this development was in respect to its form essentially influenced by two things : first, by the progressive, special revelation of God in the providential guidance of the Jewish people ; secondly, by the natural progress of the Jewish mind in the direction which the impulse of the original revelation had given to it. Thus the knowledge of God in the Old Testament is throughout a religious and positive knowledge. The objective elements of it are accordingly nothing else than a Divine revelation, which is the subject of immediate religious experience. This was subsequently investigated and more accurately defined in respect to its foundation, its subject-matter, and its form. Such a process necessarily led to the knowledge of the attributes of God, as the essential ground and substance of the revelations of himself. This resulted from the nature of man and the idea of God. Man cannot know the essence of God in itself and immediately, but only in the revelation or manifestation of himself, and in his attributes. Now the Hebrews conceived of all revelation of God under the idea of *the word*, and of all the attributes of God under the idea of *the wisdom*, of God. Thus the doctrinal developments relating to *the word* and *the wisdom* of God are the most important circumstances in the history of the Old Testament theology.

1. A principal monument of the progressive Old Testament theology, and one of its principal epochs, is the Mosaic history of the creation. Here the revelation of God in the creation of the world is more closely defined as his " spirit " in respect to its essence, and, in respect to its form, as his " speech " or " word," in which the spirit makes itself known, and operates. The spirit, as well as the word, of God is, it is true, a merely symbolical expression, — a conception drawn from human analogies. But according to the principle of monotheism, the Hebrew could not but esteem the representation, under which the revelation, or manifestation, of God in the creation of the world is set forth, as his spirit in respect to its essence, and his word in respect to its form,

the most immediate, pure, and refined representation which could be made, in opposition to an involuntary, materialistic, or emanatistic form of creation.

This conception of the revelation, or manifestation, of God under the symbol of "the word" is, it is true, not peculiar to the Jewish theology. The religion of Zoroaster * represents the world-creating word, the *honover*, as the most immediate, and the original, revelation of the Infinite, — as that through which the good God himself exists and creates. In the Vedas, also, mention is made of the creative word of Brahma, the goddess Vâch.† But the Old Testament doctrine is only to be compared with the preceding, and not to be derived from it. Supposing the Mosaic account of the creation to be not more ancient than Moses (the stand-point of knowledge which it indicates rather presupposes the Mosaic epoch than the reverse), yet is it more ancient than the doctrine of "the word" in the religious system of the Vedas and in that of Zoroaster, and in its connection is entirely different from it. Until an historical connection between them can be better established than it has been, we can regard these kindred doctrines only as proving how natural it is to the human mind in general to conceive of the Divine agency in creation and providence under the symbol of his "word."

It is agreeable to the constant representations of the Old Testament, that the revelation of God generally takes place essentially in the form of "the word" by means of the Divine spirit and will. To the childlike minds of primitive antiquity God revealed himself in dreams and visions ; he came near to them even in visible manifestations, and walked upon the earth. The poetry of the Hebrews preserved these representations of Divine revelation, or manifestation, to a later period. But in proportion as knowledge advanced, we find "the word," the expression of the power of the spirit, represented as the type, and, as it were, the model, of all Divine revelation, or manifestation, in the preservation and government, as well as in the creation, of the world. All Divine life and light in the world, in nature as well as in history, — the law, the promises, the prophecies, the guidance and direction of God, and the prophetic gifts, — all this is

* See Kleukers *Zend-Avesta im Kleinen*, Th. II. § 1 et seq.

† See Von Bohlen *das Alten Indien*, Th. I. §§ 159 and 212.

the action of the Divine spirit in the form of the Divine word, *דְּבַר יְהוָה*, *λόγος* or *ὁῦμα Θεοῦ*, or *Κυρίου*. See Numb. xiv. 41 ; Ps. xxxiii. 6, 9 ; xciii. 5 ; cvii. 20 ; cxlvii. 18 ; cxlviii. 8 ; Is. ii. 1, 3 ; Jer. i. 4, 11, 13 ; ii. 1, 4 ; Is. xlviii. 16 ; lxi. 1 ; and many other passages.

Poetic personifications of the Divine word are frequent. See Ps. cxlvii. 15 ; Is. lv. 10, 11. This arises from the nature of poetic language. But the Old Testament personifications of the Divine word contain a dogmatic germ, a dogmatic tendency, and are, as it were, preformations of the later hypostatizing of the Divine word. Two things in relation to this subject deserve particular attention. First, the greater distinctness and frequency with which, in the Old Testament, the Divine word becomes objective in the written law. The word of God especially manifested itself among the people in the law, and had in it, as it were, a self-supporting life and influence in the world. Secondly, the cases in which the Divine attributes are transferred to the Divine word, and in which the Divine word is represented as identical with God himself. The word of God is described as true, eternal, full of wisdom, almighty, etc. See Ps. xxxiii. 4 ; civ. ; cv. ; cxix. 89 ; Is. xl. 8 ; Jer. xxiii. 29 ; and other passages. As an immediate and real expression of the Divine spirit and will, the word partakes of a Divine character and essence, and becomes more and more identified with the same. In the same proportion, therefore, it must have been more and more regarded as a Divine person. Still, the Old Testament canon leads us no farther than to the above-mentioned *tendency* to pass from the poetical personification of the Divine word to the dogmatical personification, or the hypostatizing, of it.

Later than the doctrine of the Divine "word," we find in the Old Testament the doctrine of the Divine "wisdom," which was developed in the following manner. Only in proportion as the religious and moral life becomes elevated, and, at the same time, more various, and thus richer in the experience and intuition of Divine revelation, can men become acquainted with the attributes of God. So it is in the Old Testament. It is in accordance with the natural progress of knowledge that the Hebrews should know and adore the infinite power, sooner than the wisdom, of God. The knowledge of the latter, which includes the moral perfection and the designing (*zweckvolle*) government of God, requires a larger course of religious experience and believing contem-

plation. Only to the pious sage did the wisdom of God disclose itself as the collected sum of the Divine perfections, as the eternal light, and the eternal order, of the world. Accordingly, we find that it is only in the later books of the Old Testament that the doctrine of the Divine wisdom is specially unfolded. The most remarkable passages relating to it are to be found in the book of Job and the Proverbs of Solomon ; the time of the composition of both which books we suppose to have been not far from the beginning of the exile at Babylon.

In the theodicy which forms the subject of the book of Job, the Divine wisdom (חֵכֶמָה) is represented in ch. xxviii. 12, etc., in contrast with human wisdom, as unsearchable and unfathomable even to the wisest among men. God only, it is said, knows the way to it ; only he knows its dwelling-place ; for he looks to the end of the earth, and sees what is under the whole heaven. When he weighed the winds, and divided the waters by measure, when he gave laws to the rain and a path to the lightning, then he saw it, revealed it, established it, and searched it out. But to man he said, "Behold, the fear of the Lord is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." Thus is the Divine wisdom personified as fully known and manifest to God alone, but at the same time as revealed, or, as it were, become objective, in the creation and order of the world, as an infinite problem, which man is with humility to solve, but which he will be able to solve only in proportion as he fears God and departs from evil.

More complete, and from another stand-point, is the representation in Proverbs, ch. viii., ix. As in ch. vii. 1, etc. (comp. ix. 13, etc.), sinful folly (פְּסִילוֹת) is poetically described as a harlot, who seduces, ruins, and slays mankind, so in ch. viii. 1, etc., in an antithetic parallel passage, wisdom is poetically personified as a cardinal virtue, who seeks and invites men, and makes them happy with her blessings. Wisdom in its perfection, the wisdom of God, is the ground and archetype of human wisdom. In ch. viii. 22, she calls herself the first-born daughter of God. Jehovah created, or prepared, (קָנָה) her in the beginning, or as the beginning, of his ways, before his works. From the beginning, before the foundation of the earth, he anointed her as queen, as governess of the world. Thus, as the first-born daughter of God, she was with God (אֶצְלוֹ, at his side) as the artist by whom God arranges all things, the delight of God, his darling child, day

by day. And as she gladdens God and is his perpetual delight, so also upon earth this cheerful, bliss-imparting wisdom is the joy of men, blessing all, who seek and love her, with the knowledge of truth, with virtue and skill, with the favor of God and eternal salvation.

The connection and tone of the whole passage show beyond a doubt, that the wisdom of God in this passage is, in a vivid poetical way, rhetorically personified, and not dogmatically hypostatized. But at the base of this personification lies the thought, that the Divine wisdom is not quiescent and shut up in God, but active and manifest in the world. It is conceived of as a cosmical, objective principle, and thus also, as it were, as a creature of God, impressed upon, and operative in, his works, as well as in all that is regarded as wisdom among men.

It is, moreover, to be observed, that wisdom, being, according to Solomon, the principle which creates and governs the world and leads to eternal salvation, comprises in itself all the revelations of God, and, as a Divine attribute, includes counsel and action, understanding and power, justice, holiness, goodness, in fine, all the attributes of God, and consequently is the moral point of unity in the Divine nature.

Solomon's personification of the Divine wisdom exerted a very important influence upon the further development of the idea of God. It became, as it were, the stereotyped model for similar representations, the starting-point and theme of later doctrinal views. Hence it appears that it was not an accidental poetical effusion, but a mode of representation which was closely connected with the internal progress of reflection among the Hebrews concerning God and his revelations, or manifestations.

Two general remarks may be made here. First, when we compare Solomon's representation of the "wisdom" of God with the Old Testament view of the "spirit" and the "word" of God, we find that what is there predicated of the spirit and the word of God is by him included in the conception of the Divine wisdom. The allusion to the Mosaic description of the creation is not to be mistaken, although no mention is made by Solomon of the word and the spirit. In this connection, wisdom, as described by Solomon, appears as the closer attributive designation, and, at the same time, as the ethical conception and essence, of the creating and governing word of God. Hence is ex-

plained the subsequent more perfect amalgamation of both courses of thought.

Secondly, why did the Hebrews include the attributes and the revelations of God under this particular conception of wisdom, and remain stationary in this view? In answer to this question it may be remarked that wisdom is, with the exception of love, the chief of all the Divine attributes in a monotheistic moral point of view. The omnipotence and omniscience, the eternity and omnipresence, of God fill one with astonishment; his justice and holiness, with reverence and awe. The well-planned system of Divine manifestation is, in these attributes, not yet seen. The fact, that man is his moral image, is still dark. Both these circumstances came into full human consciousness only in the conception of wisdom. There still lies beyond it, however, one thing higher, yea, the highest. It is the New Testament idea, — "God is love"; that is, love is the complete epitome of his nature, the last ground and profoundest unity of all his attributes. But to this conception the Hebrew could not elevate himself; because the complete revelation of the redeeming mercy of God, which was first manifested in Christ, was only the subject of hope and prophecy in the Old Testament. Thus it was that the Hebrew, though acquainted with the Divine wisdom's goodness and friendliness to man, did not go beyond the idea of wisdom, and did not comprehend this perfectly, because unacquainted with its deepest foundation, love.

II. The germs and first shoots of the doctrine of the Logos are without doubt contained in the canonical books of the Old Testament. The next further development of them we find in the Greek Apocrypha, appended to the canon. Here is found the transition process to the Alexandrian conception of the Logos, as expressed in the writings of Philo. Two books here demand particular consideration, — "Jesus, the Son of Sirach," and "The Wisdom of Solomon."

1. "Jesus, the Son of Sirach," the older book, was originally thought out and written in Hebrew, being an apocryphal imitation of the Proverbs of Solomon. In its principal descriptions of the wisdom of God, in ch. i. and xxiv., it is immediately connected with Solomon's representation of wisdom, and makes known to us its progressive tradition among the Jews of Palestine. It is said, ch. i. 1–10, that

all wisdom is from God (*παρὰ Κυρίου*), and is with him for ever. This unsearchable wisdom is created before all things. God, the only wise, hath created her, known her, and sought her out, or poured her out, over all his works and all flesh (comp. Joel iii. 1), and bestowed her, according to his gift, upon those that love him. In verse sixth it is asked, "To whom hath the root of knowledge been revealed?" The answer is, according to the received text of verse fifth, "The fountain of wisdom is the word of God, and her ways are the everlasting commandments." But this whole verse is a spurious, later addition. In ch. xxiv., however, a connection between the word and the wisdom of God is intimated, though in a somewhat different manner. The nature of the representation in ch. xxiv. is particularly worthy of notice. Wisdom is here introduced as speaking. She says of herself, ch. xxiv. 3, etc., that in the beginning of things she "came out of the mouth of the Most High." Thus did she proceed from God with the world-creating, revealing word, "before time, from the beginning." She encompasses and rules heaven and earth, and has her possession among all peoples and nations, xxiv. 16. But she seeks rest and an abiding possession. Then God grants to her "to dwell in Jacob and to have her peculiar possession in Israel." Thus she serves before God in the holy tabernacle, and holds a permanent place upon Zion, and has her dominion in Jerusalem, verses 10, 11. Here, planted among the people of God, she grows up like a cedar in Lebanon, etc., like a lovely, flourishing vine, and her blossoms bear rich and honorable fruit, verses 12–17. And as the law of God among this people is the fulness of all wisdom, so, according to Sirach, it becomes in this law, that is, the book of the covenant, as it were visible as an unfathomable stream of Divine revelations, pouring forth doctrine and prophecy, knowledge and love, for all ages, verses 22–32. This description, however, contains nothing which points to any other source than the natural internal progress of the Hebrew mind in the contemplation of wisdom. We find in it no distinct traces of an hypostatizing of the Divine wisdom. The allegory, the imagery, of the representation gives only the appearance of real personality. It is manifest, however, that the son of Sirach, while he takes a combined view of Divine and human wisdom as type and reflex image, regards the former as *inworlded*; that is, as the revelation of God become objective in the creation, pres-

ervation, and government of the world. Since, now, he finds the concentration of this revelation of wisdom, as it were the culminating point of it, in the Jewish people, in the theocratic covenant (διαθήκη), in the glory of God (δόξα Θεοῦ) in the tabernacle and the temple, and finally in the theocratic laws and prophecies, it is evident that he comprehends under the wisdom of God (σοφία τοῦ Θεοῦ) all that is elsewhere in the Old Testament said of the πνεῦμα and the λόγος τοῦ Θεοῦ, the spirit and the word of God. In this way the wisdom of God was more and more regarded among the Jews as the objective sum, or epitome, of all the revelations of God, and, indeed, as the ethical ground and connection (*Zusammenhang*) of the same.

Parallel with ch. xxiv. of Sirach is the representation of wisdom in Baruch, a book written originally in Greek, and considerably late.* God, it is said in ch. iii. 37, iv. 4, hath given wisdom, which he alone knows, to Jacob his servant. Afterwards she appeared on the earth and was conversant with men, namely, in the law, which abideth for ever.

2. Different from this is the representation in the Alexandrine-Jewish writing, the "Wisdom of Solomon," which appears to have been written about a full century before Christ. It is possible, as the passage ch. xvi. 26–29 gives occasion to suspect, that the author belonged to the sect of the Egyptian Therapeutæ.† It is one whole, a connected eulogy of wisdom. The far-famed king of wisdom, Solomon, exhorts the rulers of the earth to true monotheistic wisdom, describes its value and reality in contrast with heathen folly, shows by his own example how it must be sought, represents it as having been proved in the history of the Jewish nation in particular to be the preserving, delivering, and blessing power of the world, that is, as Providence; while he shows that folly, particularly the folly of idolatry, leads to ruin and destruction. In its form this book has a partial resemblance to the Proverbs of Solomon, but in its spirit and substance it is essentially different.

For our purpose, the passage from ch. vi. 22 to ch. ix. requires particular attention. Solomon in the beginning of this passage declares, that he will tell what wisdom is, and how it originated. He then describes it as the highest good,

* See De Wette's Einleit. in das A. T., § 323.

† See Eichhorn's Einleit., pp. 134 et seq. and 150 et seq.

vii. 7-14, — as the epitome of all knowledge, skill, and virtue, vii. 16-21, viii. 2, etc. It is the merciful gift of God, which is imparted only to the pious in answer to their pure prayer; viii. 19, etc. In ch. vii. 22, etc., he describes the nature of it as follows. It is the sum of all skill and knowledge. “For in her is an understanding spirit, holy, first-born, or simple,* [and at the same time] manifold, subtile,† easily-moving, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving what is good, sharp, irresistible, beneficent, friendly to man, firm, sure, blessed (*ἀμείμιον*), almighty, all-seeing, and penetrating all understanding, pure, and very subtile spirits. For wisdom is more movable (or agile) than all motion. She passes and goes through all things by reason of her purity. For she is a breath of the power of God, and a pure efflux of the glory of the Almighty. Therefore can nothing defiled fall into her. For she is a reflection of the eternal light, and an unspotted mirror of the power of God, and an image of his goodness. She is only one, and yet can do all things. She remains in herself [that is, is unchangeable] and yet renews all things, and in all ages, entering into holy souls, she forms friends of God and prophets. For God loves nothing but him who dwells with wisdom [is familiar with her]. For she is more splendid than the sun, and is exalted above the seat of all the stars; compared with light, she is found before it. For after this follows night; but against wisdom vice cannot prevail. She reaches mightily from one end [of the world] to another, and orders all things well.”

Wisdom is here represented as a holy spirit of light, which streams forth from God, and penetrates all things. Its essence is spirit, without matter. She partakes of all the attributes of the Divine nature, or all the attributes of God are in her. In all the works of God she is the governing principle; the Divine instrument in the creation, as well as in the preservation and government of the world. In this sense the author calls her the *πρόεδρος*‡ of the throne of God, present with him when he made the world. Ch. ix. 4, 9. Though he does not expressly assert it, yet from the whole representation, and particularly from ch. ix. 4, 9, we must conclude,

* That is, in distinction from manifold. — Tr.

† In distinction from gross. — Tr.

‡ That is, “sitting near” the Divine throne, or, perhaps, “fellow-occupant” of it. — Tr.

that, like the Son of Sirach, he conceived of wisdom as having proceeded forth from God before the creation of the world. He parallelizes it, in ch. ix. 1, 2, and xvi. 12 (comp. Ps. cvii. 20), with the Divine λόγος, but in such a manner that the Logos particularly indicates the revelation-form of the Divine power, while wisdom represents the ethical principle of the world. It is especially worthy of notice, that, in ch. xviii. 15, 16, the "almighty word" (πανταδύναμος λόγος), which slew the first-born of Egypt, is represented as an angel, which, touching heaven, walks upon the earth and spreads death and destruction. (Comp. 1 Chron. xxi. 15, 16.) But this Logos is the Divine punishment-power, represented, in poetical personification, as an angel. This author also represents wisdom not only in parallelism with the holy spirit, but as identical with it. See i. 4–7, vii. 22, compared with ix. 17, vii. 7, xii. 1. This leads to a discussion of the question, whether, and how far, the author conceived of wisdom (σοφία) as an independent personal being out of God, or whether he only intended to represent it as a poetical or fictitious person. The tone of the representation from ch. viii. 2–9 to ix. 18 is almost wholly in favor of a mere poetical personification of wisdom. Solomon seeks wisdom, chooses her as the bride of his youth, as his counsellor and comforter. In intercourse with her he finds immortality, cheerfulness and joy, riches and honor. Here evidently she is conceived of and personified as a human cardinal virtue. Also in ch. vi. 9, etc., to vii. 22, the more ancient representation found in the book of Proverbs predominates.

But when, in the tenth and following chapters, where providential wisdom is set forth in the history of the Jewish nation as comprising the Divine power, love, and righteousness, we find wisdom used interchangeably with "the Lord" (ὁ Κύριος), we are obliged to regard the representation as implying something more than mere poetical personification. The wisdom of God is a conception comprising the whole revelation, or manifestation, of God in the world. This is, indeed, the case in the Son of Sirach. But in vii. 22, etc., it is undeniable that the author goes farther; that he conceives of wisdom as a being of light, as emanated from God, as a holy spirit of light, as a living, active image of God in the world, in fine, as a sort of Platonic world-soul: I say a sort of Platonic world-soul; for wisdom here is something more than the mere Platonic soul-substance in the midst of

the world. It is evidently in this passage the real, inworlded (*inweltlich gewordene*), Divine principle of the world, the peculiar medium of action (*mittlerschaft*) between God and the world. In this view, however, the author is still remote from a decided hypostatizing of wisdom in the form of a self-living* personal being. He has not yet penetrated to the conception of the *λόγος* as a second God (*δευτερος Θεός*), as held by Philo. The attributive view of God (*Der göttliche eigenschaftsbegriff*), and the Old Testament mode of thinking, were still too strong with him. But, notwithstanding the ambiguity of the representation, a speedy transition to the doctrine of Philo is indicated in a manner too evident to be mistaken.

This writing belongs to a stage in the formation of the Jewish theology, in which the mixture of the Old Testament doctrine of revelation with the Oriental-Greek religious philosophy, or gnosis, which is found in Alexandrian Judaism, had already commenced.

III. The ground and beginning of this mixture, so far as it can be historically traced, may be referred to the exile at Babylon. It was natural that the Jews should compare the religion of a foreign land with their own. If now there was an obvious partial affinity between the Mosaic religion and Sabaism, which at that time had received new life through the reformation of Zoroaster, then the influence of the doctrines of Zoroaster upon the Jewish modes of thinking on the subject of religion was inevitable. We may, perhaps, best define this influence generally, by saying, that not only a mixed religious mode of thinking, which sought to combine the native and the foreign in religion, enlarging and illustrating the one by the other, was thereby excited and formed, but that there originated from it a religious-philosophic, or gnostic, tendency, which aspired beyond the positive and various in religion to general religious ideas, and consequently to religious speculation.†

From this period of the more advanced theological culture among the Jews, between the seventh and fourth centuries before Christ, it is sufficient for our purpose to adduce in particular the wider extension and increasing importance of the doctrine of angels in the Jewish faith. The higher spirit-

* The author probably means, "having a separate, independent life."—Tr.

† See J. F. Kleuker über die Natur und der Ursprung der Emanationslehre bey den Kabbalisten. 1786—8.

world, as a system of hypostatized Divine powers, became more and more regarded as a necessary medium between the holy nature of God and the sensible world. It was in accordance with this that, at this time, the doctrine of the Divine creative word became more and more conformed to the Zoroastrian idea of the "honover," and acquired a speculative religious character. The last is especially manifested in the Egyptian, particularly the Alexandrian, period of Hellenistic culture, which followed the Persian age.

It is known that in Egypt, especially in Alexandria under the Ptolemies, there was a large Jewish community, which took an active part in the new Græco-Egyptian culture and literature. This culture was a mixture of the Greek and Oriental morals, religion, and wisdom, and an essential element in it was the Oriental religious philosophy, or gnosis. In this last the Jews especially participated, and thus arose the Jewish-Alexandrian religious philosophy, or gnosis.

We pass by the earlier scattered traces of this gnosis in the Alexandrian version of the Old Testament. More obvious are the indications of it in the fragments of the Alexandrian Jew Aristobulus,* who flourished about the middle of the second century before Christ. This writer was the author of a gnostic-allegoric commentary on the Mosaic writings (ἡ τῶν ἱερῶν νόμων ἐρμηνεία, or ἐξηγήσεις τῆς Μωσέως γραφῆς). Here, in a fragment relating to the history of the creation, it is said, among other things, — "Since our life is full of trouble, God, who made the whole world, has given us the seventh day for rest. This day may φουικῶς, that is, in a metaphysical sense, be called the first generation of the light in which all is seen and comprehended together. The same thing, also, may be said of wisdom. For all light is from her, and some of the [Peripatetic] school have said of her, that she has the property (τύξιν) of a torch; for they who followed her would be, their whole life through, in a state of uninterrupted rest. But more clearly and finely our ancestor Solomon has said the same thing, 'Before the heavens and the earth she was there.'"[†]

So far as the fragments of Aristobulus enable us to judge of the nature of his doctrine, he seems to have conceived of wisdom as the antemundane creative power, in the same way as the author of the book of Wisdom. The dis-

* See Valckenaer de Aristobulo Judæo, etc. Edit. J. Luzac, 1806.

[†] See Euseb. Præp. Ev., xiii. 12.

inction between the hidden and the revealed God comes here and there into view. But respecting his view of the Logos, his Fragments leave us in the dark.

A complete and clear representation of the Alexandrian-Jewish gnosis, as it had developed itself in the times of Christ and the Apostles, is afforded by Philo.* But we should be deceived, if, in consequence of the fulness in which the Jewish gnosis is developed in the writings of Philo, we should expect a complete and strictly connected system. Neither Philo, as it appears, nor the whole tendency, was likely to produce it. For a mixture of the Hebrew doctrines of revelation, the Oriental theosophy, and the Hellenic wisdom from the most widely different schools, the Platonic and Aristotelian, the Stoic and Pythagorean, could never, in the strongest and clearest minds, grow into a living theological or philosophical system.

The circumstance, that Philo, who flourished in the first forty or fifty years of the Christian era, was a partial contemporary of the Apostle John, leads us to expect, that, if John's doctrine of the Logos had any historical connection with the Jewish gnosis of the time, it would have been in fact most affected by the view of it given by Philo. But in order that the circumstance of contemporaneity, and the great resemblance of Philo's doctrine to that of John, may not blind us to the essential intrinsic difference between the former and the latter, it is necessary to give a brief view of the doctrine of Philo, in connection with his whole representation of the being of God, and his relations to the world.

God (*ὁ ὄντως Θεός, ὁ εἰς ὄντως ὢν Θεός, ὁ ἀληθεῖα Θεός*) is, according to Philo, the absolute perfection, universality, and simplicity of being, — mere being without attributes and without a name. He is, as to his essence, incomprehensible, hidden, the absolute light-essence (*τὸ ὄν*), shut up in itself, and existing without relation to any thing else. He stands out of

* Concerning Philo and his philosophy and theology generally, see, among the older views, Mangey, in his edition of Philo's Works, Proleg. — J. B. Carpzov. *Sacræ Exercit. in S. Pauli Epistolam ad Hebræos ex Philone.* — J. L. Moshemius ad Cudworthi *Systema Intellectuale*. Tom. I. p. 828, etc. — E. H. Stahl, *Versuch eines systemat. Entwurfs des Lehrbegriffes Philos von Alexand.* in Eichhorn's *allgem. Biblioth. der bibl. Litteratur*, Bd. IV. St. 5, pp. 569 – 890. — Gfrörer, *Philo und die Alexand. Theosophie*, Bd. I. — Dähne, *gesch. Darstell. der Jüdisch-Alexandr. Religionsphilos.*, Bd. I. p. 114, etc. — Ritter's *Gesch. d. Philos.*, Bd. IV. p. 418, etc. — C. G. Grossmann *Quæstiones Philonæ*, Lips. 1829.

and above the world, in an exclusive opposition to the world, so far as this is the aggregate of what is material (the *ὑλη*). He is the absolute cause of all that is. But inasmuch as the sensible world has formless and spiritless matter for its substratum, God, being absolutely perfect and unchangeable, cannot be conceived of as having any immediate contact with it, either as creating or forming it, and giving life to it, or as preserving and governing it.

How, then, is God still the absolute cause of all things, the creator and lord of the world? He is revealed and known to the world mediately, through his powers (*δυνάμεις*). These, being different from the absolute Being, as well as from the hylic or material world, are the necessary media of the activity and presence of God in the world. Without this mediation there is no appropriate (*πρέπον*) conception of God.* Surrounded by these powers, as a king by his servants, God administers the concerns of the world as the Supreme Cause. Innumerable and various as the stars and angels, these powers (*δυνάμεις*), in Platonic phraseology called *ἰδέαι* (*ὧν ἔνυμον ὄνομα αἱ ἰδέαι*), comprise the archetypes, patterns, real principles of all things, and are thus the *κόσμος νοητός*, the bodiless archetypal world itself, of which the sensible world is a copy,† or image, impressed upon matter. These innumerable powers have, moreover, their ranks and classes. In general, Philo distinguishes the two highest and most excellent of these powers, namely, the beneficent (*χαριστική*) or creating, and the governing (*βασιλική*); under which is particularly comprehended the punishing, chastising (*κολαστική*) power. The first, he says, is in the Scriptures called *Θεός*, the other *Κύριος*.‡

As now God is in his essence one, so also, in the opinion of Philo, these powers, though scattered in the visible or sensible world (the Stoic *λόγος σπερματικός*) in infinite variety and gradation, are yet essentially one, and that, not only inasmuch as they are all powers of God, but also as they are in themselves and objectively one. This unity lies in the comprehension of the Divine Logos, as that in which all the Divine powers or ideas, in reference both to their immanence in God and their communication or dispersion in the world, are comprised and arranged.

* See Philo, De Posterit., I. p. 229, Mangey, and De Victimis, II. 261.

† See De Confus. Linguar., I. 431; De Sacrificiis Abelis et Caini, I. 173; Quis Rerum Div. Hæres, I. 496; and De Profugis, I. 560.

‡ De Sacrific. Abel. et Caini, at passages before mentioned.

These conceptions may have as their background, or obscure point of termination, the Mosaic history of the creation ; but their recognized starting-point, or source, was the gnosis, which was a compound of the Hellenistic philosophy and the Oriental theosophy. As Philo, in his view of the relations of God to the world, proceeded, according to the Hellenistic method, from the idea of the world, and apprehended this according to the Platonic doctrine of ideas, which was in general the natural philosophy of the Greeks, but sought through the doctrine of emanation to unite with it the Hebrew history of the creation, it naturally followed that the Hebrew idea of wisdom, as immediately expressing too little, was not employed by him. On the other hand, the Old Testament representation of the "word" and "words" of God presented itself as the most appropriate Biblical form for his gnosis. Not only did this expression serve, especially in Greek, to denote the unity and multiplicity of the Divine powers and ideas (*λόγος* and *λόγοι*), but, by reason of its double signification of "reason" and "word," it allowed the aggregate of the Divine powers in the world to be viewed as immanent in God, as well as emanated.

Whilst, therefore, Philo after his manner explained in his gnosis the Old Testament ground of faith, and at the same time sought to express his gnostic ideas in the Old Testament forms of representation and phraseology, there arose in his writings a mixed use of language, so that as a Platonist he called the Divine powers (*δυνάμεις*) ideas, while as a believing Jewish writer he called them angels (*ἄγγελοι*), and designedly used all three of these representations interchangeably with each other.*

We will now set forth his doctrine of the Logos with greater particularity.

According to the double meaning of the term *λόγος*, "thought" and "speech," "reason" and "word," and according to the analogy of the human *λόγος ἐνδιάθετος*, "inward speech," or "unuttered thought," and the human *λόγος προφορικός*, "uttered thought," as it were, "thought made external," Philo employs the conception of the *θεῖος λόγος*, or *λόγος τοῦ Θεοῦ*, in a twofold relation, and accordingly distinguishes the relation of the Divine *λόγος*, in so far as he is immanent in God, the Divine reason, the Divine thought, and

* See De Poster. Caini, I. 242. Allegor., I. 122.

the relation of the same in so far as, being uttered or expressed as the word of God, he appears in the world and creates the world.*

The pure immanent λόγος τοῦ Θεοῦ, or the Divine νοῦς,† is, like God himself, incomprehensible and inconceivable by man, and consequently, although in abstraction different, is still one with the essence of God. But with this more abstract, attributive, and, as it were, facultative (*facultativen*) apprehension of the λόγος ἐνδιάθετος, Philo does not stop. The λόγος ἐνδιάθετος includes in itself, yea is itself, the ἰδέα ἰδεῶν, the ideal of things, the ἀρχέτυπος ἰδέα, the archetypal world, νοητὸς κόσμος, which existed‡ as a reality in God before any outward creation or formation of the hylic world. In this fulness of life, the λόγος, as an eternal (αἰδῖος) original act in God himself, is the ἐννόησις, the λογισμὸς Θεοῦ λογιζομένου.

But even as an original act of God, as living power, the λόγος is at the same time προφορικός; that is, as the creating, world-forming activity of God, it comes forth out of God, as the uttered word. Thus the λόγος ἐνδιάθετος becomes revealed in the world through the speech of God, and may be conceived of and comprehended by men as the λόγος λεγόμενος, the ῥῆμα τοῦ Θεοῦ, according to the Old Testament phraseology. But as this is only the defined relation of the Divine λόγος to the actual world, the λόγος προφορικός is, it is true, the production of the λόγος ἐνδιάθετος, and the latter the fountain of the former; and yet it is at the same time essentially one with the immanent λόγος (ὁ γὰρ Θεὸς λέγων ἅμα ἐποίει), as it were its habitation (οἶκος), just as a human word is the habitation of the spirit, the idea; that is, is the form which it assumes in its manifestation.§

Every living active relation of God to the world, every objective manifestation of God therein, is comprehended in the λόγος προφορικός. He is the τομεὺς πάντων, the *mensura universorum*, inasmuch as, being the place, or seat, of ideas, he gives to each one its measure and relation, or contains in himself this measure and relation. || Thus the λόγος προφορικός forms or creates the world, inasmuch as he either impresses

* See De Confus. Ling., I. 412. Vita Mosis, II. 154.

† See De Migrat. Abraham., I. 436.

‡ See De Opific. Mund., § 4–6, edit. Richter.

§ See De Migrat. Abraham., I. 437. De Prof., I. 561. De Somn., I. 595.

|| Quis Rerum Divin. Hæres, I. 491. Vita Mosis, II. 155. De Profugis, I. 562.

himself upon the existing matter as a Divine seal (*σφραγίς*), or gives to it its cosmical ideal form.* And as he created the world, or, in other words, as God created it by him (*δι' αὐτοῦ*), so also he preserves it ; he is the Divine power, dwelling in and preserving the world, its Divine foundation and bond, and, inasmuch as the connection and arrangement of the Divine ideas are contained in him, he is its everlasting law. But he is not only the mere formal outward law and measure dwelling in things, but, as he is full of light and life, so also he fills all with Divine light and life, and orders and administers all with Divine wisdom, love, justice, and holiness. Thus he penetrates and quickens, leads and conducts, the world, as the Divine providence, and is, in outward nature, the Divine ordering and necessity, and, in the world of mankind, partly the Divine power dwelling in every soul by nature, the pure reason, the conscience, and partly the bestower of wisdom and guardian of virtue. Moreover, as all wisdom, whether as the disposition of the order of the world, or as virtue, proceeds from him, he is called the wisdom of God (*ἡ σοφία τοῦ Θεοῦ*). He is also one and the same with the Spirit, the Holy Spirit of God, in its objective manifestation in the world ; partly inasmuch as he holds together the world as a uniting spirit, and partly inasmuch as he gives spirit to men, and inspires them, especially as a prophetic spirit.

Thus, according to Philo, the Logos is the oldest creature of God, not unbegotten like God, and yet not created like a finite being ; he is the oldest son of the Eternal Father (*ὁ πρωτόγονος υἱὸς Θεοῦ*), the image of God, the creator of the world, the revealed name of God, the mediator between God and the world, who separates (*ὄρεος*) and connects both, the highest angel, the second God (*ὁ δευτερος Θεός*), the high-priest, the reconciler, the intercessor of the world and men, whose historical life and manifestation are particularly conspicuous in the history of the Jewish people, so that all the Divine forms and manifestations in the Scriptures are to be referred to him.

In this far more figurative than logical mode of representation, and in the interchange and mingling of the positive Old Testament with the Jewish-gnostic elements, it may well be made a question, whether Philo conceived of the Divine Logos as a real person, as an hypostasis distinct from God, or not.

As long as we fix our attention on particular representa-

* De Profugis, I. 547, 548.

tions, we may be in doubt; but the more we penetrate into the religious philosophy of Philo in its interior connection, the more decidedly shall we answer the question in the affirmative.

A part of Philo's personifications were purely allegorical and typical, and presented only a figurative costume, and a Biblical representation of the idea. In these, therefore, we find no proof of an hypostatizing of the Logos. Among these I reckon his designations of the Logos as *ἀρχιερεύς*, *πυράκκλητος*, *δέσμος*, *σφραγίς*, and others of the same kind. Still, however, this poetical personification is often of such a nature, that, in connection with his general mode of thinking, it appears to indicate a metaphysical conception rather than a rhetorical image in the mind of Philo. On the other hand, the analogies of the Divine Logos, borrowed by Philo from the human soul, its relations, virtues, and attributes, are of as little weight against the hypostatizing of the Logos.* For, independently of other considerations, the human is not, according to Philo, an absolute and adequate image of the Divine.

As Philo regards the Logos under two points of view, that of the immanence and the emanation, his mode of representing the Logos in relation to God is accordingly different. *The more the immanence and the attributive character of the Logos in God become permanent, the more the difference between the Logos and the Divine *μονάς*, and consequently the independent personality of the former, recede, without, however, being thereby destroyed. But where the emanated living activity of the Logos is brought forward, there also must the difference of the Logos from God, and, if this was in reality the view of Philo, the independent existence and personality of the Logos, be made prominent. But that Philo did in reality conceive of the *λόγος προφορικός*, and in this mediately the *λόγος ἐνδιάθετος*, as a real hypostasis different from God, yet dependent upon him, is in my opinion evident from the following considerations.

First, Philo repeatedly calls the Logos the *ἀρχάγγελος*.† If, then, the Jewish theology of the times regarded angels as personal beings, different from God, it follows that he must have conceived of the Logos, the highest angel, as a personal being.

* Among modern writers, Grossman, Gfrörer, Dähne, and Ritter decide for an hypostatizing of the Logos in Philo. [So also Mr. Norton, in his Statement of Reasons, § 10. — TR.]

† Quis Rerum Divin. Hæres, §§ 26, 27, edit. Richter. De Opificio Mundi, §§ 1–4.

Secondly, in the well-known fragments in Eusebius,* Philo distinctly calls the Logos τὸν δεύτερον Θεόν, and distinguishes from the same the τὸν πρὸ τοῦ λόγου, or ὑπὲρ τὸν λόγον, Θεόν, or τὸν ἀνωτάτω καὶ πατέρα τῶν ὅλων. He proposes to explain in what sense God says, in Gen. i, 27, ἐν εἰκόνι Θεοῦ ἐποίησα τὸν ἄνθρωπον, — ὡς περὶ ἑτέρου Θεοῦ.† When now he says, παγκάλως καὶ σοφῶς τουτὶ κεχρησμέθηται, θνητὸν γὰρ οὐδὲν ἀπεικονισθῆναι πρὸς τὸν ἀνωτάτω καὶ πατέρα τῶν ὅλων ἐδύνατο, ἀλλὰ πρὸς τὸν δεύτερον Θεόν, ὃς ἐστὶν ἐκείνου λόγος, this is an explanatory, and consequently a distinct and genuine statement, adduced from the religious philosophy of Philo, which decides the question on the principles of his doctrine. If we consider particularly this idea of the δεύτερος Θεός, we must be convinced that it implies a real Divine personality, according to the polytheistic, as well as the monotheistic, use of language. That the expression δεύτερος Θεός is not oftener used‡ by Philo is to be explained from the polytheistic aspect which it wears; on which account it was unsuitable for an habitual expression. But when Philo does use it, the strict monotheistic conception ὁ μὲν ἀληθεῖα Θεὸς εἰς ἐστὶν suffers as little as from his doctrine of angels, in which a gradation of real divine persons is expressed with sufficient distinctness. It is true, that, if Philo had been a thorough pantheist, this reasoning would have no force. But he was a dualist, in the sense that he sharply distinguishes the real hylic world and the real Divine being from each other. As a strict Jewish monotheist, he says expressly, that the Logos is called second God by him only in a figurative sense (ἐν καταχρήσει). So, also, the other names of the Logos (υἱὸς τοῦ Θεοῦ, πρωτόγονος, ὁ ἄνθρωπος τοῦ Θεοῦ) are evidently in part figurative expressions. But if they have any truth or meaning, there lies in them, as in the δεύτερος Θεός, the idea of a personal being distinct from God. He even conceives of the world, so far as it is the manifestation and expression of the Divine ideas, as a living being, as the son of God.

Finally, as Philo, in accordance with the exclusive opposition between God and the world, distinguishes the hidden God out of the world from the revealed God in the world, it follows that this distinction must have the same degree of

* Præp. Evang., 7, 13. Fragm. Phil., II. 625.

† Philo means, that, if this had been said without reference to the Logos, as second God, the language must have been τῇ ἑμαυτοῦ εἰκόνι.

‡ Comp. Allegor., I. 128, and De Somniis, I. 655.

reality as that opposition. But, at the same time, he regards the Logos, though really different from the absolute God existing in himself, and though necessarily mediating between God and the world, as an expressive, though subordinate, image of the God who is in himself hidden. He must, then, have regarded the Logos as personal in the same degree as God himself. Thus the connection of the system herein harmonizes with particular declarations of Philo, that he regarded the Divine Logos as an hypostasis, or real person, different from God, just as he also represented the intermediate powers, which the Logos comprehends in itself, as persons, bearing the Divine attributes in the world. Philo was an emanatist. But he regarded emanations as effluxes from the Divine being in the form of a gradation of real personal life. The Divine Logos was regarded by him as the highest and first step of this gradation.

But now the question arises, in reference to the prologue of John, whether Philo places the idea of the Logos in any connection with the idea of the Messiah. The Messianic hopes of his people were not unknown to Philo. He cherishes them with a certain predilection, and in some passages expressly discusses them after his manner.* The following is characteristic. In a passage where he is speaking † of the coming of the Messianic salvation, and the return of the Jews from their dispersion to the land of promise, he says that they would be conducted by a Divine, superhuman vision (*ὄψις*), which, though invisible to others, would be perceptible to the delivered. From this Philo distinguishes the Messianic prince, the hero who, after the return from exile, should war with and overcome the heathen, and govern his people in righteousness.‡

This last view belongs to the positive Old Testament faith of Philo, and stands in no connection with his doctrine of the Logos. But from the manner in which Philo represents the conducting of the Jewish people from the beginning by the Logos, it may probably be inferred, that, in the above-mentioned heavenly vision which conducted the return from exile he had in mind the Logos. This would be similar to his conception of the manifestation of the same as the *ἀφανής ἄγγελος* in the pillar of cloud and of fire, in the march out of

* Especially in *De Præmiis et Pœnis*, and *De Execrationibus*.

† *De Execrat.*, II. 435.

‡ *De Præmiis et Pœnis*, II. 423.

Egypt. If now this heavenly vision was at all Messianic, then is the idea of the Logos certainly placed by Philo in some connection with the Messianic hopes. But, with his gnostic views, Philo could not have any conception of a real incarnation in man of the Messianic Logos.

(*To be concluded in the next number.*)

ART. II. — WHIPPLE'S ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.*

PERIODICAL criticism in this country, if it be yet in its infancy, gives promise of a vigorous maturity. Though it may not be easy to name more than two or three of our deceased essayists who have left behind them a body of articles of permanent interest or value, we can readily enumerate a list of writers at the present time equal, if not superior, to those who have preceded them. We may confidently anticipate, then, a time when American criticism shall assume a higher place than it has yet held, and ought joyfully to receive any indication of the approach of such a time; for a fearless and just criticism is the great purifier of literature. It does more than almost any other kind of writing to elevate and correct the taste of a nation, and is at the same time an author's truest friend. As Boileau says, —

"Un sage ami, toujours rigoureux, inflexible,
Sur vos fautes jamais ne vous laisse paisible."

In proof of this, we need only refer to the influence exerted, both in England and America, by the *Edinburgh Review*, during its earlier and better days, when "that celebrated journal made reviewing more respectable than authorship," and even Byron himself acknowledged the effect of its criticism. To the critique on the *Hours of Idleness*, it is believed, we owe whatever of vigor, originality, and power is to be found in the works of that splendid but wilful genius.

Among those who have already attained an honorable position and who give promise of future eminence in this impor-

* *Essays and Reviews*. By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 360, 370.

tant department of literature, the author of the volumes of "Essays and Reviews" now before us is entitled to a high place. Although still to be numbered among our young men, Mr. Whipple has been known for the last five or six years as a frequent contributor to the *North American Review*, and to several other journals. Previously to his appearance in their pages, he had been for some years a writer for the newspaper press, — his first article having been published when he was only about fourteen years of age. Attention, however, was first particularly called to him by the publication, in the *Boston Miscellany*, in the early part of the year 1843, of an article from his pen upon Mr. Macaulay, which at once established his reputation as a skilful analyst and a good writer. Since that time, he has contributed much to the current criticism of the day, besides preparing and delivering several popular lectures on literary subjects, and an oration before one of the literary societies in Brown University.

As chief among his mental characteristics, we are disposed to place the rectitude which marks his critical judgments, and which is seen in the patience and thoroughness of his investigation and in the precision of his analysis, not less than in the results at which he arrives. With the utmost skill he penetrates to the heart of his subject, and lays it bare for the inspection of the curious, that they may verify for themselves the correctness of the views which he presents. Nor does he seem satisfied until he has done this, and thus given his readers the opportunity of forming their own opinions. Notwithstanding this mental integrity, he sometimes, indeed, allows his kindly feelings to get the better of his judgment, in speaking of the productions of his personal friends; but we remember only one or two instances in which his private feelings have led him to speak with undue harshness of any author, however richly he may have merited rebuke. He has no sympathy with that literary injustice of which Jeffrey was sometimes guilty; and his severest censure has been levelled against the reckless effrontery which marked the editorial course of Wilson and Gifford, — men who took delight in torturing any unfortunate Whig that ventured "to write a book," and who made literary criticism an instrument of personal and party warfare.

Closely allied with this quality of mental rectitude is his power of analytical criticism, as shown in his delineations of both intellectual and moral character. He rarely fails of

reaching the prime motive of a man's acts, and the principles which give a direction to his thoughts, in his peculiar psychological development. This is particularly to be seen in his articles on Webster, Choate, Byron, and Sheridan, in which, with equal ability and success, he exhibits the minds of his authors in their original elements. Indeed, we do not remember any one of our other critics who so often indulges in what may be called direct criticism on mental characteristics. He deals almost invariably with things rather than with words, and in his criticisms speaks far more of the author himself than of his works.

Another distinguishing feature of Mr. Whipple's mind is his fondness for what he has denominated, in one of his lectures, "the ludicrous side of life." This quality, so rarely found among the descendants of the Puritans, enters deeply into his intellectual constitution, and may to a greater or less extent be detected in nearly all his essays. It is seen alike in his own observations and in his quotations from other authors; and gives rise to that love of epigram which we notice in his style. He instantly detects the incongruities of any work of pure fancy or imagination, and perceives the latent mirthfulness of some shrewd observation in a favorite writer with ready and cordial appreciation. Instead of barbing the sharp arrow of a remorseless satire, his wit exists in combination with the most genial humor. It is quick, flashing, and pointed, but never bitter. It illustrates, but is singularly unobtrusive in its character, and seems to flow as naturally as the argument itself. In truth, it has much of that "springing up one can hardly tell how," of which old Dr. Barrow speaks in his famous definition.

Joined with these three prominent characteristics are a strong dislike of every form of literary cant and quackery, a moderate conservatism, a tendency to philosophical generalization, and a ready and sympathizing perception of beauty in the works of others. It is, in fact, from this last quality that Mr. Whipple's chief defect as a critic arises. His good-nature too often leads him to forget or deny the stern motto of the Edinburgh Reviewers, — "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*" Yet it is only by adopting that sententious maxim of critical jurisprudence, that the cause of literature can be benefited or any real good result from the labors of the critic.

Such are the leading features in Mr. Whipple's mental or-

ganization ; and from them we might infer pretty nearly the character of his style. While it is clear and vigorous, it is at the same time easy and graceful ; never dull or verbose, but concise and brilliant ; — in short, a perfect reflection of his mind, which has undoubtedly been formed in the school of the old English writers. His long practice and a careful study of those writers have given him great power and fluency of expression, and a remarkable facility in adapting his style to the varied wants of his subject. And as all his intellectual faculties have been developed through the direct influence exerted upon his mind by their works, in precisely the same manner his style bears the impress of their gigantic minds. It has the same strength and compactness, the same love of antithesis and epigram, and at times not a little of the same quaintness as theirs. Thus, in remarking on the similarity in the plots of Mr. G. P. R. James's multitudinous novels, he says : — “ His first novel was a shot that went through the target, and he has ever since been assiduously firing through the hole.” He is equally successful in describing the effect of Sheridan's habits and associations on his mind, which, he observes, “ became an ingenious machine for the manufacture of what would tell on the occasion, without regard to truth or falsehood.” Speaking of the tone of criticism in the two great English Reviews in their earlier days, he justly charges the critics with being politicians, who “ were prone to decide upon the excellence of a poet's images, or a rhetorician's style, by the opinions he entertained of Mr. Pitt and the French Revolution.” Numberless instances of a like character might be adduced in further illustration of this quality of his style ; but perhaps the most noticeable is the following sparkling passage from the essay on Words, in which, however, this fondness for epigrammatic expression is certainly carried to excess.

“ Words are most effective when arranged in that order which is called style. The great secret of a good style, we are told, is to have proper words in proper places. To marshal one's verbal battalions in such order, that they may bear at once on all quarters of a subject, is certainly a great art. This is done in different ways. Swift, Temple, Addison, Hume, Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, are all great generals in the discipline of their verbal armies, and the conduct of their paper wars. Each has a system of tactics of his own, and excels in the use of some particular weapon. The tread of Johnson's style is heavy and sonorous,

resembling that of an elephant or a mail-clad warrior. He is fond of levelling an obstacle by a polysyllabic battering-ram. Burke's words are continually practising the broad-sword exercise, and sweeping down adversaries with every stroke. Arbuthnot 'plays his weapon like a tongue of flame.' Addison draws up his light infantry in orderly array, and marches through sentence after sentence, without having his ranks disordered or his line broken. Luther is different. His words are 'half-battle'; 'his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter.' Gibbon's legions are heavily armed, and march with precision and dignity to the music of their own tramp. They are splendidly equipped, but a nice eye can discern a little rust beneath their fine apparel, and there are sutlers in his camp, who lie, cog, and talk gross obscenity. Macaulay, brisk, lively, keen, and energetic, runs his thoughts rapidly through his sentences, and kicks out of the way every word which obstructs his passage. He reins in his steed only when he has reached his goal, and then does it with such celerity that he is nearly thrown backwards by the suddenness of his stoppage. Gifford's words are moss-troopers, that waylay innocent travellers and murder them for hire. Jeffrey is a fine 'lance,' with a sort of Arab swiftness in his movement, and runs an iron-clad horseman through the eye before he has had time to close his helmet. John Wilson's camp is a disorganized mass, who might do effective service under better discipline, but who under his lead are suffered to carry on a rambling and predatory warfare, and disgrace their general by flagitious excesses. Sometimes they steal, sometimes swear, sometimes drink, and sometimes pray. Swift's words are porcupine's quills, which he throws with unerring aim at whoever approaches his lair. All of Ebenezer Elliot's words are gifted with huge fists, to pummel and bruise. Chatham and Mirabeau throw hot shot into their opponents' magazines. Talfourd's forces are orderly and disciplined, and march to the music of the Dorian flute; those of Keats keep time to the tones of the pipe of Phœbus; and the hard, harsh-featured battalions of Maginn are always preceded by a brass band. Hallam's word-infantry can do much execution, when they are not in each other's way. Pope's phrases are either daggers or rapiers. Willis's words are often tipsy with the champaign of the fancy; but even when they reel and stagger, they keep the line of grace and beauty, and, though scattered at first by a fierce onset from graver cohorts, soon reunite without wound or loss. John Neal's forces are multitudinous, and fire briskly at every thing. They occupy all the provinces of letters, and are nearly useless from being spread over too much ground. Webster's words are thunderbolts, which sometimes miss the Titans at whom they are

hurled, but always leave enduring marks when they strike. Hazlitt's verbal army is sometimes drunk and surly, sometimes foaming with passion, sometimes cool and malignant, but, drunk or sober, is ever dangerous to cope with. Some of Tom Moore's words are shining dirt, which he flings with excellent aim. This list might be indefinitely extended, and arranged with more regard to merit and chronology. My own words, in this connection, might be compared to a ragged, undisciplined militia, which could be easily routed by a charge of horse, and which are apt to fire into each other's faces." — Vol. I. pp. 103 – 105.

The present volumes comprise but a part of Mr. Whipple's published writings, — probably not more than half; but they contain all his best essays, to the number of twenty-three articles, besides an Appendix of shorter notices. In most cases, these articles have a permanent value, arising from the intrinsic interest of the theme, or from the manner in which it is treated. There is, however, in two or three of the essays, — those on Macaulay, Talfourd, the British Critics, and perhaps some others, — an incidental repetition of topics, which causes a repetition of ideas, though not of expression. This could hardly have been avoided in articles written at various times and for different journals; and the number of such repetitions is much less than might have been expected. The papers are all carefully written, and afford abundant evidence that the subject was thoroughly mastered before the critic undertook to write upon it, — that he had made himself acquainted with its whole length and breadth and depth, — in one word, that he has written from a full mind, and not merely for the sake of writing. Every opinion is well weighed and carefully judged before it is enunciated, and then it goes forth, not in the gaudy trappings of a meretricious rhetoric, but in a garb of fitting beauty and appropriateness. Hence the value which attaches to these volumes, and which will render them popular with all classes of readers.

We cannot agree with Mr. Whipple in all his views, though we believe them to be generally correct. We conceive that he bestows exaggerated praise on some authors, and too warm encomiums on particular passages from those authors. We refer especially to his remarks on poetical works, where there is obviously the greatest room for a variety of individual judgment and taste. Thus we are inclined to take exception to the general tenor of the article on Wordsworth, — certainly one of the ablest and most artisti-

cally elaborate in either volume,—and also to the critical judgment passed upon Shelley, in the article on the English Poets of the Nineteenth Century. In the article on the British Critics we think his estimate of Jeffrey not sufficiently high ; for he has hardly done justice to the great Northern essayist, either as a critic or an editor. But these slight differences of opinion do not weaken the high estimation in which we hold Mr. Whipple as a critical writer, nor materially diminish the value of the present volumes ; and we gladly turn to a more agreeable part of our duty.

The Essays and Reviews are confined to subjects connected with English and American literature. Within these limits, however, they take a wide range, and embrace the fruit of extensive reading, and careful study and thought. They are characterized by sterling good sense, earnestness of tone, and artistic finish ; but are chiefly remarkable, as we have said, for their analytical criticism,—a species of writing, it would seem, in which our author takes unmixed delight. Mr. Whipple not only possesses great skill in detecting the nice shades of mental and moral disposition in an author, but he likewise displays a rare power in producing a sharply drawn and faithfully colored picture of any one whose character and intellect he thus analyzes. He presents to us a likeness, the fidelity of which must strike the most superficial reader ; and we do not know of an instance, with the exception of the article on Wordsworth, in which he fails of conveying a vivid impression of his author's actual character to the reader's mind. In confirmation of this strong praise, we may be allowed to cite the following passages from the conclusion of his article on Byron :—

“It is very difficult to collect the scattered characteristics of Byron's genius, so as to give a distinct notion of his personal character. Most certainly he was not a great man in action. He had no calm, self-sustaining energy of nature, few consistent opinions, little breadth of understanding. Irresolution, weakness, a reckless indifference to the consequences of his actions, a kind of settled feeling that he must yield to every impulse of his sensibility, a remarkable absence of any thing like a reference of his conduct to moral laws,—these absolutely stare us in the face, as we read his letters and journals. As regards reason, his whole strength lay in his insight ; and his momentary glimpses of truth were sometimes peculiarly vivid and clear. In his speculations, or rather declarations, on subjects disconnected with poetry,

we often discern many bright hints of truth ; but he had not sufficient patience or comprehensiveness to follow them to their results, or to bind them together in logical order. As regards strength of character, his force consisted in passion, not in principle. No vicious man ever lashed vice in others with more power. Not an inconsiderable portion of his writings, both in prose and verse, represents him as the critic of his contemporaries, and the censor and satirist of his age. When we read some of his fierce attacks on George the Fourth,

‘The fourth of the fools and the cowards, called George,’

and his bitter invectives on the scandalous sins of other prominent culprits, we are ready to exclaim with Sir Thomas Browne, ‘While thou so hotly disclaimest against the Devil, be not guilty of diabolism.’ Again, no man volunteered his opinions with more freedom on literature, theology, politics, and society ; but it is difficult to make any discrimination between his opinions and his antipathies, or to discover any law of change which regulated the passage of his antipathies into his loves. His taste was capricious in the extreme. His opinion of any person, or any institution, or any aspiration, varied with the physical variations of his body, and was often very different after a debauch from what it was after a ride. No one could infer his judgment of to-morrow from his judgment of to-day. The friend that appeared in the eulogy of one week was likely to point the squib of the next. His consistency in criticism was according to his constancy in hatred. Wordsworth and Southey he always disliked and always abused. As a critic, he has propounded some of the most untenable opinions ever uttered by a man of genius. He often mistook his whims and antipathies for laws of taste. When Keats’s poems appeared, he entreats Murray to get some one to crush the little mannikin to pieces. After the article in the *Quarterly* was published, and the death of Keats was supposed to have been accelerated by its brutality, he abuses Murray for killing him, and ‘discovers that there was much merit in the ‘mannikin’s’ poetry. It would be easy to multiply examples of this instability and levity of character ; but for any reader of his letters and journals, such instances would be needless.

“The personal and poetical popularity of Byron is still great. The circulation of his works, even at the present time, exceeds that of Wordsworth, Shelley, Southey, and Coleridge united. Scott is the only poet, among his contemporaries, who at all rivals him in the number of his readers. Many of his gloomy creations will long frown defiance upon time. It is certainly a calamity to the world, that a poet possessing such wide influence over the heart should too often have exercised it in culti-

vating and honoring the heart's base and moody passions; should have robed sin in beauty, and conferred dignity on vice; should have given new allurements to that Dead-sea fruit,

‘ Which tempts the eye,
But turns to ashes on the lip ’;

should have shown such brilliant audacity in assaults on the dearest interests of society; and, by the force of his example and the splendor of his mind, should be able to perpetuate his errors and his vices through many generations to come. It is of importance, not only to morals, but to taste, that there should be no delusion as to the nature of these perversions of his genius; that his wit should not shield his ribaldry from condemnation, nor his imagination be received in extenuation of his blasphemy. In speaking of Byron, as in speaking of men of meaner minds, things should be called by their right names. The method too apt to be pursued towards him is to gloss over his faults with some smooth sentimentalities about his temptations; or to speak of them with a singular relaxation of the rigidity of moral laws. But it seems to us impossible to defend his character, even as we defend the characters of many men of genius whose lives labor under some bad imputations. As soon as sophistry has dexterously disposed of one charge, a thousand others crowd up to be answered. He has written his own condemnation. The faults of his life blaze out in his verse, and glitter on almost every page of his correspondence. And the most that charity itself can do is to repeat the mournful regret of the good abbot over the sins of Manfred:—

‘ This should have been a noble creature : he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled ; as it is,
It is an awful chaos :—light and darkness, —
And mind and dust, — and passions and pure thoughts,
Mixed, and contending without end or order,
All dormant or destructive.’ ”

— Vol. i. pp. 281 – 284.

Here the reader will observe that mental integrity and analytical skill, of which we just now spoke, interpenetrating each other and running through the whole extract. These characteristics might be further illustrated by extracts from other articles, but this will be sufficient for our present purpose. We cannot, however, refrain from quoting the following remarks from an ingenious parallel between the historians Prescott, Hallam, and Michelet, in an article on Prescott's Histories. Speaking of Hallam, Mr. Whipple says:—

“Among those historians who combine rectitude of purpose with strength of understanding, Mr. Hallam stands preëminent. All his histories have a judicial character. He is almost unexcelled in sifting testimony, in detecting inaccuracies, in reducing swollen reputations to their proper dimensions, in placing facts and principles in their natural order. He has no prepossessions, no preferences, no prejudices, no theories. He passes over a tract of history sacred to partisan fraud and theological rancor, where every event and character is considered in relation to some system still acrimoniously debated, without adopting any of the passions with which he comes in contact. No sophistical apology for convenient crime, no hypocrite or oppressor pranked out in the colors of religion or loyalty, can deceive his cold, calm, austere, remorseless intellect. He sums up each case which comes before him for judgment with a surly impartiality, applying to external events or acts, two or three rigid rules, and then fixing on them the brand of his condemnation. The shrieks of their partisans he deems the most flattering tribute to the justice of his judgment. This method of writing history has, doubtless, its advantages; and in regard to Mr. Hallam, it must be admitted that he has corrected many pernicious errors of fact, and overthrown many absurd estimates of character. But, valuable as his histories are in many important respects, they generally want grace, lightness, sympathy, picturesqueness, glow. From his deficiency of sensibility and imagination, and from his habit of bringing every thing to the tribunal of the understanding, he rarely grasps characters or incidents in the concrete. Both are interesting to him only as they illustrate certain practical or abstract principles. He looks at external acts without being able to discern inward motives. He cannot see things with the same eyes, and from the same position, as did the persons whom he judges; and consequently all those extenuations and explanations of conduct, which are revealed in an insight into character, are of little account with him. He does not realize a past age to his imagination, and will not come down from his pinnacle of judgment to mingle with its living realities. As he coldly dissects some statesman, warrior, or patriot, who at least had a living heart and brain, we are inclined to exclaim with Hamlet, — ‘Has this fellow no feeling of his business?’ It is the same in his literary criticisms. He gives the truth as it is *about* the author, not as it is *in* the author. He describes his genius in general terms, not in characteristic epithets. Every thing that is peculiar to a particular writer slips through his analysis. That mysterious interpenetration of personality with feelings and powers, which distinguishes one man’s genius from another’s, escapes the processes of his understanding. Persons, in Mr. Hallam’s hands,

commonly subside into general ideas, events into generalizations. He does not appear to think that persons and events have any value in themselves, apart from the principles they illustrate; and consequently, he conceives neither with sufficient intensity to bring out always the principles they really contain." — Vol. II. pp. 201 – 203.

As a critic of poetry, Mr. Whipple possesses a warmth of imagination, an affluence of fancy, and a generous sympathy with his author, which admirably fit him to be an interpreter of the glorious old bards of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and of their more generally popular successors. His articles on the Poets and Poetry of America, the English Poets of the Nineteenth Century, and the Old English Dramatists, are full of genial criticism and choice extracts culled from their works. His remarks on Sprague, Longfellow, Campbell, Miss Barrett, Ben Jonson, Webster, Decker, and Marlowe "of the mighty line," are deserving of particular commendation. But, perhaps, the ablest articles in these volumes are those on Daniel Webster, Choate, and Sheridan, which are marked by a breadth of understanding, a strength of conception, and a keenness of analysis, that leave little to be desired, in forming an estimate of their consummate abilities as statesmen and orators. The articles on Sydney Smith, and South's Sermons, are also very pleasant and able essays. They abound in happily chosen extracts, and sparkle with wit drawn from those authors. The article on James's Novels is a vigorous exposition of the weighty claims of that industrious bookmaker to a place among

"the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

The remaining articles all evince a high degree of merit; but we need not speak of them particularly, since their character will be readily inferred from what has already been said. We cannot, however, take leave of Mr. Whipple's book without expressing our strong hope that he will still press forward in that noble career in which he has won so conspicuous a place. Already has he acquired a wide-spread reputation in this country. Let him still strive in the path he has chosen; for so shall he help to build up a truly American literature.

C. C. S.

[ART. III. — SAINT THERESA AND THE DEVOTEES OF SPAIN.*

IN point of romantic incidents, striking characters, and significant movements, the sixteenth century yields to no other age since the Apostles. To present even a faint outline of its prominent events or persons would exhaust the limits of our article, instead of furnishing a brief introduction. It is enough, after thinking of that imposing array of princes, prelates, theologians, saints, martyrs, discoverers, heroes, to close our eyes to the historic page, and allow the various forms to arrange themselves in order as they will, and march in grand procession before the imagination. Far in the van, the precursors of the mighty host, appear Gutenberg and Columbus, leading on the future as with magical power, — the one, by the mechanism that gives wings to thought, the other, by the discovery that startled the Old World from its complacent slumber, and opened a new hemisphere to its bold adventurers and in time to its independent thinkers. Preceded by such heralds, the host draws near, at first seeming a confused mass, but soon presenting three nearly distinct divisions. At the head of one walks the monk Luther, with all the stout Teutonic heart beating beneath his cassock, the modern Hermann against the modern Rome; at the head of another marches, with military step, the soldier-saint, Loyola, with the blood of Spain boiling in his veins, the new Cid of

* 1. *Obras de la Gloriosa Madre Santa Teresa de Jesus, Fundadora de la Reforma de la Orden de Nuestra Señora del Cármen, de la Primitiva Observancia.* En Madrid. 1793. 2 vols. 4to.

Works of the Glorious Mother St. Theresa de Jesus, Founder of the Reformed Order of Our Lady of Carmel of the Primitive Rule.

2. *Cartas de Santa Teresa de Jesus. Con Notas del Exc.^{mo} y R.^{mo} Sr. D. JUAN DE PALAFOX Y MENDOZA, Obispo de Osma, del Consejo de su Magestad.* En Madrid. 1793. 4 vols. 4to.

Letters of St. Theresa de Jesus, with Notes by Palafox.

3. *Œuvres très-complètes de Sainte Thérèse; Des Œuvres complètes de S. Pierre d'Alcantara, de S. Jean de la Croix, et du Bienheureux Jean d'Avila, formant ainsi un tout bien complet de la plus célèbre Ecole ascétique d'Espagne.* Paris. 1840-1845. 4 vols. 4to.

Complete Works of St. Theresa, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. John of the Cross, and the Blessed John of Avila; forming thus a very complete Whole of the most noted Ascetic School of Spain. Translated by various hands and edited by Migne.

4. *Vie de Sainte Terèse.* Par F. Z. COLLOMBET. Lyon et Paris. 1844. 12mo.

Life of St. Theresa. By Collombet.

a new crusade. In the rear, and in the interval between, stands another company, led by the man of middle courses, the wavering Cranmer, backed by the bluff Henry, and guiding on England and her mighty future. Thus Germany heads the movement, Spain the reaction, whilst England aims for the middle ground. The end is not yet. Which of the three tendencies will finally prevail the historian must leave it to the prophet to decide.

We turn now to Spain as it was in the sixteenth century. She alone of the great powers of Europe shared but little in the spirit of the Reformation. Our common ecclesiastical historians have scarcely a word to say of her Protestant Reformers, whilst the voluminous Schroeckh dismisses the subject in a few passing paragraphs,* narrating the murder of Diaz, the martyrdoms of Pontius, Gonsalve, Cazalla and his followers, and the imprisonment of the Canon of Seville, Foncius, and the Archbishop of Toledo, Carranza, two distinguished theologians whose association with Charles V. in his retirement led to the strange report that the monk-king himself inclined to the Lutheran doctrines in his last days. Yet the little of the reform spirit that appeared was soon suppressed by the Inquisition, and, in the opinion of Schroeckh, would hardly have appeared at all but for the connection established with Lutheran Germany by the imperial court.

Thus Spain, after the eventful interval of a thousand years, was faithful to the *prestige* with which she first appeared in the annals of Christendom. In the death of Priscillian, the Spanish soil was stained with the first blood shed by Christians for opinion's sake, and thus in the fourth century the bigot Idacius and the tyrant Evodius displayed traits which found fit imitators ages after in the Dominics and Torquemadas of the Inquisition. The Spaniard Theodosius carried to the imperial throne a spirit not unlike that of Charles V., and the great Council of Constantinople, held in his reign, may be named as a forerunner of that of Trent. Spain, too, furnished the prince who gave the fatal blow to Arianism, and the Goth Recared was a man of the reaction, like his terrible successor, Philip II., who reigned a thousand years after.

In some respects it seems unaccountable that Spain should be so far (by three centuries surely) behind the other nations

* Seit der Reformation, II. 791 - 800.

of Europe. In the Middle Ages, her people were remarkably independent, and led a life as free as Scottish Highlanders. Yet the pressure of the Moors upon them for so many centuries tended to neutralize all religious differences, to unite them in a burning fanaticism against the Moslem, and thus prepare them to enter with all the unity of a single militant church upon the century in which Germany, France, England, and even Italy, were rent by hostile factions. With a strong sense of personal dignity in civil matters, the Spaniard became in respect to religion the slave of utter absolutism. Catholicism has wrought this paradox. "In the Middle Age an element of liberty, and since the sixteenth century an element of reaction, it has," says Quinet, "imprinted this double character upon the mind of Spain."

The leading characters of the Romish movement in Spain are not in danger of being neglected by modern historians. Ferdinand, Isabella, Ximenes, and Charles V. have been portrayed by more than one master-hand, whilst students of history now wait anxiously for the publication of a work on Philip II. from one whose name stands for ever identified with the annals of Spain.* It is our purpose now to deal with a leading spirit in the reaction, whose claims have been generally overlooked by Protestants, — one who brought to the Roman see, not the aid of sword or dungeon, axe or fagot, but the fervor of a flaming piety and the sacrifice of a devoted life. We speak of her not unworthily named with Isabella, as wearing her mantle of zeal and power. To whom can we refer but to Theresa of Avila, honored by popes with the title of Doctor of the Church, and revered by devotees as the illuminated teacher and the elect exemplar of the life of prayer?

We pursue this subject with more than a general historic interest, not only on account of the genuine zeal and power of her life, but because she reflects so fully in her various works the spirit of the Catholicism of her time, and enables us to see clearly the good and the evil that are the legitimate fruits of the system which absorbed her whole soul. We cannot say that she was as wax beneath the seal of Rome, for she

* When are we to possess the work on Spanish Literature, so much needed and so long expected? The old pupils of Professor Ticknor can never forget his course of lectures. The mere outline or syllabus which we have preserved is a better guide to the student than Bouterwek or Sismondi.

had too much intrinsic vitality to be compared to any thing so passive. She was rather like the vine that climbs around the marble column, and in its growth takes its form from the stone to which it clings. We have never appreciated so fully the genius of Romanism as from the study given from time to time, for a year or two, to the pages of this saint of the flaming heart.

We have been guided chiefly by the work named third upon our list, — Migne's four volumes upon Theresa and the ascetics of her school. We cannot say much in favor of the French Abbé's editorial fidelity, except so far as good proof-reading is concerned. Without any explanatory notes, without even naming the translators to whom he is indebted for the several versions, without giving us the literary history of the various editions before published, he has collected in one huge mass all that most nearly concerns the Saint and her associates. We had supposed that the Life by Villefore inserted here was a new production, until we learned from another source that it was first printed in 1712. However, such omissions as we have noticed are easily supplied, and we are greatly indebted to Migne for bringing together so much valuable matter in so cheap and available a form, and with such correct printing. By comparing, as far as we are able, the French versions given by him with the Spanish originals named first and second on our list, we find, that, although the meaning is in general faithfully given, the style is much altered, often completely *Frenchified*, and the homely, unaffected, and often awkward sentences of the saint have been drilled into the dancing step of the French rhetoricians of the age of Louis XIV. The letters, in themselves more smooth and colloquial, are better rendered than the treatises. We will not try to name the various editions of her works since the first, which appeared in 1588, six years after her death. The most desirable is that of Madrid, 1793, of which the only copy in the country, as we are led to believe, is in Harvard College Library, and of this copy we have been able to avail ourselves. As to translations, they are numberless, especially in the French language; yet Collombet and his coadjutors think there is room for a still better version than any extant, and have devoted themselves to the labor. The English version by Abraham Woodhead (2 vols. 4to., 1669) we know only by name and by scattered quotations.

Of the nine or ten biographies of the Saint that have any

name, that by herself is of course the most valuable, notwithstanding its abrupt and unskillful method. Its very faults reveal her character, and relieve us of the suspicion that she is writing for effect, or under the dictation of ghostly inquisitors. Adding to her autobiography the *Life* by Villefore, patient and faithful, yet rather heavy, and the sketchy but very instructive *Memoir* by Collombet, and we are able, with such hints as her own works afford, to form a pretty good idea of Theresa and her times.

Turn we now to Old Castile, that central province of Spain, so long the disputed territory between Christian and Moor, and taking its name from the strongholds that were built upon its domain to keep off the invader. We select as our starting-point the year 1522, a date strongly marked in the annals of Christendom. There was a momentary lull in the great tempest that had been rising over Europe. Then Luther was in his mountain fastness, his Patmos, busy with the Scriptures and meditating a return to Wittenberg with new weapons from their invincible armory. Then, too, Loyola, laid up for a season by his wound, was passing, in his sick room at his father's castle, through a conflict sterner than that of the fight of Pampeluna, and, exiled by lameness from battle-fields, was inflamed by mystical visions to organize and lead forth a militia of the cross. Of Luther and Loyola the family of Alphonso and Beatrix da Cepeda, in Avila, then knew nothing, yet were not strangers to the spirit that was brooding over the waters which bore the Christian ark in that eventful period. In the year spoken of, this goodly household, which in the course of time rejoiced in as many children as Jacob had sons, even the patriarchal twelve, was alarmed at the sudden disappearance of two of the younger children, a girl of seven years and a boy of about the same age. One of their uncles was put, among others, upon the track of the little runaways, and at last overtook them at some distance from the city. He demanded of them the reason of their strange conduct, in thus running from home with their odd collection of provisions. They told him, with great simplicity, that they were going to find the country of the Moors, to preach to them the cross and win the crown of martyrdom, and thus escape the eternal torments of which they had heard so much. The uncle unceremoniously bade them have done with their nonsense, and go home to their mother. She, good woman, although a great zealot in her

way, scolded them soundly, and dried her tears. The brother, like another Adam, threw the blame upon his sister, and said that she had urged him to take the journey. The little girl could not deny the charge. Unconsciously she was preparing for herself an illustrious career. This was the first step towards saintly honors ever taken by Theresa, the most noted woman of the Catholic Church in the country, beyond all other, zealous for the faith, — the country called the very land of fealty, "*terra obedientiæ*."

The decided rebuke thus received did not wholly daunt the little devotee. With her brother she piled up stones in the garden and called them hermitages, whilst she amused the little girls who came to see her with making monasteries and playing the nun. She caught this spirit from both parents, who were very devout. Her mother's death, which occurred when Theresa was about twelve years old, made a great impression upon her, and moved her to pray the Blessed Virgin to be to her a mother.

But not even the tears of bereavement, nor all her Ave Marias could save her from temptations incident to her sex and country. Her good mother, with all her love of such books as the Golden Legend, Spiritual Garden, and Lives of Saints, had quite a passion for romances, and this was not without influence upon the susceptible daughter. She became a devourer of stories of love and adventure, and her young heart doubtless beat fast as she read of the prowess and amours of Amadis and Florisando. A companion of like age added to this disposition, and led her into a passion for dress and all the vanities of the world. The grave father saw with sadness the change, and, too chivalrous to prohibit the worldly friend from visiting the house, sent his daughter at fifteen to the Augustinian convent in Avila, at once to pursue her education and renounce her follies. At first she was ill at ease among the nuns, but soon their tenderness and zeal won upon her affections, and recalled all the piety of her childhood. One of the sisters did much to cheer her spirits and stimulate her faith, during the year and a half of her residence there. This tender ministry was succeeded by the sharp discipline of disease. Brought on partly by the influence of seclusion upon a delicate constitution, and partly by the violence of her mental conflicts, she fell into severe illness, and was obliged to quit the convent, first for her father's house, and afterwards for the country-seat of her elder sister,

Maria. Here, apparently, her career as a recluse was at an end. Her health could not endure seclusion, and her father was determined never to part with her. But life is always full of surprises, and the trials that promised to end virtually began her monastic career.

Her youth may be regarded as passed, and she now enters upon the course that has given her a name in history. The decisive step was taken in part from the impression left upon her mind by a visit to her uncle Pierre, a man noted for his devout life and studies, but in greater part from the writings of that singular being who has won such fame alike for his learning and his superstition, and has exercised over the female heart for centuries the same influence that turned the heads of the Roman ladies of the fourth century, — the Monk of Bethlehem. Over the story of nearly twenty years of her life, strangely mingled with devotion and doubt, rapture and despair, but devoid of true peace, we might well write as a fitting title the name of him who never taught and never found true peace, — Jerome.

She, who at the age of seven stole away from home with one of her brothers to convert the Moors, at eighteen left her father's house with the same secrecy, and early one morning, attended by her brother, presented herself at the gate of the Carmelite Convent of the Incarnation in Avila, bent on a sterner sacrifice than that of martyrdom.

“Sed te manet suavior
Mors, pœna poscit dulcior,
Divini Amoris cuspide
In vulnus icta concides.”*

By this step she decided her destiny. Henceforth, the life of this impassioned girl was to be identified with that monastic Order, which, professing to derive its sanction from Elijah of old, who made Carmel his favorite haunt in the tenth century before Christ, was founded by Berthold of Calabria on that loveliest of sacred mountains, in the twelfth century after Christ. From the *sierras* of Spain the ascetics on the hills of Palestine were to meet with the most fervent response, and the revolutionary sixteenth century was to repeat the monastic enthusiasm of that noontide of Popery, the twelfth century. Theresa chose this convent on account of her friendship for one of the sisters, and the regularity of life within its walls.

* Breviary, Pars Autumnalis, Oct. xv.

Her father no longer withheld his consent, and, yielding to her perseverance, resigned her, as he deemed, to her Saviour. The gay *señorita* is now the demure novice, given up to the labors and devotions of the convent, and, as she pleasantly says of herself, employing sometimes at the broom the very hours given of old to amusement and vanity. But in spite of her zeal, so great as to lead her to surpass her associates in the rigor of her observances, and her charity, so tender as to move her to nurse a poor ulcerous nun from whom the others shrank in disgust, she suffered painful doubts and passed through fearful conflicts. Yet she never utterly despaired, and the light that flashed as from heaven upon her soul was hailed as a miraculous message to cheer her on in her course. On the 3d of November, 1534, she pronounced her vows.

Still she was not at peace, either in body or mind. Wretched health combined with miserable misgivings to torment her. She was evidently sinking under the pressure, although the sweetness of her temper was unharmed by all she underwent. The relaxed rules of the Carmelites had not continued in force the primitive method of entire isolation, and, at the instance of her friends, Theresa withdrew from the cloister, and, under the medical attendance of an old woman, who seems to have been a sorry quack, she passed several months, chiefly with her sister Maria, in the country. She evidently thought little of the medical aid afforded her, and sought eagerly good books and good advice for her soul. She quite won the heart of the priest, her confessor, although the chief spiritual advantage seems to have been received by him. He told the young devotee of his amours with a woman whose arts had completely entrapped him, and, rebuked by counsel from such a quarter, he renounced the connection, and within a year died, as was thought, in the odor of sanctity. Her illness found no relief. For several days she was thought to be actually dead, and her grave was prepared in the grounds of the convent. She regarded this terrible crisis as the result of her father's unwillingness that she should endure the fatigue of confessing. She was in such a sad condition, that she could be moved only in a large cloth held by two persons, each at one end. As soon as she thought herself slightly relieved, she begged to return to the convent. There, for three sad yet not desolate years, she lived in prayer and suffering, an utter cripple. Then she began to enjoy new strength, and, in general, felt tolerably well.

Now the demon of whose cunning and pertinacity she has so much to say laid in wait for her, and, as she thought, turned the happiness of convalescence into a fearful danger to her soul. Friends of course came to congratulate her upon her recovery, and the interviews at the grated window proved sometimes more attractive than the devotions of the cell. Who the companions were whose society was so fascinating the Saint does not tell us ; although the manner in which she speaks of one person, without specifying the name, leads us to suppose that this bride of heaven was not wholly free from human sensibilities. A vision of the Saviour with an expression of severity on his countenance concurred with the illness of her father to rebuke her distraction and win her back to prayer. Yet even her father's death, which took place in 1550, was not sufficient to establish all her affections upon heavenly things. She lived over virtually the life of the Monk of Bethlehem, and scenes of social enjoyment and visions of saints struggled for the mastery of her imagination.

After twenty years of conflict, her heart appears to have come under a new influence, and to have risen into a higher peace. The ghostly Jerome, whose epistles had driven her into her early novitiate, now retires into the background, and she comes within the influence of that noted father of the ancient Church so celebrated for ministering to troubled minds out of his own perplexed experience. Somewhere about the year 1553 she took up the Confessions of Augustine. Reading these burning pages with prayer for the saintly writer's intercession, she melted into tears as she came to his account of the walk in the garden, and of the voice that called him to renounce the world and live for God. She heard the same voice, and the heart of the poor nun, moved as never before, appears to have been led by the great Numidian to stand for the first time upon cheerful Evangelical ground.

The name of Augustine, then, might be deservedly written over the second portion of her career, as that of Jerome over the first. For twenty years' wandering, as with John the Baptist, in the wilderness of ascetic penitence, she now found herself at her Saviour's feet, and rivalling the Magdalen herself in the fervor of her penitence and the flame of her piety. Her new religious experience, so peaceful and so rapturous, puzzled her own mind as much as it did the sage doctors

whom she consulted. Her first two advisers thought the whole a device of the devil, but recommended her to consult a priest of the famous Company of Jesus, which had just founded a college at Avila. The Jesuit Padranos understood her case better, and prescribed for it with remarkable wisdom. "Oh!" writes the Saint, "what a wonderful thing it is to understand a soul!" He counselled her to reflect daily upon the humanity of Christ, and meditate upon the divine fulness of his tender charity. Soon after, — this was in 1557, — a greater than Padranos gave her the same important advice; none other than the noted Francis Borgia, who had just returned from a visit to the imperial solitary, Charles V., afforded her the benefit of his counsel and the light of his peculiar experience in the spiritual life. Her next confessor, Ferdinand Alvarez, carried out the spirit of these counsels, and advised her especially to implore directly the influence of the Spirit to remove the remains of the carnal mind. He urged her to use often that noble hymn,

"Veni, Creator Spiritus,"

a hymn which none can fervently repeat without good, and which led the heart of Theresa to new fervor and assurance. It now flames up in the raptures of prayer, and her autobiography becomes a glowing treatise upon the four steps in the devout life.

Now came troubles from a new quarter. Relieved from the worst part of her mental distractions, the poor nun was sorely tried by external vexations. The story of her experience was noised about among all the pious gossips of the town, and soon made her painfully conspicuous. Her director was advised to put a check to her illusions, and was induced to restrict her attendance at that hallowed table which was the source of so much of her inspiration. There is something very touching in the language in which she appeals to her Saviour for consolation at this trying time. Left to herself, without friendly solace, and taught even to distrust her own soul and Divine influences, she turned to him who came to be the comforter. "O my Lord! indeed you are the only true friend! and how powerful, since you can do what you will! and you never cease to will, if you are entreated! Although all the learned rise up against me, all created things persecute me, demons torment me, may you not desert me, Lord, since I have experience of the gain which you

have in store for all who put their trust in you !” * At these words, peace returned to her, and a voice seemed to come from heaven : — “ Have no fear, my daughter, since it is I, and I will not leave you ; fear not.”

She needed now a wise and experienced adviser, and thought herself happy in the aid of Balthazar Alvarez, a Jesuit, who was her confessor for a long time. But her singular experience, her visions now of angels and now of hell, left her in some perplexities which even his art could not remove. It was well that Pierre of Alcantara, one of the chiefs of the Franciscan Order, noted alike for his charity and devotion, brought to her relief the aids of his veteran experience in spiritual conflicts. The old man comforted the Saint greatly, and from the specimens of his mind given in the third volume of Migne’s collection, we cannot but own that the counsel of so benevolent, self-denying, and wise a man must have been valuable to any one in trouble. Without doubt, the influence of this good Franciscan led Theresa to attach more value to a life of practical usefulness, and tended to cure her of a part of that morbid self-consciousness which habits of secluded introversion create. The mind is like the body, and the director of consciences may learn a useful lesson from the blunt physician, who, when drugs failed to cure the dyspeptic, prescribed the oil that exudes from an axe-handle when in full play at wood-chopping, and the patient was cured. St. Francis has done service to the Catholic Church by his practical, benevolent spirit, and for this we prefer him to Dominic, whom Dante ranks with him as ordained in chief to escort the heavenly bride, the Church : —

“ One, seraphic all
In fervency ; for wisdom upon earth
The other, splendor of cherubic light.” †

The seraph burning with love we prefer to the cherub radiant with light, especially when the light, as in Dominic, is polarized into dogmatic lines and borrows infernal heat from inquisitorial flames. Yet we must confess, that, in the two specimens given by Migne severally of the Franciscan and Dominican Orders, there is much to verify the words of Dante. The Franciscan Peter of Alcantara ‡ writes from a heart of

* Obras, I., pp. 204, 205. Vida, C. XXV.

† Paradiso, Canto XI.

‡ A. D. 1499–1562.

love, whilst the venerable John of Avila* exhibits a calm and sober wisdom, which shows that the Dominican schools may sometimes sharpen the understanding without blunting the sensibilities. John of Avila, whom Theresa sometimes consulted, and whose works here fill a quarto of over six hundred pages, appears much more like a modern man than his associates, and reminds us often of the more scholastic of our fervent English divines.

But the shades of Dominic and St. Francis were both to conspire in the great enterprise that marked the remaining years of Theresa's life. Leading minds of both these Orders sustained her in her plan for the reform of the Carmelites according to that primitive rule which had been, as she thought, so sadly relaxed since the Bull of Eugenius, A. D. 1431. Convinced that prayer, silence, close retirement, and penance are the four pillars of the spiritual life, she long meditated the reform, and at last, in 1560, with the coöperation of a young nun, pupil at the convent of Avila, and a religious widow much prized as a friend, she undertook to procure a house to which the three might retire from the world, give themselves to prayer, and by their devout example begin the work of reform. A great hue and cry was at once raised against these women who seemed to be setting themselves up as so much better than their companions. Every possible obstacle was cast in their way. At last, however, the house was purchased, and the requisite repairs and alterations were commenced. After many delays and perplexing interruptions, during an interval in which the Saint visited Toledo, and, at the order of the Dominican Ibañez, awhile her confessor, wrote her own Life, the work was completed, and on the 24th of August, 1562, with permission from Pius IV., the Convent of St. Joseph was consecrated, and the host placed upon the altar of the chapel for the first time. A single monastery with a nun and four novices was all that as yet existed to represent the great reform. Their garb was as unassuming as their number. Their dress was of black serge, the head was covered with coarse linen, and they wore sandals instead of shoes. But a beginning was made, and the uproar that was raised throughout the vicinity proved that the deed had not been done in a corner, and would not require to be trumpeted by its authors, so busy were preachers, monks,

* Died 1569.

and prelates in denouncing its audacity. For six months the storm lasted, and at one time it seemed that the new convent with its four praying women would be destroyed by the mob. Theresa herself was ordered by her Superior to return to the old convent of the Incarnation, but in December, 1563, was permitted to go back to that of St. Joseph, the seat of the reform. Now came an interval of calm, and in July, 1565, Pius IV. gave his sanction to the code of rules prepared by the Saint for her monastery. Let it be remembered, however, in passing, that her most noted treatise, the *Way of Perfection*, was written during the period of her troubles, at the end of 1563, or the beginning of 1564.

We cannot follow her in all her efforts to carry out her projects of reform, nor describe her various trials and triumphs. She leaves us in very little doubt as to the main object of her enterprise. In the work just quoted, she speaks very plainly of the inroads made by Protestants upon the peace of the Church, and takes her stand boldly with the party of reaction. Conversant as she had been with the leading men of the great religious orders, she was well advised of the state of Christendom, and resolved by asceticism and prayer to bring to the defence of the Church a power which the fagots of Philip and the daggers of Charles IX. vainly sought to wield. Prayer was to her mind the great weapon of the Church militant, and by it she hoped to bring discomfiture upon its foes, and open new springs of consolation and energy to its defenders. Yet her heart yearned also for the conversion of the heathen, and a visit from Father Maldonado, just returned from the East Indies, gave her such views of the wretchedness of the idolaters there as moved her to new devotion in her cell and fresh zeal for reform.

She seems, indeed, to have no objection to harsher modes of dealing with heretics, and speaks of the dungeons of the Inquisition as matters of course, in about the same way as we speak of a jail or prison for criminals. She, however, employed ministrations of no such ungentle character, and no harsh deed is ascribed to her instigation. Against her will appointed Superior of St. Joseph's, she made it her mission to establish similar institutions wherever she could. All the great cities of Spain soon bore monuments of her zeal. The monks of the Order of Carmel caught something of her enthusiasm, and, led by the famous John of the Cross,* whom

* 1542 - 1591.

she met in 1567, when he was a restless zealot but twenty-five years old, they began, like her nuns, to return to the primitive rule. This personage is one of the most singular characters that we have ever met with in church history. His works, which Migne inserts so largely in his third volume, answer fully to the account given of his life. He was the very Sybarite of asceticism, and took an Epicurean delight in penance. He seemed to rejoice in living among graves, and his spirit is a peculiar blending of the erotic and elegiac, — at once a mystical Anacreon and Simonides, or a Tom Moore and James Hervey, singing of the beatific marriage in the damps and gloom of sepulchral cells. He was as exquisite in his apparatus of mortification as ever was a Lucullus in his gardens and banquets. He filled his rooms with crosses and death's-heads as eagerly as ever any Catullus painted his walls with roses and Cupids; and spoke of apartments too low to permit the occupant to stand, with as much pleasure as a Pericles or Trajan would describe the loftiest of his halls. His treatises, such as his "Dark Night" and "Ascent of Carmel," are a strange mixture of love and logic, tears and tropes. They are theological dissertations and devout ejaculations strung upon a mystical love-song as a connecting string. He comments with especial delight upon the Canticles, and with an ingenuity that might well drive such allegorical interpreters as Dr. Gill to despair. Yet there is much to respect in his works, — much tender piety and spiritual insight. Theresa helped him greatly, and probably made an efficient reformer of a sensitive creature who might else have wept his life away in tears of contrition and homesickness. This mystic recluse, also, was of some service to the Saint in sustaining her spiritual elevation throughout her pressing external cares, and his influence undoubtedly appears in the work written by her after his imprisonment, the "Castle of the Soul," in which her mystical flights rival those of Madame Guyon, and have utterly baffled the skill of some of her translators.

She lived five years after composing this work, and then died, in 1572, at the age of sixty-seven, in the midst of her labors, during one of her expeditions for carrying out the Carmelite reform. Notwithstanding her miserable health, her heart was never more at peace nor her spirit more elastic than during this journey. The three previous months she had passed at her loved home, St. Joseph's of Avila, once

more Superior of that convent after a long removal to a less congenial sphere. The strifes between the two orders of Carmelites, of the milder and the more rigid rule, had been harmonized. Seventeen religious houses of the reformed rule had been established by her energy, not including the fifteen founded by John of the Cross. Her journey was now almost a triumphal march, as in her old age and amid snow and ice she turned her face towards Burgos, where she founded her last monastery. In some places her carriage was beset by such multitudes as to block up the way, and the nuns in Palencia sang the *Te Deum* as she approached. It needed all her humility to receive such honors meekly. How lowly and cheerful her temper was is proved by her reply to a companion in the expedition, who spoke to her of the saintly reputation she had acquired : — “ Three things have been told me, — that I was good looking, that I had talent, and that I was saintly ; for some time I was disposed to believe the two first, and I have made confession of such pitiful vanity ; but as to the third, I have never been foolish enough to believe it for a moment.”

Eager to return home from Burgos, she was persuaded to visit the town of Alva, at the urgent request of the Duchess, and there was seized with fatal illness, and soon died. Her death was in the spirit of her life. Receiving the communion and extreme unction, she gave clear responses to all the prayers, repeating constantly the words, — “ At the last, Lord, I am a daughter of the Church.” Resting her head upon the arms of her favorite nun, and clasping in her hands a crucifix, she sank peacefully to rest, with her eyes fixed upon this image of her Saviour. This was on the 4th of October, 1582, or, by the New Style, which dates from that day, October 15th. No wonder that the scene so acted upon the imaginations of the devotees present at the death-bed. Some saw a luminous globe ascend from the body, and others beheld a dove fly from the cell and mount to heaven, whilst a celestial fragrance filled the place.

Who can help associating the place of her death with that proud Duke from whose title the town took its name, and who died within the same year ? Theresa and the Duke of Alva, — leaders in the great reaction against the Protestant Reformation, — in history thus associated, — in character how different, the man of blood and the woman of prayer ! The traveller who looks upon their monuments, as he visits Alva,

can need little help to connect them with thrilling associations.

We pass now to a brief survey of Theresa's works. These are voluminous, — filling six quartos in the Spanish, and nearly three closely printed quartos of the French edition. They may be regarded as forming three classes : — those of a personal nature, such as her memoirs and correspondence, — treatises, among which the “ Path of Perfection ” and the “ Castle of the Soul ” are the chief, — and lastly, official papers, consisting of the “ Book of Foundations,” instructions to her nuns, and a portion of her letters. It is out of the question to try to give a review, or even an outline, of them all. Nor is this necessary, as the same spirit pervades all her writings, whether theological, religious, or ethical. She had little of the pride of authorship or the fear of criticism, and wrote always either in obedience to a director or to meet some especial occasion. Hence there is nothing of the elaborate structure and methodical division in her productions which make the reviewer's task easy. The best idea of her writings will be given by sketching their chief traits.

Her theology, although never presented with logical definiteness or analytic fulness, is very obvious. She is a thorough-going Roman Catholic, and trusts implicitly in the doctrines, priesthood, and rites of the Church. Hence her impunity after her severe examinations. Had she been less obedient to Rome, her pietism would have drawn down upon her far worse terrors than priestly counsel or a few months' seclusion. Like Madame Guyon, she awakened the suspicions of the priesthood, and had she insisted as little as the French Quietist upon the power of the sacraments, she would probably have figured in an *auto da fe*, or have pined away in the dungeons of the Inquisition. As a theologian, she belongs to the mystical, not the logical order, and received the Catholic doctrines with her affections and will, without apparently subjecting them to any searching analysis. With her whole soul, she trusted in that one rite which gives the Papal Church its power, and without which Rome sinks at once to the level of Canterbury and Geneva. The sacrament of the mass, the real presence in the communion, was to her the essential of worship, and her most enraptured hours were connected with this mystical sacrifice.

Hence, obviously, the character of her religion may be inferred. She was from an infant a child of the Church, and her religious experience had been wholly under its guidance. All the poetry of her soul was associated with its ritual and history, its sacred seasons and holy persons. Implicit obedience, entire faith, fervent prayer, were to her the essentials of the religious life. But prayer was the great essential. She seems more at ease in using the language of prayer than that of conversation or letter-writing. Thus, like a bird of the air, she soars more easily than she walks, and it seems a relief to her when she can take to her wings. Her writings constantly rise into prayer, and the style has generally new majesty and purity as she pours out her soul in penitence or adoration. Generally, her style has disappointed us; yet frequently, as in her devotional passages, we have proof that she spoke the language of Cervantes, and did not dishonor the country that gave birth to Quintilian, and which once in the purity even of its Latin surpassed the successors of Cicero, and in the eighth and ninth centuries sent Latin teachers to Italy. When treating of prayer, she speaks also with more analytical discrimination, as well as more eloquence, than when treating any other topic. Invariably in her works the same view of the progressive stages of the devout life is presented or implied. In her autobiography she makes her idea of the four modes of prayer more clear by one of those simple comparisons which she was so fond of using. She compares the soul to a desolate tract of land that needs to be weeded, planted, and watered, so as to be a pleasant garden to the Lord. It is by prayer that the dry land is watered and made pleasant and fragrant to the senses. The water may be conveyed in four ways, — either by drawing it laboriously from the well, or by raising it by a wheel and distributing it through conduits, or by turning the waters of a brook or river, or, lastly, by an abundant shower, which at once supersedes all anxious effort on our part. The first method corresponds to *mental* prayer, which consists in a labored effort to collect the thoughts. This is the most trying season of the Christian, and needs much patience and perseverance. Thus devotion begins its course. Then comes the prayer of *quietude*, which is a profound recollection of the three powers of the soul, — memory, understanding, and will. The will acts, but not by painful effort, for it is led by Divine love in that subjection which is perfect freedom. The third kind of

prayer is that of *union*, in which the Divine life flows into the soul and the will rests in peace in the arms of God. She describes this as a dying almost entirely to created things and living only for heaven, — as a state in which the soul gives up every thing, and knows not whether she speaks or is silent, laughs or weeps. The last mode of prayer is that of *rapture* or *ecstasy*. This climax of the devout life the Saint is never weary of describing, and the impassioned language in which she speaks of the favored hours in which the Divine Spirit floods the soul with its grace, and makes the dry and thirsty land a blooming paradise, would be offensive for its presumption, were it not for the humility with which it is always apparently accompanied, as when she beseeches the Creator not to forget her frailties in the plenitude of his mercy, or trust an essence so precious to so fragile a vessel.

Prayer being the essence of religion in her view, of course her ethical system must aim directly at the nurture of devotion. What her system was is far better shown by a glance at the plan of her two chief treatises, than by any attempt to gather an ethical code from her various writings. Her “Path of Perfection” was probably intended by her to serve as a practical guide for those who would lead a spiritual life, although prepared especially for the religious sisterhood of her first charge. She insists, first, upon the need of despising the wealth and vanities of the world, and of bringing the outward lot into harmony with a truly humble mind. The highest office of a religious charity consists in strengthening the zeal of the servants of that Church from which all blessings flow. To pray with efficacy, the religious must observe faithfully the rule of their order, cherish for one another a truly Christian love, and shun all the favoritisms and partialities so prevalent especially among females. They must watch closely the character of the confessor and the nature of their interest in his visits, and shun as deadly poison the least appeal to their vanity. Her chapter on the method of changing a confessor presents a curious case of struggle between the spirit of independence and the sense of duty. She desires her sisters to seek ever a learned and pious director, and to use all urgency in the proper quarter to procure such a guide. The only love which she sanctions is love towards God and towards those who seek our salvation. She deems Evangelical charity as far beyond friend-

ship as above that other passion which she hardly deigns to name, except in her mystical emblems. She deals very severely with the petty sensitiveness and love of preference so common in religious houses, and exhorts the faithful to trample them under foot. She is jealous even of family ties, and urges the religious to think far more of brothers and sisters who are such in spirit than of those who are such by natural affinity. So elevated a spirit cannot be won without humility and self-mortification; hence the need of penances, — not those that are conspicuous for their extravagance, but those that most effectually humble the soul before God. Not even the plea of delicate health is to excuse remissness in self-mortification. While treating this point, the Saint shows that the disease known among college students as the Sunday headache has some parallel in convent life; some of the sisters excusing themselves from their duty at prayers, now because they are afraid of being sick, now because they have a slight headache, and again because they have been ill, whereas only decided illness is a valid excuse. She urges the duty of carrying self-mortification so far as to refrain from making excuses, even when blame is unjustly cast. In all things the soul should present itself humbly before God, and crave his grace, — humility being, as she says, like the queen in the game of chess, the most powerful agency in the holy war, and able to bring even the king to terms. Then the Saint approaches the great subject of contemplation in connection with obedience and prayer. She urges the glory of the marriage of the soul with God by true contemplation, and ends the treatise with directions for the use of the Lord's Prayer so as to win the highest peace. This prayer she deems sufficient, if used mentally as well as vocally, and duly meditated upon, clause by clause. When thus used, whole hours may be profitably occupied with saying it only once. Her chapters on the *Pater Noster* are interspersed with thoughts on the eucharist as the great centre of the religious life, and are followed by exhortations to a true humility, patience, and poverty, that shall guard the soul against all counterfeits, and lift the Christian above all base anxieties and annoying scruples into the holy liberty of the children of God.

We have read this treatise with great interest and not a little admiration of its searching self-scrutiny and its uncompromising standard of spirituality. Yet we miss much of what the New Testament deems essential in the true life.

The flaming pietism of the Spaniard soars far away from (we will not say above) that common humanity which He exemplified who fed the hungry, healed the sick, and identified himself with the lot of the poor and lonely. The "Path of Perfection" is not the rule of life for those whose prayer is, not that they may be "taken out of the world," but that they may be "kept from the evil." There is nothing of the Good Samaritan in its pages, unless the wounds to be healed in our neighbour are such as contemplation and prayer can reach. Yet let us remember that the author's sympathy for others was that which she prized most fondly herself. She who despised the body and its comforts, cared little for friendship, and scorned human love, may surely be pardoned for being so engrossed with the spiritual destitution of mankind as to slight all things temporal, even the claims of kindred and home, in her impassioned devotion to things deemed by her the only eternal goods. Add to her chapters a few from the work of the good Franciscan who first led her to peace, and who wrote on prayer less for the guidance of a secluded sisterhood than for our common humanity, so tried and tempted, and the want is in a great measure supplied, and charity stands side by side with piety.

Her "Castle of the Soul or the Abodes" (*Las Moradas*) rises even above the "Path of Perfection" in mystical devotion. It is the Pilgrim's Progress of the devout seeker, from the first entrance into the outer gate through successive stages to the seventh and last abode, where the soul dwells in heavenly peace, its life "hid with Christ in God," in the bliss of perfect union and the rapture of perfect love. This treatise, although very deficient in method and occasionally very incoherent, is on the whole a very edifying book, and contains passages that no Protestant could scorn, unless he is prepared also to call Fénelon a dotard and George Fox a fool. Some of its imagery is really beautiful. She compares the soul to a poor worm that must give up its own will, die to itself, hide itself in its shell, bury itself in the earth, that, transformed and glorious, it may rise to the upper air. Renouncing itself, and buried, as it were, in the Divine grandeur, the soul through humility and self-renunciation is gifted with new wings and soars into the realm of heavenly peace. It is hard to believe that the woman who, for years of her religious life, could not pray without the guidance of a book, could be so free and impassioned in the language of de-

votion as she appears in this treatise. It is as if the nature, before a mass of heavy ore without any resonance under the stroke of the hammer, had been so tempered in the furnace and drawn out into elastic chords, as to form the harp-strings that thrill with every breath of air. She who deems salvation impossible out of the Church, and binds her faith to the priesthood and ritual so implicitly, speaks of God and her soul in language that would startle the boldest Transcendentalist alike for its freedom and its rapture. Yet it was no wild-fire that flamed in her devotions ; although it might seem as little limited as the fire of a burning forest, it was inclosed within an iron grating. She ends her most rapturous flights by placing herself humbly at the feet of the Church, as the young eagle returns from its adventurous play in the sun-beam and with folded wing rests in the tranquil nest.

How shall we delineate a character so singularly mingled, and so little congenial with our Protestant modes of thought, as Theresa ? We will make the attempt, however feeble it may be.

Her intellect was keen in its perceptions, and in many respects remarkable also for its intuitive power. She was evidently a close observer of life and character, and showed peculiar shrewdness in judging of dispositions, and quickness in borrowing illustrations from ordinary things. One might collect from her treatises, letters, and official papers, ideas of the Spanish character, especially of the peculiarities of Spanish women of her day, that in point, and sometimes in sarcasm, would rival the "Doblado" of Blanco White. The nun she understood very well, and, if enthusiastic for the virtues, was no stranger to the troubles, of convents. Her education was very limited in literary privileges, and to learning and philosophy she made no claim. What, in fact, could we expect of a Spanish woman in the sixteenth century, who died when Lope de Vega was a scape-grace boy, before Cervantes had written, or Calderon was born ; and whose walk was so secluded as seemingly to shut from her the fact, that Ercilla had celebrated the triumphs of the Christian arms in America by an epic poem, and that Garcilasso had become the Petrarch of Spain ? As to philosophical training, what have the Spanish schools ever done to discipline the intellectual faculties ? Blanco White declared, that, even in this present century, the Spanish language had never been moulded to ex-

press philosophical distinctions. Raymund Lulle* and Luis Vives † were the brightest names that Spain gave to philosophy before Theresa's public career began, and Molina ‡ and Suarez § are apparently the best minds in morals and metaphysics that have flourished in her country since her day. But Theresa did not attempt to be philosophical, bold as was her treatment of the highest topics of thought, topics that even Kant and Schelling might shrink from touching. In the close of her "Abodes," she shows her peculiar power, by illustrating, rather than defining, the transcendental truths of religion. Hers is the intuitive, not the inductive or deductive method. And surely among the ideas which she claims to have verified by the testimony of her own consciousness in favored hours of contemplation, there are some truths which this devotee, so little trained in the schools, expresses with a fervor that Luther would have loved and a distinctness that Cudworth would have honored. She is always happy in illustration, although often very homely. The images furnished by her observation of ordinary life seem to have stood ever ready at her bidding to illustrate her religious views. The garden and the home, the elements of nature and the features of society, were all made to aid her in her ghostly teachings. It is worthy of note, that this bride of Heaven furnishes no small portion of her illustrations from the transports and troubles of lovers, the cares of married life, and even the experience of the nursery. Her fancies clothed themselves in imagery as readily as her ideas, and in the visions with which her autobiography is so much occupied we can see the same representative imagination at work in the chambers of her soul that stamps itself so decidedly upon her pages. The beauty or vividness of her fancy was the more remarkable from the fact, that sacred art was comparatively imperfect in her day in Spain, and her visions could have had no aid from the portraits of Velasquez or the Madonnas and saints of Murillo, as neither of these artists saw the light until she had long been numbered with the dead. Let not our practical age wholly scorn the visions of the Saint, for we, too, in this financial age, are dreamers, although we may be haunted more frequently with an aureola of golden ingots than of golden light. Doves, saints, seraphs, demons, crowns, frequent her devotional hours, and in her way she was

* A. D. 1235 - 1315. † 1492 - 1540. ‡ 1535 - 1601. § 1548 - 1617.

as much a dweller in the land of fantasy as the seer of Sweden. Yet there is little in her own writings of the enormous credulity with which many have interpreted her life. Her autobiography is reason itself, when compared with the miraculous legends incorporated into the Bull of Gregory XV., canonizing her name, and the accounts of biographers who have celebrated the virtues not merely of her prayers, but of her bones.

Need we speak of moral traits, after what has been said? She was humble towards God and her neighbour, yet in her piety singularly daring and in her conversation uncompromising. She could hear the severest reproaches without reply, and assert the most unpopular opinions without fear. She was stanch enough in the faith to sanction the acts of the Inquisition, yet so bland and courteous as to conciliate a convent of lax nuns, whom, against her will and theirs, she was sent to discipline, and who received her with murmurs and parted from her with tears. Her ascetic habits never seem to have led her to forget the lady in the devotee. She could send a present of a *cilice* or hair-shirt (such a ghostly garment, we suppose, has no sex in its name) to a young lady, and accompany it with a graceful note, or could congratulate a grave bishop upon the marriage of his niece in such a way as to save at once her good manners and her belief in celibacy.* Her chief joy in the marriage seemed to be that the worthy ecclesiastic was free from the guardianship of so troublesome a charge, and she deems it no misfortune that the bridegroom is much the lady's senior. Her kind nature led her to look benignly, however, on the home pleasures which she had for ever renounced. There is some feminine tenderness beneath her robe of mortification. Yet she contributed, probably, as much as any one to the severity of Spanish art, and combined with the spirit of the Inquisition to chastise painting and sculpture into an extreme of prudishness that is without parallel. She gave the chief model for the holy woman of the canvas, and it was by influence such as hers that Magdalens were robed as gravely as abbesses, and the nation whose earliest literature was as lax as Boccaccio formed a school of painting austere enough to bear the scrutiny of Calvin.

We do not know of any better description of the mingled humility and aspiration of her religious character than is given

* Migne, II. 382. Cartas, I. 43.

in a passage from one of the best of the letters included in that published correspondence, which is generally more taken up with official details and personal matters than with interesting thoughts. The passage is from her letter to Velasquez, Bishop of Osma : — “ Whenever God consoles you, you should deem yourself unworthy of it, and on the other hand praise his goodness, which is thus disposed to manifest itself to men and make them sharers of its power and goodness. And greater offence is done to God by doubting of his bounty in conferring favors, since he glories more in manifesting his omnipotence than in showing the force of his justice. Dust and ashes as we are, we ought to preserve the conditions of dust and ashes, which of their own nature tend to lie low upon the earth. But when the wind blows upon the dust, it would be acting against its nature, if it were not lifted up ; and being lifted up, it rises whilst the wind sustains it, and returns to its place when the wind goes down. Thus the soul, whose emblem it is, should keep the conditions of dust and ashes. And thus should it be in prayer, when resting merely on its own knowledge ; and when the gentle breath of the Holy Spirit raises it and places it in the heart of God, and sustains it there, revealing his kindness, manifesting his power, it should know how to enjoy this grace with thanksgiving, since God takes it unto himself, pressing it to his bosom as a cherished wife in the embrace of her husband.”

Thus at once humble and aspiring, the heart of Theresa was as the dust of the earth, resigned to that mystical breath that bloweth where it listeth, and man knoweth not its path.

In respect to practical usefulness, it was her aim to be at once, as she says, Mary and Martha, and unite the life of contemplation with that of action. Although the Mary predominated in her character, yet the Martha was not wanting. Her executive talents were of a high order, as shown in her official papers and her marked success in her work of reform. If she did not aspire to create a new Order, she did what requires quite as much force ; she reformed an old Order, and triumphed over the laxity of some opposers and the bigotry of others, in calling the sisters and brothers of Carmel to the strictness of the ancient rule. She feared no labor, and shrank from addressing no august authority, even royalty itself, for the triumph of her cause. With great energy, tact, and perseverance, she devoted herself to her work, and

blended with her almost Oriental quietism a large share of the indefatigable will that distinguishes the sons and daughters of Europe above the Asiatic family. The Bull of Gregory styles her the new Deborah, triumphing over the enemy within and animating a mighty host of militants in defence of the beleaguered Church. This is a better saying than the greater part of that ghostly document contains. Under the palm-trees of Mount Ephraim, the prophetess of Israel judged the tribes and went with them to the battle against the invader. So Theresa ruled in the Church militant from her cell, and went forth upon her expeditions to strengthen the hearts of the champions who would repel the new Sisera that had invaded her Israel. As she saw the Protestant Reformation defeated in Spain, she felt all the triumph which the more lyrical nature of the daughter of Judah so powerfully uttered : —

“Awake, awake, Deborah !
Awake, awake, utter a song !
The kings came and fought,
They fought the kings of Canaan.
They fought from heaven ;
The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.”

Yet Theresa was no stranger to poetry, and composed verses respectable in literary ability and unsurpassed for their devotional fervor. But her Muse yearns for heaven rather than minds earthly things. Her noted stanzas, whose burden is, “I die, because I cannot die,” — *Muero porque no muero*, — well express the tone of her poetry and the spirit of her life. Her love of Christ was a sacred passion, and she longed to depart and be with him.

She stands at the head, it seems to us, of the female mystics who have acted so powerfully on the modern ages, if we consider her priority in time and extent of influence. Her religious order spread itself in all lands, and her quietism, unmodified by her caution, reappeared in the “Spiritual Guide” of Molinos, and convulsed the Church in the days of Fénelon and Bossuet. Catharine of Sienna acted upon a wider and more conspicuous stage in the world, Catharine Adorna trod a path of broader philanthropy, Madame Chantal had more fully developed affections and more humane graces, whilst Madame Guyon had a more rational faith and drew nearer to our Protestant freedom. But Theresa, it seems to us, went beyond them all in the rapture of her de-

votion, and was more completely absorbed in the contemplative life, and more fully on fire with mystical love. Her very narrowness, doubtless, added to her enthusiasm. Her electric fervor was concentrated upon a point, the waters of her life flowed in a narrow channel ; hence the fire of her zeal, and the rushing torrent of her devotion.

As Madame Guyon is rising into notice and favor among Protestants now, it may be well to think of her in comparison with the Spanish Saint. Resembling each other in their love of the prayer of quietude and their joy in the mystical marriage with the Saviour, they differed widely in history, experience, and fortunes. Madame Guyon had a wider culture, she knew the mother's heart in her own parental affection, and enjoyed the privileges of education which the age of Descartes and Fénelon afforded. She was, indeed, a Catholic, but insisted comparatively little on priesthoods and rituals, and without great violence to her nature could have poured out her soul at a meeting of the followers of her English contemporary Fox, as well as at the feet of her confessor La Combe or in the society of her illustrious friend of Cambray. She was no partisan, and was hated for her very liberality. She founded no order or sect, and her name owes most of its fragrance and permanence to Protestant admirers. How different Theresa ! — in Catholic doctrine so firm, looking upon all heretics as utterly lost, and regarding the adorable wafer as the seal of salvation and the food of angels, and esteeming all prayer without its sanction a mockery. How different in ecclesiastical honors ! Her name is brilliant in the saintly calendar. Two hymns — a very unusual thing — expressly celebrate her piety in the Roman Breviary, and are chanted yearly throughout the world.* Even now the sisters of her Order renew her ghostly austerities, adding to them not a little of humanity more considerate of our common nature than was hers. In our own Baltimore, the visitor so privileged may now see the linen hood and serge robe and

* We have no space to write of the recent changes in the monastic institutions of Spain and the developments of liberalism in religious affairs. Singularly has the Spain of Espartero differed from that of Alva. Poorly will Isabella the Second and Narvaez imitate the conservative policy of Isabella the Catholic and Ximenes. They that would judge of the remaining strength of Catholicism in Spain must not be content with the lively story-teller, Borrow. Let them read the able paper — almost a volume — in the Dublin Review, No. XXXVI., which came probably from Archbishop Wiseman.

sandalled feet of the sisters of Carmel, and learn from the maidens who attend their convent for instruction, that the zeal of the Spanish virgin still lives in her spiritual daughters, and unites itself with the graces of the affections and the accomplishments of the intellect.

More and more we are led to believe that no true heart ever loses its power, and that the prominent characters of history are permanent treasures of our race. That we need the influence of all good men and good women to keep us in the true path, who will deny? Standing as we do in one of the extreme ranks of Protestant reformers, we are not willing to spare from our list of friends the name of this stanch champion of Rome. Her life means more than it expresses, and has many a lesson which our age can read better than hers, and exhibits many a virtue which her own consciousness feebly interpreted or her own prejudice sadly narrowed. Strip off all adventitious appliances, the bonds of dogmatism and the bandages of ceremonial, and present her life in its own essential spirit, and we have a heart glowing with love of God and her neighbour, and ready to suffer and die for the good of souls and the kingdom of Christ.

Her love of Christ was a sacred passion. In one of her visions she thought that he bade her cease to mourn that the books she desired were denied her, and to regard him as the living book, — the truth made life. Thus the obedient daughter of Rome cherished affections which have a parallel in the experience of those of her sex whose names are most honored among Protestants. The three types of religion, the ritual, the dogmatic, the spiritual, agree thus in one. Catholic and Calvinist unite with the Liberal sects in love for Him who came to reveal the Father and lead man to God. Take an example from each class. Theresa of Jesus, Sarah Edwards, Elizabeth Fry, — how different, yet how like! Compare the expressions of their inmost experience, and it is not always easy to distinguish them from one another. For man and for woman we believe in the need of this Evangelical love, and hold in little respect the creed that shuts Christ out from our affections by regarding him merely as a teacher who once lived and taught precious truth, but who stands now in no relations of personal tenderness to us. We need to love Christ with an engrossing affection. Sadly do the daughters of Christendom lose native dignity and power, when they look coldly upon Him who has given them their

exalted rank and noblest graces. The common annals of our religion record every year the deeds of nobler women than Chaucer ever celebrated in his heathenish Legend of the Good, or Tennyson in his dainty Dream of the Fair, of that sex whose eulogists are seldom their true friends. Poor of itself is the heart even of woman, unstable its impulses, uncertain its charity, without the hold on heavenly things which is given by communion with God through Christ. With this hold, the nature that seems little gifted with genial affections blooms out in the loveliest temper and the most benign energies. We have lately stood by the grave of a woman who had become a household name in our community for benevolence to the orphan. Of a severe, unromantic nature, not abounding in tenderness nor prone to enthusiasm, she learned at once to look upon Christ as the manifestation of God, and to love him in the persons of the poor, and her whole life was changed by the power of her Evangelical faith. She was tender, devoted, enthusiastic, persevering, and went "from strength to strength." Hundreds of children redeemed from misery by her zeal call her blessed. The children of our Sunday schools have reared a monument to her as the Children's Friend. What is there in any system of formal ethics or abstract philosophy that can take the place of the Gospel and of Him in whom the Gospel became life?

Nearly three centuries have passed since Theresa died, and the conflict in which she took so conspicuous a part is not yet finished. The parties of the movement, of the reaction, and of the middle course are still at work. The spirit of Luther is not dead; Loyola lives in far more societies and persons than are willing to own his name; and the mantle of Cranmer is worn by many more prelates than rule the British Church. The women of Christendom are entering more into the great arena, and taking sides with the antagonists. Many a devotee nourishes in contemplation and prayer the life which Theresa deemed divine, and not a few converts to Romanism are made from her susceptible sex. A woman occupies the British throne, and the name of Victoria represents a vast multitude who laud the calm conservatism of the Episcopal Church, and in their love of moderation sometimes glorify mediocrity. All over the world, too, there are earnest and gifted women who are pressing on to the better time, careful observers of existing evils and friends of every worthy reform. A blessing rest upon them all, whatever their

church, creed, or country ! We will not make invidious distinctions. Honor to all the Marys and Marthas, who, in thought or action, devotion or benevolence, are seeking the good of their race ! Yet our sympathies are most with those who look beyond the ceremonial and the dogma to the spirit and the truth. May they retain all their freedom and humanity, and yet never allow themselves to fall from that Christian faith without which freedom is license and humanity sentimentalism. Far more to our taste is that Christian Sybil, Elizabeth Barrett, than that Socialist Pythoness called George Sand, although even her we deem not wholly evil. We know of nothing more touching in modern literature than Elizabeth Barrett's ode, the "Cry of the Children," and see not how its pleadings are to be effectual, unless the mothers and daughters of Christendom have more thoughtfulness for society and more faith in God. The fate of childhood in poverty, — the wrongs of woman, whether in the perils of want or in those of luxury, — the defects of female education, — the narrowness of female occupations, — these and the like are topics that are yet to be studied as never before by feminine sagacity, and treated with feminine fidelity. One of the dreamy theorists of our age has maintained the doctrine, that the course of Divine revelation is to be completed by the advent of a new Messiah in the form of woman. Far from holding the visions of St. Simon in any respect, we are ready to believe that Divine Providence will insure new triumphs of the Messiah through the truer life and influence of the sex which he has so exalted. She who would serve her race faithfully, and win honor to the true standard of Christian womanhood, must be proof against the world's false homage, as against its open hostility. Small praise do we give to monastic seclusion, vigils, and mortifications. But a crown of honor surely belongs to her who is ready to make sacrifice of her own vanity or ease for the good of her sex or the triumph of the Divine kingdom. Such sacrifices the women of the luxurious nineteenth century are called upon to make ; and in making them, they can learn some worthy lessons even from their Spanish sisters of the sixteenth century, — surely from Isabella of the queenly will, and Theresa of the flaming heart.

S. O.

ART. IV. — KENTISH'S NOTES ON SCRIPTURE.*

"ONCE on a time," as the story-books say, there lived men in this our country, readers of the *Christian Examiner* and contributors to its pages, who made sacred criticism a subject of diligent study. That few such men furnish contributions to our journal now is very plain, and the articles they might bestow on us, we strongly suspect, would find but tardy perusal. In plain English, and in the language of mournful confession, we are forced to say, that in no department of our editorial work have we met with such continual disappointment as in our attempts to procure papers illustrating the principles of Biblical interpretation or their application to the sacred volume. Our readers, as we have suggested, may not sympathize with us in this regret. Our disappointment they may account their relief. Still we cannot but think that the people are more ready to receive than the ministers to impart instruction of this kind. That the Bible is used as a text-book (in the most literal sense), that it is read as the greatest and best of books, that it is preached *from*, and lived *from*, — all this we stand ready to admit. But that it is not much preached *on*, nor a close examination of its language made a frequent employment of the clergyman's private hours, we infer from a large amount of direct and indirect testimony.

We are not going to discuss the question, whether the decline of interest in critical studies — of which, notwithstanding the facts adduced by our friend who delivered the Address before the Alumni of the Divinity School the year before last,† we entertain no more doubt than of the decrease of "steady habits" in our city of Boston — is a portentous evil. We regret it, but have no wish to inflict on our readers a tedious inquiry into the causes or probable effects of a change which they may not deplore as much as we. If any one of our contributors who can manage an unwelcome theme with the ability and grace which, if they were ours, we would expend on its treatment, will use our pages for the purpose, they are at his service. And still more cheerfully will we give admission to exegetical articles embracing sound and liberal criticism of the Scriptures. We have confessed some

* *Notes and Comments on Passages of Scripture.* By JOHN KENTISH. Second Edition. London. 1846. 8vo. pp. x., 420.

† See *Christian Examiner*, for November, 1847, pp. 325 et seq.

of our private sorrows, by way of introduction to a few extracts from the volume of "Notes and Comments on Passages of Scripture" which lies before us. *

Mr. Kentish is still, we believe, minister of one of the Unitarian congregations in Birmingham. Having, some years ago, resigned to a colleague the principal portion of the labor incident to his office, he has devoted himself to a life of tranquil study and social enjoyment at his beautiful residence, a little removed from the noise and smoke of the town. Here, among other engagements, he has employed himself in revising his contributions to sacred literature, which had appeared in different periodical publications, particularly the "Monthly Repository" and the "Christian Reformer," and in collecting them, with additions, into a volume, which appeared in 1844, and a second edition of which is now in our hands. Mr. Kentish avoids the vice, so common with critics, of attempting to make discoveries. He affects no originality, and has added very little to the means of elucidating the sacred text which were in the possession of English readers before. His "principles of interpretation," he says in the Preface, "are far from being new; however men may have neglected the faithful application of them. My aim has been, in the first instance, to ascertain what the original text is, and to alter nothing on conjecture; and then to explain passages by means of the subject and connection, and of parallel or kindred texts." These, often as they have been violated, are the only principles that will guide commentator or reader to a correct interpretation of the sacred volume. The references appended to the several notes furnish evidence of a habit to which he alludes, and in which he might be well taken as an example by every preacher or student. "In the course of my theological and of my miscellaneous reading," he remarks, "I have kept in view its bearings on an elucidation of the Scriptures." The consequence in this case, as it would be with any one who should adopt a similar practice, is an accumulation of passages, from both ancient and modern literature, and from writers on almost every subject, the pertinency of which, in many instances, as well as their constantly increasing amount, would surprise one who had never connected his general reading with such a purpose.

The effect of this study of the Bible upon his estimation of its contents is noticed by Mr. Kentish, and corresponds

with what must always follow upon a candid and patient inquiry into its claims and character.

"In proportion," says he, "as I have attended to the pursuits out of which these notes arose, I have seen new reasons for admiring Christianity, as it is disclosed in the Scriptures, and for believing in its special Divine origin, as well as in that of Judaism; I have, at the same time, gained a yet stronger persuasion that the sacred writings authenticate themselves; and that they inculcate truths and morals of unrivalled excellence, and breathe a spirit of the most exalted devotion, the most comprehensive charity, and the strictest purity."—p. ix.

We select a few of the illustrations of the meaning of the Scriptural writers, which strike us as most valuable.

Mr. Kentish adopts the view of Jephthah's conduct towards his daughter which is suggested by the Common Version, but for which many commentators have been anxious to substitute one more agreeable to the dictates of humanity. While he admits that it might "at first appear incredible that a Jew should sacrifice a human victim, and this victim his daughter, and hardly less astonishing that he should do so unchecked and unpunished by his countrymen," if "the period which the Book of Judges treats of had been one of regular and tranquil government, or had the religion and morals of the people exhibited no alarming degeneracy," he finds in "the actual state of things, the reverse of all this," a reason for adopting a literal interpretation of the passage. "The Jewish nation were now become, with few exceptions, semi-idolaters and barbarians; and Jephthah's rash and cruel vow harmonizes too well with the depravity of the times and the awful darkness of the scene." Inclined ourselves to adopt this exposition, we concur with Mr. Kentish in his remark, that "the Divine origin of the Jewish polity is unaffected by Jephthah's conduct; while the simple and ingenuous manner in which the historian records this example of disobedience to the letter and the spirit of the Mosaic law supports the authenticity of the narrative."

Mr. Kentish, also, we doubt not, gives the correct exposition of the language of Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," etc. (xix. 25, 26), so often cited, against all the considerations that determine its meaning, in proof of faith in immortality.

"The key to these verses is supplied, I think, by xvi. 19:

‘Behold, my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high.’ Though Job considered his disease as mortal, he was confident; nevertheless, that the Supreme Being would attest his innocence; and therefore he declares (xiii. 15), ‘Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.’ It is perfectly agreeable to the plan and object of the book, that the virtuous sufferer should expect a Divine appearance in his behalf: with this, however, the introduction of the doctrine of a future life would not have been consistent. With what propriety, too, could Job say, that, after the slumbers of the tomb, he should *in his flesh* see God? — pp. 54, 55.

Of Proverbs xxvii. 19, “As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man,” Mr. Kentish adopts an explanation at least as probable as any other: —

“As water [represents] the face to the face,
So the heart [represents] the man to the man.

Let any individual faithfully consult his heart, — the state of his motives, his principles, his feelings, etc., — and it will fully set before him his character; just as the true lineaments of his countenance are reflected from the pure and unagitated surface of water.” — p. 83.

We copy a part of the note on John xviii. 38, for the manner in which it exposes a groundless cavil, while it exhibits in its true light the conduct of our Lord.

“Pilate had two interviews with Jesus. Matthew, Mark, and Luke speak only of the former of them, which was public, and took place in the presence of the Jewish rulers. John limits himself to the latter interview, which was private, and *within* the judgment-hall. . . . Here Jesus and Pilate were alone, and John represents at large the dialogue between the governor and his prisoner in private. The deportment of Jesus Christ, in his present, as in every other situation, was marked by consummate wisdom and propriety, by meekness united with fortitude, by dignity yet gentleness of soul. When his calumniators stood together with him before Pilate, he answered nothing. He was conscious of his innocence; he knew their falsehood and their malice; and was perfectly sensible that it became them to produce credible witnesses against him, yet that this was beyond their power. With such persons he could not, and would not, enter into any altercation, in the presence of the governor. On the other hand, when he was admitted to a private audience with Pilate, — an audience, too, sought for by the judge himself, — the respect which he always showed and inculcated for the office of the civil magistrate would not suffer him to be silent; the less so,

as the purpose of the Roman Procurator evidently was, to ascertain, if possible, the nature of the accusation, the ground on which it rested, and the pretensions of the individual accused. Jesus accordingly unfolded his claims with his characteristic firmness and wisdom. By this conduct he strengthened the favorable impression which had already been left on Pilate's mind. The difficulty, therefore, that has occurred to some individuals, in respect to this part of the gospel-history, is only apparent." — pp. 196 – 198.

On Acts iii. 22, Mr. Kentish, after observing that "the fact of this quotation (Deut. xviii. 15) having been made by Peter and by Stephen shows the importance attached to it among the Jews," gives, we believe, the true explanation of the language of Moses, — "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you, of your brethren, like unto me." "It is, I think," he says, "an assurance that Divine prophecy and legislation should be continued to them; and it therefore includes Jesus Christ, without specifically and solely describing him."

The comment on Acts vi. 9 — "Then there arose certain of them of Cilicia, disputing with Stephen" — is worthy of Paley. Tarsus, it will be remembered, was in Cilicia.

"Is it not likely that Saul of Tarsus was of the number; and may not this circumstance explain the singular fury of the zeal with which he consented to the proto-martyr's death? The disputants with Stephen could not resist the wisdom and the spirit with which he spake; baffled in argument, they had recourse to brutal violence. No history more completely authenticates itself than that of the Acts of the Apostles; none is more faithful to human nature, or more prominently characterized by minute, undesigned coincidences." — pp. 208, 209.

A similar example of critical sagacity is presented in the note on Philippians i. 14.

"The 'brethren in the Lord' were some of the Christians at Rome, whence this Epistle was written. It is evident from 2 Tim. iv. 16, that, on Paul's first appearance before the civil power, they timidly forsook him; the passage before us shows that his situation and his example had inspired them with courage. Now this information, presented, as it is, artlessly and incidentally, bespeaks truth; and, when read in connection with the three following verses, it adds strength to the opinion, that there was a Christian church, of no recent standing, in the metropolis of the world." — p. 309.

The summary which Mr. Kentish presents of Paul's argument in his Epistle to the Romans, though in the main just, fails to give sufficient prominence to some very important ideas on which the Apostle insisted ; but his remarks on the character of the Epistle are true, and deserve attention.

" This part of Paul's writings is of signal value, for the benevolence of spirit, the comprehension of understanding, the soundness of judgment, and the fervor of devotion, which it manifests. The reasoning is close and pertinent ; and there is much less of a real than of a seeming neglect of method. Nowhere does the Apostle pour forth more freely the abundance of his heart, or employ language at once more beautiful and sublime. Here we have examples of metaphors, allegories, personifications, and other figures of speech, which for propriety and force have not, perhaps, been surpassed. When Sin and Death, on the one side, when the Grace or Favor of God, and Righteousness and Life, on the other, are represented as mighty potentates in mutual warfare, and when the Jews and the Gentiles are respectively set forth as the natural and as the wild olive-tree, who can withhold his tribute of admiration of the author's eloquence, taste, and genius ?" — pp. 253, 254.

The use of the word " flesh " in the discourses of Jesus and in the Epistles perplexes many readers. Mr. Kentish's exposition of its meaning is, we conceive, substantially correct. On Romans viii. 1 he observes : —

" We frequently meet with this phrase in the writings of Paul, who uses it with some nice shades of meaning, agreeably to his topic and situation. Still, in every instance it conveys the same leading thought, to investigate and ascertain which cannot but be desirable. By *the flesh*, then, we probably are to understand what is outward, — ritual, ceremonial, — in opposition to inward religious principle, to spirituality of mind, to sound habits of feeling and temper. I am assigning the primary notion of ' flesh ' in the New Testament, especially as it occurs in many parts of our Lord's discourses. The expression soon came to be employed, naturally, and specifically, for the Jewish law of ceremonies, — and, thence, for all that was external in Judaism ; including the traditions of the elders and the righteousness of the Pharisees. This fact unfolds its meaning in not a few passages of Paul's letters. A zeal for rites being quite compatible with vicious inclinations and conduct, and with the grossest selfishness and love of the world, the term *flesh* afterwards denoted all inordinately selfish dispositions and practices." — pp. 240, 241.

A reference to the primary meaning of the word *διάβολος*

is made to illustrate 1 Peter v. 8, — “ Be sober, be vigilant ; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.”

“ I regard this verse as having, in substance, the same import with Ephesians v. 16, ‘ Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.’ The passages are identical, in respect of the exhortation which they convey, and of the state of things which they describe ; namely, an age of persecution, the existence of an *accuser*, a calumniator, an informer, whose violence and whose stratagems endangered the temporal [why not, also, the spiritual ?] safety of the early Christians.” — p. 357.

A remarkable grammatical construction, which Mr. Kentish has traced to its true source, in the mind of the Apostle, is noticed in 1 John iii. 2.

“ A peculiarity runs throughout the chapter, and in some measure through the Epistle. The verse before us is a striking example of what I mean ; namely, the recurrence of the personal pronoun (*he, him*) without an expressed antecedent. Were this remarkable construction justly attended to, men would less readily acquiesce in some false criticisms. *He* who ‘ shall appear ’ is our Lord Jesus Christ ; while the noun immediately preceding is ‘ God,’ — and yet nothing can be more evident than the discrimination. The mind of the favorite Apostle teems with the thought of his beloved and absent Master, to specify whose name was needless.” — pp. 357, 358.

The volume from which we have made these extracts is one among many honorable proofs of the attention bestowed on Biblical studies by English Unitarians. The remark, however, will hold good as well with them as with us, that the interest in these studies seems of late years to have declined. The chronological parallelism that might be drawn between the modes of action and developments of opinion in the Unitarian bodies of Great Britain and of the United States, it would be very curious to trace. The materials at our command would establish a synchronism so close, that it would excite the surprise of one who had not marked the history of the denomination. What common influences have produced such remarkable examples of historical coincidence is a question of more than sectarian interest, to which we can now only allude.

E. S. G.

ART. V.—ECONOMIES.

To begin, there is an economy of the individual. A true economy of the individual implies a coördination of life with *physical* laws, — not only because the body is the garment of an immortal soul, and should not be soiled or rudely torn, — not only because it is the soul's earthly house, and should not be undermined, — not merely because it is the soul's temple consecrated by Divine illumination, and should have no idols in its shrine and no strange fire upon its altar ; for it is more than all these to the soul, — more than vesture to a wearer, than a dwelling to a tenant, than a temple to a worshipper, — it is an inseparable element in that composite unity which now, in time, constitutes the living man. And to this whole living man a life in coördination with these laws is that only which brings health and strength and power. Yet not for mere health and strength and power, — not even for their continuance, — has coördination with these laws its most impressive value. Not by length of days is this value to be measured. Length of days has no worth in itself. Length of days may be but a higher sort of vegetation ; or it may be a long struggle with the stubborn wants of existence ; or it may be a protracted succession of transmigrations from vanity to vanity ; or it may be an enduring sentence to hard labor, self-pronounced and self-inflicted, from which death alone can give release, who will come at last to tell the convict that his term has expired, that he has collected gold enough and may quit the prison. It is harmony with these laws that gives fitness for the highest labor, and susceptibility to the purest things. Without it, there can be no purpose in the will, no power in the act, no dignity in the being. Men become as walking shadows to the darkened eye and the disordered head, the heavens a pestilent collection of vapors, and earth a sterile promontory. The heart, made faint, trembles amidst scenes in which purer and braver hearts exult. The brain, enfeebled or bewildered, “in wandering mazes lost,” dwells often in a region between the idiot and the madman, hovers, it may be, over him for a while, and then drops into the blackness of darkness for ever. What to an untuned frame, in which remorse keeps company with discord, are the sweetness of prayer, the calls of duty, the electric tones of eloquence, the charms of art ?

To such a one, the whole of existence is unstrung, and all is hard, and not only unmusical, but also hopeless. Daily society loses to him its vitality and its freshness, and opportunity after opportunity passes from the sphere of the possible to that of the impossible. Was it to one becoming thus insensate that the poet spoke? —

“O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields, —
The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields, —
All that the genial ray of morning yields,
And all that answers to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven, —
O, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?”

A true economy of the individual implies a coördination of the life with *spiritual* laws, — with the law of thought, the law of conscience, and the law of goodness. How rich the life is, in which this is found, — how poor, where it is not! Give a certain amount of capacity, and there is scarcely a limit to what may be accomplished by diligence, industry, and vital meditation. It is not knowledge, alone, that will be gained, but plastic command over it, — the heat that melts and the talent that moulds it to the mind's command. The thing that appeared impossible, contemplated for a while, merely seems difficult, and after more intense regard the difficulty itself is gone; that which was dark and crude, as the mind broods upon it, emerges into light, and, coming to the light, grows into order. And it may be, down below the whole there lies a lyric sweetness, to which only earnest and repeated struggles for articulation can afford a worthy utterance. Give the same amount of capacity, but with it connect indolence, listlessness, self-seeking, and self-indulgence, and years leave nothing but the ghosts of promises without performance, the remembrance of unsuccessful attempts, the consciousness of being beaten in the race, and despair of gaining the goal at any odds or in any way. When to this we add the vague ideas coming ever to the mind to mock it, telling it, like so many dim but tormenting fiends, of all that it has lost, — what treasures of memory, what stores of thought, what facility of execution, what abundance of fancy and emotion, — all of which it might have had, but sought not rightly, — we have a case which it might seem hard to make more painful. Yet so it is not. Let the law of con-

science be disregarded also, let the law of goodness have been habitually violated, and then the case is far more desperate. The moral faculties give interest to all the others ; they give them their depth and significance. Untrue to these, we not only waste the life, we kill it. It is not that the best affections languish, but they die. Even the faculties that are purely intellectual suffer. To obtain the largest possible result from our minds, we must be able to call all their powers into action, into continuous action, into concentrated action ; and we must be able to do this without compromise and without fear. Now, in violating the moral laws of the spirit, we, in the first place, corrupt the sources of culture, and circumscribe its sphere, and lessen its means ; we, in the second, put the faculties themselves into hostility against it. For how shall we dare to go to memory, if she can open her book only to judge us, — or to imagination, if she has only demons with which to scare us, — or to the affections, if weepings and wounds are all that they can show us ? How shall we go to reason, even, if a great portion of our ingenuity has been used in contrivances to blind or to deceive her, — to silence her voice, or to belie her counsel ? And thus one part of our spiritual existence must be smothered before its birth, and another part must be stunted or strangled in its growth. But connected with the moral laws, in faithful and living union, there is no need of minute detail to exhibit the wide range of being and the glorious spheres of bliss and usefulness to which this capacity would attain.

No result can be obtained, if the laws of thought are disregarded. If they be fully and profoundly carried out, despite of disloyalty to conscience and to goodness, it is not to be denied that very imposing results may be had, of a certain kind. But imposing as they may be, do they subserve the true economy of an individual life ? Connect thought with any of those strong passions which despise every law but their own, — is it, in its utmost success, the best order of an individual man ? Suppose it aspires to become great, — great by whatever distinction you please, but leaving out conscience and goodness, — the inward heart of a man must be blank and poor, even when it has every thing else to fullness. Let a man have missed of no pleasure that he could enjoy, what of it all remains ? Let a man have secured the most ample fortune, what has he in it, if he will pause but for one moment, and occupy that pause rightly, if conscience

or goodness can have no place in it? The greatest soldier that ever lived is poorly engaged, if he be engaged only about his battles when his battles are over. The lives of such men are, for themselves, as little consistent with the best order of life as those lives are which are wasted in the lower senses; while, for others, they are incalculably more injurious. What is the violence of a drunken clown to the ravages of a temperate Mahomet? "The ideal of morality," says Novalis, as quoted by Carlyle, "has no more dangerous rival than the ideal of highest strength, of most powerful life; which also has been named — very falsely, as it was here meant — the ideal of poetic greatness. It is the maximum of the savage. . . . By this ideal, a man becomes a beast-spirit, a mixture; whose brutal wit has for weaklings a brutal power of attraction."

In the harmony of body, spirit, and estate would consist the completeness of the individual. Economy of the individual includes not the man alone, but his adjuncts also. Economy, as merely applied to thrift and foresight, has a solemn meaning; and the possession of it, or the want of it, has most important bearings on individual power and individual destiny. Qualities are these which, even as thus practically understood, often spring from the best faculties of our nature, and enable us to exercise these best faculties in their divinest spheres. "It is better to give than to receive"; and it is economy, in its humblest meaning, yet its highest, which enables many a lowly soul to translate this precept into practice. Many a story of godlike beauty might be written under this title, — and many a tragedy. The tragedy would not be confined to the griefs which want of economy has brought home to individual hearts, but would include wide-spread woes, which it has brought on cycles of generations and realms of nations. The same tragedy is still omnipresent, — in hearts, in homes, in states, — in sorrows, in suicides, in struggles, — working with the sadness that cannot speak, with the misery that despairs, with the convulsions that only a benignant Power above us can assuage.

The harmony, we have said, of body, spirit, and estate forms the completeness of the individual man. The derangement of this harmony, by the sacrifice of the spirit to the body, can never be otherwise than guilty and degrading. It is not so with regard to the sacrifice of the body to the spirit. Sometimes, it is true, this may be fanaticism; sometimes it

may be folly ; but never is it gross. It may be the highest right, and the highest right it is, to consign the body to hunger, to nakedness, to peril, to torture, to prison, and to death, when the higher life demands the lower. And this, we suppose, is the meaning of that great saying which declares, that, when a man "loses his life" in obedience to a holy faith, he "gains" it. Sacrifices thus made are truly grand. Sublime was that immolation which Milton made to the honor of his country, when he laid his sight upon the altar of its defence. And yet more sublime was that offering of life which the immortal Howard made to the good of his race, — of a life which he spent in the depths of European prisons, which he lost in an Asiatic wilderness. Neither can we help admiring the intellectual enthusiasm which, even without result, may consume the body before its time. Though the body perish, we cannot mourn, while the soul can live, — should it live but in one choice memory. But when it lives in memories without number, then we have reason only to rejoice. It is not permitted us to lament, while the soul abides in the thinker or the writer, whose visible presence, indeed, disappears, but whose being continues in immortal words or in immortal facts. And that rapture, that rapture unto death, which flashes glory on the painter's canvas, which cries with wildness in the poet's song, wretched would it be for cold prudence to condemn, rejoicing as we do in its light, and charmed as we are by its sound. When the spell has left us, sorrow, and not judgment, comes back with the thought, that the hand is stiff which illumined the canvas, that the heart is quenched which fired the song. Much less genius is lost to the world than the world fancies ; still, there is genius lost. Every generous man who has risen to fame has some one to speak of, as one who deserved fame, but missed it. He will tell us of his rare intellect, of his deep philosophy, of his soul-filled eloquence, and all this he will say of his friend with an impassioned faith in what he might have been and what he could have done. If this friend has left among men any fragments of his power, he traces out for us the design of which these fragments were but parts ; and, haply, he completes the plan. Yet, ever comes lament along with admiration, and ever, as he praises, he will confess that somewhat was wanted to carry promise to fulfilment. Incompleteness in any form is distressing. Structures in ruin sadden the heart, — structures unfinished chill it. The walls

which had once a roof that gave living men a shelter are not so desolate as those which never were covered ; and the hearth whereon fire has burned is not so lonely as that which bears no mark at all of flame or of smoke. The aisles and cloisters that have ere now, however long ago, been quickened by meditation and by prayer, wake up the soul, yet calm it ; the temple nobly planned, advanced half way, then abandoned, excites nothing but disturbing thought. Incompleteness in the humblest life is painful ; how affecting, then, in any life which opened with the prophecy of being a great one ! But is not a complete life a thing as yet to be looked for, whatever the kind or the degree of power ? The world has had many a great man ; but that man who would peacefully and proportionately fill, in all its roundness, the circle of his being, must be formed in some age different from ours ; and to the utmost faith in progress, such a one must long be the "coming man."

No finite individuality is absolute. The individual human being exists no more separately than the individual atom. The laws which govern his nature bind him to others, and others to him, with enlarged and multiplied relations. There are, therefore, economies wider than that of the individual ; and next beyond, we say, there is the economy of home.

Home is a genuine Saxon word ; a word kindred to Saxon speech, but with an import common to the race of man. Perhaps there is no other word in language that clusters within it so many and so stirring meanings, — that calls into play, and powerfully excites, so many feelings, so many faculties of our being. "Home," — say but the word, and the child that was your merry guest begins to weep. "Home," — play but its tunes, and the bearded soldier, that blenched not in the breach, droops, and sickens, and dies. "Home," — murmur but its name, and memories start around it that put fire into the brain, and affections that almost suffocate or break the heart, and pictures that bewilder fancy with scenes in which joy and sorrow wrestle with delirious strife for possession of the spirit. "Home," — what does it not stand for, of strongest, of most moving associations ! — for childhood's grief and gladness, — for youth's sports, and hopes, and sufferings, and passions, and sins, — for all that brightened or dimmed the eyes, — for all that convulsed or tranquillized the breast ; for a father's embrace, or for his death-bed, — for a mother's kiss, or for her grave, — for a sister's love, or a brother's friendship, — for hours wast-

ed, or hours blest, — for peace in the light of life, or fears in the shadows of perdition. Home, when it is all that nature and grace can make it, has a blessedness and beauty of reality that imagination in its fairest pictures would find nothing to excel. But in many a spot called home, neither nature nor grace is found. . A collection of *home-histories*, honestly set down, would be a rich contribution to materials for the philosophy of character. Not gay, not pleasant, not innocent, would all of these home-histories be. Not a few of them would be sad, dreary, wretched, and within the earliest dwelling of man would be discovered the appropriate opening of many a tragic life.

And yet nothing can humanity worse spare than pleasing and gracious memories of home. So fervently does humanity cling to what nature owes it, that those who have no home will make one for themselves in vision. Those who have an evil one will soften down its many vices, and out of the scantiest affections bring forth rays of the heart to brighten their retrospect. It is the miracle of the five loaves performed spiritually for the soul, lest the instincts of our humanity should faint and perish by the way. The visitings of early home thoughts are the last to quit us. Feeble age has them, when it has nothing else in memory ; and when all the furniture which imagination put together has gone to pieces and to dust, these, not constructed, but planted, planted down in the living soil of primal consciousness, flourish to the last ; when the treasures which experience has been many years collecting a few months may seem to take away, some diamonds are left behind, which even the thief, time, has spared, reminiscences that glimmer through bare and blank obscurity from the crevices of youth. As every thing human has an element of good in it, that which is good in a vicious home is what the past gives back to feeling ; it is also that which is good in an evil man that the remembrance of a virtuous home acts on. There is no mist of guilt so thick that it can always exclude the light of such remembrance ; no tempest of passion so furious as always to silence its voices. During a lull in the hurricane of revelry, the peal of the Sabbath-bell may come along the track of wasted years, and, though loaded heavily, will be not unkindly in its tones. Through the reekings of luxury, faces that beamed on the prodigal in youth may seem to start in trouble from the tomb, and, though marred with grief, though pallid with afflic-

tion, turn mildly towards him, not in anger, but in sorrow. Amidst the chorus of bacchanals and the refrains of lewdness, the satiated libertine may fancy, at moments, that he hears the calls of loved ones gone to heaven, startling him from the trance of death. Under the loud carousals that rage above the brain, deep down and lonely in his heart, there may come to him the whisper of parental exhortation, the murmur of household prayer, and the music of domestic hymns. The very criminal in his cell will often have these visitations,—ministers to exhort, not enemies to accuse,—angels to beseech, not demons to scoff. The sentenced culprit, during even his last night on earth, must sleep, and perchance may dream, and seldom will that dream be all in the present and in prison; not all of it, if any, will be of chains and blood, of shapeless terrors and pale-faced avengers, of the scaffold and the shroud. Far other things will be in the dream. He once was honest, and spent his childhood, it may be, in a rustic home, and grew to youth amidst laborious men and with simple nature. Out of imagery thus derived will his dream be formed. In such dreams will be the green field and the wooded lane; the boat sleeping on the stream; the rock mirrored in the lake; the shadow, watched expectingly from the school-room window, as it shortens to the noontide hour. Then there will be parents, blessed in their unbroken circle; there will be young companions, laughing in their play; there will be bright harvest-evenings, after days of healthful toil; there will be family greetings, thanksgiving feasts; there will be the grasp of friendship, there will be the kiss of love. The dream will not be entirely, if at all, a dream of crime, disgrace, and death; it will be one that reproduces, on the brink of eternity, the freshness of emotion, hope, and desire with which existence on earth began. What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life. This should never be forgotten.

The true economy of the home is not mechanical, but moral. The household is not a machine, not a collection of pulleys and springs, which it needs but skill in directing force to manage. The household is an assemblage of kindred spiritualities, a system of gradations; an association, in various stages, of human intelligences and human wills. And these can as little be harmonized by the command of authority as by the use of power. To control, and yet not enslave,—to leave free, and yet not abandon,—is a great problem in government, whether its sphere be a household or an empire.

In the household, control and freedom can be reconciled only by wisdom and the affections. Love is the mediator between power and dependence ; that which meekens authority ; that which ennobles submission. Love is the holy and living bond, both of the equal and the unequal ; that which changes the rigor of mutual claims into the grace of mutual kindness ; that which brings courtesy into agreement with sincerity, and harmonizes deference with independence. Only love can subdue the selfish will in either doing or forbearing ; only this can give sweetness to command, cheerfulness to obedience, and unity to companionship.

Wider still than the economy of home, there is an economy of the state.

The state, as well as the family, is an organic unity and a social necessity. It is no more a thing of chance or a thing of choice, that men dwell together in nations, than that they dwell together in families. The idea of the state is, therefore, as permanent as that of the household. The origin of neither can be found in the dictates of prudence or the principles of calculation. They exist irrespectively of the pleasurable or painful experience of the individuals who compose them. The individual may be wretched as the member of a family, he may be miserable as the member of a state, and the influences which make him so may be found within the family and within the state. The order of humanity, however, necessitates both the family and the state, though it does not necessitate the wretchedness and misery. But man is not a member of the state in the same way in which he is a member of the family ; not by the same class of instincts, not by the same class of sentiments. To rule the state, therefore, by the methods of the family would be quite as mischievous as to rule the family by the methods of the state.

Though the state, when most excellent in its actual form, cannot but be imperfect, its worst constitution is better than barbarism or anarchy. But the idea of it rises above all forms, dimly glimmers through the basest, clearly shines through the noblest, and, whether in the one or the other, stands for grand conceptions of the social nature, — for order, for security, for freedom, justice, activity, and culture. Scarcely ever has any tyrant been so brutal, as not, in some pretence of zeal for these, to find excuse for shedding the blood of his victims. There is much that is impressive, almost sacred, in this idea, — not to the superstitious alone, but to the most

sober, — not by tradition only, but by its intrinsic essence. Who does not feel the truth of our position, when in the presence of any human being in whom the majesty of a nation is impersonated? It is not merely the man that awes him, or the office, but the idea, — the idea in his own soul, which transcends the man, which transcends the office. Parliament or Congress, statute, decree, or ukase, has from this its living life, and without it they were but as blotted paper, or as the leaf that shivers idly in the wind. King, President, or Kaiser has from this his greatness; and though sceptres be broken, and thrones be fuel for garret-fires, — though monarchs drop one after another into beggars' graves, — still the idea remains; nay, as time advances and virtue grows, it will spread more and more of its luminous beauty over the world. Loyalty, then, is something more than devotion to a person, it is more than reverence for an office; it is an appreciation of the idea, of which the person is only the minister, and the office a type. Patriotism is something more than zeal for the material interests of our country; it is zeal for its elevation in all that elevates man. This cannot fail of admiration, whether it support certain modes of government or oppose them. History celebrates with equal glory numbers of great souls, of whom some did the one and some did the other. The monarch Alfred was a patriot as well as the republican Washington, and the patriotism of Hampden or Sir Harry Vane is as little to be doubted as that of Leonidas or Socrates. All these lived or died in true devotion to their supreme idea. And many, we may hope, as noble there have been, whom no history has been found to celebrate. A Grecian mariner once entered the temple of Neptune, to place his portrait in it as a votive offering, expressive of gratitude for his escape from shipwreck. The priest, pointing to the many pictures given by individuals in circumstances like his own, urged the fact as a rebuke to neglect and as an argument against skepticism. "But where," inquired the sailor, "are the pictures of those who were drowned?" So, when we walk through the majestic temple of the past, and the Genius of history, as the priest of that temple, points to the portraits of the godly and the great which every age has contributed, may not we, too, ask, — "Where are the pictures of those who were drowned? Where are the pictures of thousands who, in their day, did not only vow, but strive, who yet were swallowed in the stormy surges that roll above eternal and deep oblivion?"

Whatever be the form of government, the state in its true purpose is for all. Every violation of this principle is an evil ; and the measure of the evil is the degree of the violation. The state is not for the magistrate, but the magistrate for the state ; and magistrate and state are, both of them, for man. The character of a genuine freedom is, to give every individual a living position in the state ; and the essence of a sound civic morality is, to cause the individual to feel that he does not act for himself or for a part, but for the whole. In this sense, he who wields the sceptre is not more for *all* than he who plies the shuttle. Where, indeed, the mechanism of government is well constructed, less depends on the individual than where it is not, and certain coarse results cannot fail to be obtained. Yet if no positive evils were consequent on dearth of thought and dearth of principle, if no force of selfishness and no prevalence of corruption could injure or impede the working of the machine, still all the finer, grander, purer influences of the state upon society are lost. Politics are, therefore, social morals in their widest range ; not, indeed, politics as meant in the party battles of the hour, but as the application of immutable principles to civic conduct. The best condition of the state is that which stimulates individual energy, and yet combines all social forces into tranquil harmony. That is the best condition of the state, in which the state so regulates its own activities as to prevent convulsion in itself and confusion in its members, — which, having organic stability, yet capacity for expansion, has security for order and vitality for progress. That is the best condition of the state, in which the man is never lost in the institutions, but in which the institutions, by inward and by outward culture, tend to strengthen and build up the man. The power of the state is wisely and well used, when it fosters, not the works alone that enrich the person, but those also which enrich the public. The wealth of the state, or the wealth of the person, is wisely used, and well, in giving grandeur to these works, in adding ornament to utility, in shedding splendor on the profitable, and in rendering every structure connected with national activity a monument of national magnificence. Art, even for its own sake, is not extravagance, but surest thrift. Add literature to art, and the saving is increased. Art and literature adorn the memory of a people when their dominion is no more. The fragments of the beautiful, that lie scattered over a nation's grave, win

from eras that follow affection and admiration. After-times rake the ashes for these broken relics, and they strive to imitate when they can neither rival nor restore.

Deeper, broader than all states, there is an economy of the universe ; and this is an economy that includes and embraces an economy of our race.

Not mere bulk of bodies, not mere vastness of space, constitutes this economy of the universe ; but power, — power boundless, ceaseless, intelligent, — whose agencies we term *laws*, for want of language more exact. Laws thus regarded stand for supreme action and supreme intellect, as we apprehend them in the universe. Answering to forms in our own spirits, they reveal to us that we live in the midst of thought and care. We recognize the law of *order*, or power directed by pure intellect. The results of power, as thus discerned, are simply dimensional and dynamical, — results true to the utmost rigor of geometry and mechanics. Strip the earth of its foliage, reduce it to a naked sphere ; shear the sun of his beams, sweep the stars of their light ; yet these blank orbs, desolate and dead, would contain all the data that abstract science requires. Mysterious, however, does this nature of ours appear, when we reflect that this science, which unites the mind with the universe, determines the order and character of remotest facts by conditions of a present reason, and that the phenomena which realize the thought are independent of the thinker. He cannot say, "Let them be" ; but he does say, "They are," and "Thus they are," — "They will be," and "In such or such a manner will they be." So, accordingly, they are, or so they are to be. The assertion and the prophecy are absolute. A man dogmatically propounds that the constitution of our system requires another planet. He bases his position upon pure calculation. "This planet," he says, "must be" ; and this planet is.

Discernible in the universe, likewise, is the law of *wisdom*, or power directed by the practical intellect. The connection and continuity of means and ends, infinitely extended and everlastingly sustained, is in harmony with human thought, — in fact, is a necessity of human being. Experience, which is the life of the practical intellect, within the limits of man's faculties, depends on this connection and continuity. In the same manner we discern supreme wisdom through the universe in the multitude and suitableness of its provisions, and particularly in relation to ourselves. Every thing within dis-

covered regions has its use ; every such thing is sufficient for its use. Nothing is below this, and nothing beyond it. There is as much light as we can bear ; as much motion, too ; and so much as we require of each, so much we have. From the tint of a flower to the lustre of a star, from the structure of a pebble to the orbit of a comet, all are balanced and adjusted ; all answer the conditions of their existence. While thus the quantities of things accord exactly in measure to the want of them, and their qualities are in strict relation of fitness to supply it, there is at the same time a plenitude, an abundance, that is endless and exhaustless. Energy, omnipotent energy, is audible everywhere in music, is visible everywhere in beauty ; and the very arrangement that reveals its grandeur puts a veil upon its terrors.

Especially does the universe manifest the law of *goodness*, or power directed by the loving intellect. This, indeed, it is that gives God reality to the soul, and, void of it, all nature would be but an infinite and dismal sepulchre. Discern through existence Divine love as the perfect spirit acting on your consciousness, all agencies in creation and all excellence in man become then as ministers of God : life in the motion of a worm, — happiness in the song of a bird, — beauty in the flash of a gem, as in the glow of noon, — charity in the widow's mite, as in an angel's gift, — religion sublime in the rustic's prayer, not less than in the martyr's hymn. Life has no number for its gradations, for its extent there is no measure ; and according to the order and compass of every animated being, the prevailing condition of life is happiness. According to the scale of nature, God gives it to the fly whose buzz is on the sunny air, as he does to the loftiest soul that rejoices in the light of thought and glories in the strength of action. Beauty in the universe is yet as wide as life, and beauty is all for man. Beauty, indeed, is divine life, in form, in hue, in sound, in consciousness ; spread over the earth, spread over the sea, filling the great dome of heaven ; painted on the brain, panting in the heart ; kingly in the might of man, celestial in the purity of woman ; everywhere, in all things, sacred and undying ; the language and the sign of the fit and fair, the utterance that breathes and the glow that blooms from the Eternal Mind.

Does not this supreme economy enter directly into the concerns of our species ? Surely it does, in a universal and constant Providence. Here it works, mostly, through the

ministry of man ; and every man, be he conscious of it or not, is its agent, and fulfils some purpose for it, whether he hold a plough or found an empire, whether he be a malefactor or a martyr. That which is stupendous in the visible world has grown by means that are unseen. The spring that feeds the stream, and the stream that feeds the river, are remote and unnoticed in silence and in shadow. Similarly placed are the sources and tributaries which swell those currents that rush through courses of mighty destinies, and gather to the forces of stupendous power. The sword, terrible instrument as it is of human passion, is made to work for good. Even by this, the wrath of man is compelled to serve the purposes of God. But, happily, the lyre is more effective than the sword, and more enduring. The living thought in the living word, and the living word in music, — this it was that first charmed men out of barbarism ; nor has it lost its power yet, and its power cannot yet be spared. Much of humanity's education has been lyrical. History, at one time, was song ; so were laws ; so was worship ; so was prophecy ; so was philosophy : and though annals, decrees, prayers, predictions, wisdom, have become independent of verse or chant, yet that which was truth in them comes down even to our own time, and still mingles in the everlasting harmony of life. To assume that we understand *the* plan of Providence were daring presumption ; but to rest in *a* plan is a necessity of reason, a necessity of faith. The origin, growth, decay, and death of nations coexist with the life, the integrity, and the progress of our race. This is no fortuity. Certainty and simplicity of result come out from the caprices and contrarieties of human freedom. This is no fortuity. The army of our species is, indeed, endless, and we who speculate on its destination are closed up in a division of its ranks. We cannot quit our place to take a stand out of this army and above it, to see whence it has come and whither it is going. Yet, onward as we march, we catch views of Calvary and of other elevations along the path of time ; and from these we can take note that we are under guidance, and not without a goal.

Thus wonderful and numberless are the relations of our being. In alluding to past ages, it is common to speak of them as dead, to speak as if we were standing on a grave. This is not true of humanity in the aspects in which we have been contemplating it. The ages are all *vital*, and over life,

and not on death, we tread. Humanity is as an inverted pyramid, and every stratum of it, from the point below to its upward surface, is bound each to each by links of living mind. Over this wide surface, and down into the darkest depths, man understands man, wherever he travels or explores. The philosopher rich in all the lore of wisdom is yet a brother, and can feel his fraternal relation, to the savage of Australia. The man of this century is not cut off from the man whose existence can be traced in the profoundest abyss of time. Bring up from that abyss the darkest hieroglyphic, the man of this day pierces into its meaning and finds out its interpretation ; bring up the smallest remnant of moulded clay, bring up the most rugged fragment of sculptured brass, at once he says, — “ The image and superscription are here of a spirit like my own ; and though forty centuries lie between us, we are united by our souls.” More properly, perhaps, should we find the diversity of our nature, in capacity and condition, symbolized by the creature in the first vision of Ezekiel. With feet to pace the earth, with wings to mount to heaven, with hands beneath the wings to work, fourfold in face, was this creature ; and so is humanity. Backward it looks, and forward also, to the actual and the possible. Each face, too, was different, and each we may take to indicate some elevated mental or moral quality : the face of a man, conscience and intelligence ; that of a lion, courage ; that of an ox, patience ; that of an eagle, aspiration. The creature of the prophet’s trance was in the centre of wheel within wheel, glistening all around with eyes. So it is with humanity : it is in the centre of circle within circle of eternity and mystery ; and though the compass of its own light be only as a speck, it is embosomed in the watchfulness that comprehends immensity and that never sleeps.

The individual, then, is not mechanically, but vitally, related to the whole empire of existence. The farthest star that a man can see is a part of his life ; nor is this life of his severed from stars that never will be seen. Day and darkness, the seasons, the elements, vegetation, animal beings, are not mere adjuncts of his existence ; they are portions of it. The sentiment of kindred binds the individual man to his family ; the social sentiment binds him to the community ; the patriotic, to his country ; the human, to his race. The moral sentiment binds him to men by duty, and the religious binds him to God by faith. The life of a man is not, like that

of a brute, in his blood, but in his spirit, and all is the life of a man that he can embrace within the consciousness of his spirit. If a man's spirit had the range of the outward creation by sense, if human history were its memory, if its reason comprehended all known and possible truth, if its imagination were adorned with all that is lovely, if its character had all goodness, this, then, would be the range of its life. Though far from such perfection, yet the actual life of the most bounded consciousness spreads in its relations into unbounded being. Is the time ever to come when humanity shall be in full completeness and harmony? Is the time ever to come when humanity in the individual shall be strong and independent, — in the family, wise and gracious, — in the state, just and disinterested, — in the church, believing, charitable, tolerant, — when the savage shall be raised, when the heathen shall be converted, when the grossest shall be civilized, and the worst restored, — when every man, being true to his position, shall be one with his race, and his race, being accordant with its origin and its end, shall be one with God? This may always be but an idea; yet, even as an idea, it has deep and living power. It is a sublime thought. Wherever it is strong, it kills the narrow self, and is at the bottom of all continued and admirable action. "Worlds," says Fichte, "speaking out of this faith in the infinite, produce worlds. Ages produce ages, which stand in meditation over those that have gone before, and reveal the secret bond of connection which unites causes and consequences within them. Then the grave opens, — not that which men heap together in earth, but the grave of impenetrable darkness, wherewith the first life has surrounded us, and from out of it arises the mighty power of ideas, which sees in a new light the end in the beginning, the perfect in the partial; every wonderful work which springs from faith in the Eternal appears, and the hidden aspirations which are here imprisoned and bound down to earth soar upward on unfettered pinions into a new and purer ether."

As the individual is vitally related to the universe, so is the universe to the individual. All the powers of nature contribute to his wants. They are ministers to the requirements of his body, and to the faculties of his soul. The earth gives him of her fulness; the winds are his servants; the mines are his treasure-places; the mountains are his watch-towers; the clouds refresh him with shade and showers; the sun covers

him with splendor ; above his head are the heights of air, and beneath his eye the depths of ocean. All energies are working to support, to educate, to bless him ; and not these only, but whatever men have done or suffered, whatever has made the life of ages, whatever has made the life of nations. The whole has been acting for the individual soul. For that patriarchs had visions sent them from the opened heavens. For that prophets beheld a glory to be revealed in distant times. For that Jesus himself appeared in the world, was wounded with many griefs, and bled upon the cruel cross. For that Evangelists have written and Apostles preached. For that philanthropists have worked and lived. For that martyrs have endured and died. For that philosophers have meditated, and poets have sung, and wisdom and melody have been born. For that earth is robed in fairness, and heaven is hung with lamps of gladness. For that all governments, all dynasties, all hierarchies, have existed ; and *that* shall be when *they* shall be no more. When monarchy, with its gorgeous pomp and haughty sway, its solemn power and its towered palaces, shall have melted as a dream, — when democracy, with its din of tongues and turbulence, shall be silent as an infant's sleep, — nay, when this huge globe itself shall shake to atoms all that rest upon its surface, as a lion arousing from slumber throws from his mane the dews of the forest, — when the sun shall be dark, and even the mighty hosts of stars shall die, — that soul, that sacred soul, shall live. That spirit, kindled in the breath of Deity, has a light to burn over the ashes and the graves of worlds, — a light of joy and thought for ever, in the consciousness of its immortal being, in the consciousness of its eternal Lord.

Yet glory not, thou proud man ! for, in the midst of these sublime realities, thy pride belittles thee. Thou hast not the faith to which things invisible are open ; thou hast not the humility to which greatness is revealed. And, thou timid and desponding man, cheer up thy hope, and let thy confidence not fail thee. Think not the distant stars are cold ; say not the forces of the universe are against thee ; believe not that the course of things below is a relentless fate ; for thou canst see the stars, thou canst use the forces ; in right, thy will is unconquerable, and by it thou art the maker and the lord of destiny. In thy living consciousness the universe itself has living being, and thou in that art greater than the universe. Anoint thine eyes with holy thought, that the gross

and fleshly scales may fall from off them. Then, like Gehazi in the mountain at the prayer of Elijah, thou shalt behold that Power for thy good is round about thee ; thou shalt discern that thou art embosomed in Protection, — that thou art compassed by the fiery energies of Heaven, — that thou art girded and guarded by the Presence and the Majesty of God.

H. G.

ART. VI. — MACAULAY'S HISTORY.*

MR. MACAULAY follows the example of Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, and Alison, in giving to the public by portions what will be, when completed, a voluminous work. Two volumes of his History, of which six are promised, have appeared in England ; the second of them is republished in this country only as this sheet passes through the press. We suppose that he and his predecessors chose this method solely as a matter of convenience. It can hardly be inferred that a writer hopes or intends, by this mode of addressing the literary world, to avail himself of the criticisms upon his earlier volumes for the improvement or modification of those which may follow, or for introducing into the latter any special pleading or defence in behalf of views which, as expressed in the former, may have opened controversies against him. Gibbon and Robertson did, indeed, turn to some good account, as they advanced in their labors, both the encomiums and the censures which were passed upon the first-published portions of their works. The notes in the last half of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* not infrequently show that he had felt the effect of criticisms which were so freely uttered on its first portion. He found likewise, as we hope Mr. Macaulay will find, that he had an inadequate idea of the extent to which his undertaking would expand under his pen, and he reached the end of it only when he had filled twice the intended number of volumes. Robertson suspended the publication of his *History of America* at a critical period, the

* *The History of England from the Accession of James II.* By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Volume I. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1849. 8vo. pp. 619.

commencement of our own Revolutionary War. In a letter to a friend he wrote, — “ It is lucky that my American History was not finished before this event. How many plausible theories that I should have been entitled to form are contradicted by what has now happened ! ” To which remark his biographer, Bishop Gleig, wisely adds, — “ And how many other theories, which he seems to have actually formed, were contradicted by the issue of the contest ! ” Yet, after all, the publication of the successive volumes of an extensive history at intervals contributes but a moderate amount of liberty and opportunity to the author to introduce any essential change into the character of his work as a whole. His first volume commits him to the public. In that he must proclaim his theory of history, and announce his own predilections and prejudices. He may afterwards soften or strengthen, qualify or confirm, some of the opinions which he has incidentally expressed, but he will be apt to value self-consistency too highly to be to any great extent the medium of his own rebuke or correction. It is much the same in this matter as in the building of an edifice. The foundation and the successive stories must present themselves to the public view in due order, but few builders introduce any modification of their general plan, or even of its details, though criticism may run to the length of ridicule, or may question the security of the fabric.

But though the method of publication which Mr. Macaulay, like other great historians, has adopted, may allow an author only a very limited opportunity to improve by the judgments which may be pronounced upon the first portions of his work, this piecemeal supply of history does, nevertheless, have a great effect on contemporary criticism. There are but few readers of history who are equally interested, or equally well informed, concerning all that is embraced in the whole range of time, events, and characters of any modern nation. Most of such readers have their favorite epoch, or subject, or dynasty, or crisis, with all that relates to which they have filled their minds, selecting it as a *pet* theme, and thus, doubtless, often exaggerating its relative importance, or making it the centre of their own prejudices. When a new history offers itself to their perusal, their standard for judging it is found in the place which it assigns to their own favorite subject, the manner of dealing with it, and the harmony or dissonance of opinion between them and the author. If their

subject comes up at an early stage of the history, its treatment decides their judgment of the whole work. If they are compelled to wait till near the end, they do not feel ready to criticize, but suspend their judgment. In our country, the general decision upon the merits of Mr. Macaulay's History will depend upon his treatment of the theme which will lie midway in his intended progress, our preparation and struggle for national independence. At home, some of his readers may regret that he has passed over so hurriedly the Anglo-Saxon period of their history, which the recent publication of so many Chronicles and other new materials has made a most inviting period, rich but most perplexing, and therefore requiring elucidation from some gifted and penetrating mind.

Mr. Macaulay announces his purpose to be, "to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living." Yet no historian would be content to begin such a work in the middle of an era, and it is curious to note the various ways in which annalists have endeavoured to trace back the threads in the loom of time which they intend to weave into the fabric of their narrative. Our good father Prince, in his "Annals of New England," could find no satisfactory starting-point, except in the formless and void chaos whence this "mundane world" issued. In our more modern histories, though not yet in all our "Ordination sermons," it is now customary to take the flood for granted. Mr. Macaulay confines himself to the isle of Britain, and begins with Julius Cæsar. One long and brilliant chapter contains a masterly summary of the annals of Great Britain for more than a thousand years of time, and even amid the shadows and mists of the fabulous ages of that marvellous island the author finds the germs of all those institutions and opinions which are now associated with the name of England. The whole compass of historical literature does not afford a more felicitous specimen of a comprehensive and a clear delineation of crowded centuries than we find in this chapter. The pregnancy of each paragraph bears witness to the fulness of the author's researches, and the skilful selection of leading ideas which have been elaborated and ever present in all the following centuries proves that the author is master of the highest application of the Baconian method to the philosophy of history.

Prior, in his *Life of Goldsmith*, says that it was the opinion

of Goldsmith, of Sir Robert Walpole, and of Dr. Johnson, that history tells more than it is usually necessary to tell. Now the great question for the historian to decide is, how much and what it is *necessary* to tell. What circumstances of the past should be kept alive? what should be allowed to pass into oblivion? The historian cannot be guided by his own judgment alone. He has not only to select materials from all the relics of the past, but to follow in the wake of other historians, who, in the use of their judgment, and of their prejudices too, have selected materials, have exaggerated, and mistaken, and perverted them. Incidents and circumstances and opinions, to which a wise historian might not think it necessary to refer on account of any direct importance of their own, may have become indirectly serious and essential topics for him, in consequence of treatment received at the hands of his predecessors. The controversies of historians, as of theologians, have more than quadrupled the amount of material on which their minds must work, and on which their pens must henceforward labor. Mr. Macaulay, like other historians, traces his way through many contested questions. Indeed, the period and the themes embraced in his first volume contain the matters of English history which have been most discussed, and around which have been concentrated the acrimonious feelings, as well as the differing judgments, of religious and political parties. He for the most part quietly and calmly recognizes these controversies as he passes on, and though his pages are far from being free from overstatements and partialities, he will doubtless obtain the abiding praise of candor.

The summary which is given in the first chapter, and which brings the review of English history down to the time of the restoration of Charles the Second, is continued in the second chapter in a more expanded form, with more particularity of detail, and with nicer discriminations between the feelings and issues involved in the strife of religious and civil parties. With a most keen and searching investigation into the great principles on which parties were formed, and by a sagacious analysis of the passions which afterwards embittered them; we are led on through the labyrinths of many a perplexed episode.

The third chapter is a novelty in historical art, and the execution of it is so skilful that all future historians will be compelled to follow the example of our author, while the large

majority will fail to approach near the model which he has given them. Starting with the obvious, though as yet unrecognized truth, that a history which records only the acts of senates and the rivalries of nobles and the fortunes of changing dynasties does not deserve the name of a history, and can portray but few of the living features of society and humanity, Mr. Macaulay proceeds "to give a description of the state in which England was at the time when the crown passed from Charles the Second to his brother." The description is wonderfully wrought out. It comprehends an inquiry into the population of England in 1685, into the resources and charges of its government, its military, naval, agricultural, social, religious, moral, literary, and civil condition. The information condensed into crowded paragraphs in this chapter must give us the fruit of an untold amount of reading and investigation.

It must be confessed that the "country clergy" of that age make but a sorry figure in our author's frank and free narrative ; but all we can say of the matter is, that as a class they seem to have formed a self-consistent part of the whole of society. They were well matched and mated with the "country gentry." Indeed, the old prophet's words, "There shall be like people, like priest," utter a truth which has been illustrated in all history, pagan or Christian. Mr. Macaulay's account of the chief towns of England at that period, — of its watering-places, of the roads, coaches, inns, and highwaymen, — of the buildings, the streets, the purlieus, the police, and the coffee-houses of London, — of the post-office, the newspapers, books, sciences, and fine arts, — of the fine gentlemen, of the common people, the manufacturers, and paupers, — is a marvellous product of antiquarian research, entirely free from the dry and dusty rubbish of such lore. We wish we had room to transfer to our pages the last ten paragraphs of this chapter ; we must content ourselves with three of them, which sum up the moral inferences of the author.

"Still more important is the benefit which all orders of society, and especially the lower orders, have derived from the mollifying influence of civilization on the national character. The groundwork of that character has, indeed, been the same through many generations, in the sense in which the groundwork of the character of an individual may be said to be the same, when he is a rude and thoughtless schoolboy, and when he is a refined and accomplished man. It is pleasing to reflect that the public mind

of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have, in the course of ages, become, not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. There is scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands, of decent station, were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. Tories reviled and insulted Russell, as his coach passed from the Tower to the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields. As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of a humbler rank. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brick-bats and paving-stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or an over-driven ox. Fights, compared with which a boxing-match is a refined and humane spectacle, were among the favorite diversions of a large part of the town. Multitudes assembled to see gladiators hack each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. At the assizes, the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock an atmosphere of stench and pestilence which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has, in our time, extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, to the negro slave, which pries into the stores and water-casks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or overworked, and which has repeatedly endeavoured to save the life even of the murderer. It is true that compassion ought, like all other feelings, to be under the government of reason, and has, for want of such government, produced some ridiculous and some deplorable effects. But the

more we study the annals of the past, the more shall we rejoice that we live in a merciful age, in an age in which cruelty is abhorred, and in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly and from a sense of duty. Every class, doubtless, has gained largely by this great moral change ; but the class which has gained most is the poorest, the most dependent, and the most defenceless.

“ The general effect of the evidence which has been submitted to the reader seems hardly to admit of doubt ; yet, in spite of evidence, many will still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may, at first sight, seem strange, that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor, and to save, with a view to the future. And it is natural, that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favorable estimate of the past.

“ In truth, we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare ; but far in advance and far in the rear is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward, and find nothing but sand where, an hour before, they had seen a lake ; they turn their eyes, and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization. But if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the Golden Age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse, when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana. We too shall, in our turn, be outstripped, and, in our turn, be envied. It may

well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with fifteen shillings a week ; that the carpenter at Greenwich may receive ten shillings a day ; that laboring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye bread ; that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life ; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty workingman. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendor of the rich." — pp. 394 – 397.

The fourth chapter opens with a most dramatic and exciting narrative of the circumstances attending the death of "the merry monarch," a narrative digested and harmonized with an amazing ingenuity from some scores of conflicting accounts and testimonies. Our newspapers are all copying this narrative ; by no means an insignificant compliment. The suspense of parties, the forbearing patience of the great mass of the people, the all-enduring loyalty of the nation which was willing to bear so much, and the ungenerous and dastardly qualities of the new king in encroaching beyond all decency upon that patience and loyalty, are set forth by the historian with equal fidelity and power.

There is a melancholy charm in the interest which the fifth and last chapter offers, as it describes the rebellion under Argyle and Monmouth. The scenes here painted are harrowing and bloody. They testify alike to the strength and the weakness of the feelings which masses of human beings will exhibit on occasions that engage their sympathies or overpower them with the might of established forms and opinions. The "bloody assizes" of the wretch and monster Jeffreys are only the darkest shadings of the times when the haughty obstinacy of the Stuarts pitted itself against every claim of justice and magnanimity in the hearts of their whole people. The brutal mockeries of justice which followed the fight at Sedgemoor, and the atrocities perpetrated in London, the cruel vengeance taken against Alice Lisle and Elizabeth Gaunt, and the abuse of mercy where favor was shown to

the most guilty, furnish our author with materials which need no aid from rhetoric to stir every passion in his readers. Some may think that the truculency of Monmouth is portrayed with too much severity. He is entitled to all the allowance to be found in a naturally weak disposition, and in the bitter disappointment of hopes which had been fed by something more substantial than flattery or popular favor.

We infer, from a note in the volume before us, that Mr. Macaulay has had the use of all the rich and abundant materials collected by the late Sir James Mackintosh for his projected History. England has, indeed, been preparing materials for more than a century to furnish her annalists with the most voluminous and varied sources of information. The British Museum contains a collection, the very catalogues of which would make a small library. It requires a mind like Macaulay's to put such a repository to the wisest use. It would seem as if, through his whole life, he had been what is called a general reader, and had retained the fruits in an available form by crowding commonplace-books and indexes with the gatherings of years. He appears to exhaust all the examples, hints, and illustrations which are scattered over the whole wide field of English literature. His new material has been for the most part derived from the diplomatic correspondence between foreign residents at the English court and their own governments, which is preserved in the archives of France, Spain, and the Low Countries. Ranke was the first among historians to turn this class of materials to the best account. Its value appears, in the work before us, in the elucidation of that dark mystery of the Dover treaty, by which the English Charles and James, for a price, became traitors to their own throne and empire.

Mr. Macaulay shows his strength particularly in defining the relations and divisions of parties, in adjusting the shifting weight which lay between them, as it swayed alternately to one or the other side, and in tracing the rise and development of the elements which were successively manifested. But his signal distinction lies in the vigor and grasp, the keen analysis, and the brilliant skill with which he seizes upon the characters of the men prominent in the movements before him. Clarendon has been generally allowed to be the great master of the delineation of character; — not, however, because he excels in candor, in freedom from prejudice, or in stern integrity. These, indeed, are the qualities which are most

missed in his sketches of mental and moral peculiarities. But he is remarkable for his evident knowledge of the elements of character which make and decide the man. He describes the parts and passions, the idiosyncrasies, the strong points and the weak points, which, variously disposed, and attaching themselves to various combinations of temperament with circumstances, constitute and make up the human being, and in their exercise give shape and direction to his life. Macaulay excels Clarendon in justice and charity, and is his equal in skill and discernment. We quote the following as a specimen of candor in the judgment of parties. The author is speaking of those once called Cavaliers and Roundheads, essentially the respective forerunners of the parties now known as Tories and Whigs.

“It would not be difficult to compose a lampoon or a panegyric on either of these renowned factions; for no man not utterly destitute of judgment and candor will deny that there are many deep stains on the fame of the party to which he belongs, or that the party to which he is opposed may justly boast of many illustrious names, of many heroic actions, and of many great services rendered to the state.” — pp. 93, 94.

The following character of Archbishop Cranmer stands warranted by the testimonies of many fair judges, as well in the Anglican Church as out of it : —

“His temper and his understanding eminently fitted him to act as mediator [between the Roman and the English Churches]. Saintly in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and a timeserver in action, a placable enemy and a lukewarm friend, he was in every way qualified to arrange the terms of the coalition between the religious and the worldly enemies of Popery.

“To this day the constitution, the doctrines, and the services of the Church retain the visible marks of the compromise from which she sprang.” — p. 48.

We fear that not only the bigotry of Episcopalians, but also the doctrinal zeal of many of other sects, is faithfully accounted for in what Macaulay says of the country gentry of 1685 : —

“Their love of the Church was not, indeed, the effect of study or meditation. Few among them could have given any reason, drawn from Scripture or ecclesiastical history, for adhering to her

doctrines, her ritual, and her polity ; nor were they, as a class, by any means strict observers of that code of morality which is common to all Christian sects. But the experience of many ages proves that men may be ready to fight to the death, and to persecute without pity, for a religion whose creed they do not understand, and whose precepts they habitually disobey." — p. 302.

The following sentence we copy without comment : —

"It is an unquestionable and a most instructive fact, that the years during which the political power of the Anglican hierarchy was in the zenith were precisely the years during which national virtue was at the lowest point." — p. 169.

We are at a little loss to discover the exact moral estimate which Macaulay affixes to the character of Oliver Cromwell. He, indeed, calls the Protector "the greatest prince that has ever ruled England." We find, too, encomiums upon the prowess, the wisdom, the prudence, the sagacity, and the self-command of Cromwell ; but we conclude that Macaulay does not wish to commit himself in the moral judgment of that extraordinary man. We have faith in Oliver. If he be now within the sound of mortal testimony concerning him, we believe that his soul was of such a frame that nothing would afford him a higher pleasure or reward than the judgment which Macaulay pronounces upon the character of his famous army. When that body of fifty thousand soldiers was disbanded, it was feared, that, like all other soldiers, they would become beggars and marauders, a pest to society, filling the land with misery and crime. But what was the fact ?

"In a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The Royalists themselves confessed, that, in every department of honest industry, the discarded warriors prospered beyond other men ; that none was charged with any theft or robbery ; that none was heard to ask an alms ; and that if a baker, a mason, or a wagoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was, in all probability, one of Oliver's old soldiers." — p. 144.

There is much good sense in the following sentence, in which our author moralizes upon his own account of the amateur ladies and gentlemen whom the institution of the Royal Society induced to dabble in science : —

"In this, as in every great stir of the human mind, there was

doubtless something which might well move a smile. It is the universal law, that whatever pursuit, whatever doctrine, becomes fashionable, shall lose a portion of that dignity which it had possessed while it was confined to a small but earnest minority, and was loved for its own sake alone." — p. 380.

That this will be a work of extraordinary popularity may be considered as already settled. There is a charm in its pages which no reader will be able to resist, and to which all will be glad to yield themselves, unless some cherished view or fancy of their own be disturbed by it. There is a fulness of information, a strength and accuracy of judgment, and a grace of style, which wellnigh complete our ideal of what history may be. The author does, indeed, suppose a good degree of historical information in his readers, even when he deals with his own defined period and leaves the summary of what preceded. He seems also to aim to connect with his pages those pleasures of sustained interest and surprise which are chiefly ministered to in a romance. Of course, he could not make his work serve for the whole historical furnishing of a reader, unless he expanded it over a much larger number of volumes. We apprehend, however, that some of his readers who may not know the fate of Dr. Oates would have been relieved, had he told them that the creature did not die of his merciless whipping, but lived to receive honor and a pension again, though a second disgrace succeeded. And how many of Macaulay's readers will know, while admiring his lively character of Lord Churchill, that he is afterwards to present himself to them as the famous Duke of Marlborough? We have noticed a score of places where a phrase or a line more from the author would have largely increased the value of his work to the less-informed reader.

That the author of this history will escape the critics and meet only compliment and praise in the arduous task before him, he himself best knows cannot possibly be. He has to cross many debated fields, and to turn up the bones of many dead strifes, the ashes of which are still alive. His general views are those in which the sterling minds of the equally cultivated and liberalized will fully accord. His views of man, of life, of law, of great interests, and of the methods of Providence, are his portion of the common stock of the world's intelligence. On side issues, and on two or three strongly defined positions which he takes, there will be a contest opened with him. But the final decision upon the

general and the specific merits of his history will be deferred till it is completed, and the exciting glow of interest which its perusal rouses shall have subsided.

Two animadversions — if that be the proper word — we feel compelled to utter. Those of our readers who peruse many of the daily or weekly papers, with which no land or neighbourhood is so liberally supplied as our own, have seen in very many of those sheets “Mr. Macaulay’s Character of the Puritans,” and have doubtless smiled or sighed over one smart and flippant sentence in those paragraphs. Now, if we would have Mr. Macaulay’s whole opinion of the Puritans, we must unite three different passages in his volume, in which he sums up his views of them with a different aim, and from a different point of observation or criticism. They present a different figure in history according to the circumstances under which they appear, and the changes in their own fortunes. But the one smart and flippant sentence to which we refer is found in a passage in which he rebukes the excessive and destructive zeal of the Puritans. After pronouncing, certainly with no lack of severity, upon their asceticisms and scruples, he refers to their hatred of all vicious and trifling amusements. He then adds, that

“Bear-baiting, then a favorite diversion of high and low, was the abomination which most strongly stirred the wrath of the austere sectaries. It is to be remarked that their antipathy to this sport had nothing in common with the feeling which has, in our own time, induced the legislature to interfere for the purpose of protecting beasts against the wanton cruelty of men. *The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.* Indeed, he generally contrived to enjoy the double pleasure of tormenting both spectators and bear.” — p. 151.

Any future writer upon rhetoric, who may have occasion to speak of the risk of offending against right and charity to which an epigrammatic or antithetical style may tempt an author of fair intentions, will find a signal example to enforce his warning in the sentence which we have *Italicized*. We do not suppose that Mr. Macaulay had malice in his heart when he penned it, but that he was aiming for point, for a happy turn, and he took up with a most unhappy one. The objection of the Puritans to bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and like sports, did recognize the tortures to which such trials

subjected the creatures given to man for use, and not to exercise his wanton cruelty. We could quote many a Puritan rebuke founded upon this reasonable plea. But suppose the whole objection lay where Mr. Macaulay places it, — “in the pleasure which it gave to the spectators.” We are not sure that this would not be, to a reasonable and humane person, the strongest and most effective objection to such sports. A religious man, of any complexion of faith, might well deny the lawfulness of that pleasure which they afforded to spectators. Indeed, Mr. Macaulay’s account, farther on, of the feelings and habits which characterized the times, furnishes full proof that there was a ferocious and cruel spirit then indulged, which it was very desirable should be softened and humanized. If the reader will revert to the long extract which we have given from his comprehensive view of the state of society in 1685, and note particularly what he says of the prevailing fondness for brutal and sanguinary scenes, we think the Puritans will stand acquitted from all blame, on Mr. Macaulay’s own showing. We have no doubt of the literal truth of his painful sketch. While such ferocity and cruelty abounded, we must think the Puritan excusable, if he objected to bear-baiting for no other reason than simply because it “gave pleasure to the spectators.” It was a *pleasure* of which it was right that they should be deprived.

Mr. Macaulay seems to have been aware that his rhetoric was at issue with his conscience, and, unwilling to cancel his pointed antithesis, he adds a note to help it out. His note begins thus : — “How little compassion for the bear had to do with the matter is sufficiently proved,” etc. And what is the proof? Why this, — that on one occasion Colonel Cromwell, and on another Colonel Pride, came upon some bears, the former finding them “in the height of their sport,” “on the Lord’s day,” and the latter meeting them reserved in a “bear-garden,” and both ordered them to be shot ; — which was perfectly right, because it was the method of mercy. Macaulay adds, that Colonel Pride “is represented by a loyal satirist as defending the act thus,” etc. We need not say how, seeing that the representation is that of a *loyal satirist*, not of a Puritan.

The other matter on which we would animadvert is Mr. Macaulay’s depreciation of the integrity of William Penn. He has evidently formed but a low estimate of the character of that amiable and upright, but rather unfortunate man. He

questions those elements of Penn's nature and soul which the Quaker himself really thought were safe from censure, and which, after a fair investigation, we have found no reason to distrust. Penn did lack sagacity in reading character and discerning some traits of human nature. He did some small jobs, not merely to please others, but undoubtedly to gratify a harmless weakness of self-importance which beset him. But reproach or contempt cannot fairly be fastened upon him, and Mr. Macaulay's insinuations may pass for more with some readers than would a bald, specific charge. We are the more surprised at our author's low estimate of William Penn, because it is so unlike the high opinion formed of him, and the generous praise accorded to him, by that eminent statesman and moralist, Sir James Mackintosh, who speaks of Penn as "a man of such virtue as to make his testimony weighty." He commends his "sincere piety," though he admits the mistake in his policy.

We might wish to specify two other qualifications of the perfect candor and justice of our author, if we were passing upon him a formal opinion. The spirit of censure, however, is not the mood in which we close this enchaining and instructive volume. None can appreciate more than we do the talents of the author, and the good use which he has made of them. May his six volumes grow to twelve.

It is understood that the Messrs. Harper have purchased from the London publishers, or from the author, a copy of the sheets of this History as they shall be successively struck off in England, so as to afford to American readers an early opportunity to read the work, and to secure to themselves a large sale without rivalry. The proof-reader of the Messrs. Harper has altered the orthography in the American reprint, and has substituted Webster's emendation of the English language. So much has already been said in censure of this most unwarrantable proceeding in our best newspapers, that we need add nothing more, except simply the remark, that we regret and condemn it. But we cannot approve the project of a rival edition in Boston. The Harpers have purchased a certain privilege; by courtesy and fairness, they are entitled to its full enjoyment. They should have been allowed to issue another edition from their press, conformed in orthography to the English, without the interference of publishers in Boston or elsewhere.

ART. VII. — RELIGIOUS POETRY OF MODERN GERMANY.*

WHOSOEVER studies the literature of Germany, as only that or any other literature should be studied, with a heart open to its inward life as well as a keen eye for its outward proportions, must receive, we are persuaded, the profoundest impression of the religious spirit of the German people. We use the phrase in no contracted sense, but in the widest and deepest. If by a religious spirit we mean a spirit reverently conscious of the presence of infinite, invisible power around and within us, singularly earnest in the expression of the wants which such a consciousness evokes, constantly open to the influences by which those wants must be appeased, — if this be a religious spirit, then is the spirit of the German people, and of German literature, most eminently religious. The cathedral of Cologne, that mighty consolidation into stone of the thoughts and hopes and fears of the Middle Ages, that wonderful architectural poem, every line and image of which is a spiritual promise or a spiritual threat, does not more truly express the intensity of the religious feeling from which it rose than does the grand edifice of German literature. Both in the cathedral and in the literature there are, indeed, many individual works imbued with quite another spirit, — gorgons, salamanders, hippogriffs, monuments of worldly pride and human decay, devices fantastic, superfluous, sometimes revolting; but one solemn power broods within the whole, subduing all incongruities, lifting us out of the sphere of our ordinary attractions, into the regions of lofty devotional aspiration. This mysterious, elevating power, we are persuaded, is especially felt by every student of those among the greater German writers who are most

* 1. NOVALIS *Schriften*. Herausgegeben von L. TIECK und FRIEDRICH VON SCHLEGEL. Berlin. 1802. 12mo. 2 vols.

The Writings of Novalis. Edited by L. Tieck and F. von Schlegel.

2. *Gedichte von FOUQUE*. Tübingen. 1816–1827. 12mo. 2 vols.
Poems of Fouque.

3. *Siona*. Stuttgart. 1834–1835. 8vo. 5 vols.

Sion. [A Collection of Religious Poems.]

4. *Sammlung geistlicher Lieder*. Basel. 1831. 8vo.

A Collection of Spiritual Songs.

5. *Geistliche Blumenlese aus Deutschen Dichtern von Novalis bis auf die Gegenwart*. Berlin. 1841. 12mo.

Flowers of Spiritual Poetry from the German Writers, from Novalis down to the Present Time.

thoroughly national in their character and aims. By the mighty cosmopolite, Goethe, and his followers, by that great army, fighting, as Heine says, "to lead back the spiritualist German Faust to the understanding and enjoyment of the material world," this tendency was naturally subordinated.

But the resistance of the German public to this proposed revolution, and the exaltation to the highest place in the popular sympathy and admiration of the heaven-aspiring Schiller, show how truly the spirit of the people speaks out in the art of Albert Dürer and Cornelius, in the music of Mozart and Beethoven, in the writings of Luther, Jacobi, and Herder. And as we are permitted to say that the spirit of reality and of action pervades the literature of England, and the spirit of science that of France, so we may affirm that the august spirit of reverence and belief fills the great works of German genius. It is this spirit which gives to German writings their character of unaffected manliness. The English writer is apt to think of his readers and their opinion, as well as of his own idea; the German pours out his soul in fearless sincerity; and if we thus sometimes receive the superfluous confidences of simpletons, it is easy to be tolerant and to turn therefrom with fresher zeal to the truthful expressions of some high and noble heart. To this reverent and longing self-utterance we are especially indebted for the simplicity and force of the religious poetry of Germany, which in these respects is superior to much of our own. In the seventeenth century, while England was still ruled by an absolute government, and that mysterious potentate, the public, was yet unborn, something of the same freedom of expression distinguished the English writers, and is a chief cause of the attraction which the religious poetry of such men as Donne and Vaughan and Herbert still possesses for us. But most of our current hymns belong to a later period, and upon many of them the rationalistic, critical character of the eighteenth century is impressed. Watts, with his real piety and frequently solemn and impressive diction, and Doddridge, with his intenser feeling and occasional gleams of genius, have left us some true hymns; but too many of the productions of these writers, and of others almost equally famous, seem to have sprung from respectable rather than religious emotions, and to have been designed for the furtherance of decorous worship rather than for the expression of holy aspirations. More recent writers, excited

by the spiritual movement which during the last few years has shown itself both here and in England, have poured forth some higher strains, and it would be no unprofitable task to examine and report on the significance of the writings of De Vere and Faber and Alford and Keble and Coxe. Even "The Cathedral," and its wonderfully unintelligible sequel, might afford fruitful themes for the moralizing critic.

But even so attractive a topic must not longer detain us from our legitimate duty, which, indeed, is no light one, being no less than to give, in the space of a reasonable article, some idea of the character and value of a most extensive and varied department of a great national literature. For scarcely did a greater number of bards descend in that shower of poets which fell upon the ship of Cervantes, in his voyage to Parnassus, than have arisen from the fruitful soil of Germany. That poetical funnel of which Carlyle speaks, manufactured at Nuremberg in 1650, and warranted to pour the whole essence of poetical art into the emptiest head within the space of six hours, was not left unemployed. In 1749, says Franz Horn, there were found in one library three hundred volumes of devotional poetry, containing thirty-three thousand seven hundred and twelve German hymns. Of these we much fear that "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," and some few more of Luther's mighty, fervent songs, alone have survived the period of torpor into which the German spirit fell under the reign of the "powdered gods of the Versailles Olympus" and Gottsched their high-priest. But the noble German heart still lived, and it found for itself, when the strong arm of Lessing had banished the intruders, new and more powerful organs of religious expression, refined in taste by the elegance, enlightened by the knowledge and common sense, deepened in inward life by the outward coldness and hardness, of the eighteenth century.

It is of some of these that we wish to speak ; and first, of him whose voice was as the morning song of reviving spiritualism in Germany, — of the loved and lamented Marcellus of German religious philosophy, — of Novalis. Brief as was the career of this remarkable young man, and fragmentary as are the works he left, he produced a profound impression on the mind of Germany. All her writers unite in doing homage to his nobleness of soul, his wonderful power and subtilty of intellect. Schleiermacher, the Orthodox Plato, in one of his discourses, speaks of Novalis as "the divine young man, too

early fallen asleep, to whom every thing which touched his soul was art, whose whole contemplation of the world became a mighty poem, who, although he did scarcely more than utter the first tones of his voice, must be numbered among the richest poets, among those rare spirits to whom is granted no less depth than clearness and life. In him do we behold the power at once of the enthusiasm and the self-possession of a reverent mind; and we must confess, that, when all philosophers shall be religious and seek for God, like Spinoza, and all artists shall be pious and love Christ, like Novalis, then will the mighty resurrection of both worlds be inaugurated." And even Heine, so bitterly hostile to what he calls "the Neo-Teutonic-Religious-Patriotic School of Art," of which Novalis is justly considered the chief, forgets his scornful criticisms in the presence of this beautiful soul. He pities and patronizes Tieck, he assails A. W. Schlegel with unspeakable fury and contempt; but the life and spirit of Novalis touch the poet in his heart, and he speaks almost affectionately of the sad mystic "who saw all about him only wonders, and those, too, wonders of beauty, who learned the language of the plants, who knew the secrets of every budding rose, who identified himself with all nature, and, when autumn came and the leaves fell, bowed his head, too, meekly, and died."

Friedrich von Hardenberg, who assumed the name of Novalis, was born May 2, 1772, of a noble Saxon family in the Grafschaft of Mansfeld. He was educated chiefly at Jena, where he heard with admiration the lectures of the heroic Fichte, between whose doctrines and those of Schelling his own philosophical speculations form a connecting link. In 1794 he removed to Arnstadt in Thuringia, to prepare himself for practical affairs. Here it was that he met Sophie von K——, the beautiful child to whom he was afterwards betrothed, and who inspired him with a profound love which glorified the earth while she was with him, and when she was taken away remained to deepen the natural spiritualism of his mind, and to give him that clear vision of the eternal realities, in which, says Tieck, he alone of the moderns resembles the lofty Dante. For it became to him a natural impulse to regard the commonest and nearest thing as a wonder, — the strange, the supernatural, as something common. Men's every-day life lay around him like a mysterious fable, and those regions which the many dream of or doubt

of, as of somewhat distant and incomprehensible, were for him a beloved home.* Most of the writings of Novalis were composed after the death of Sophie, which occurred in 1798, and the influence of that event is, indeed, clearly discernible in them, — especially in his “Hymns to the Night,” which he himself regarded as his completest productions. So, too, in his “Spiritual Songs,” which were intended to form part of a Christian Hymn-Book, to be accompanied by a volume of sermons. It is with these songs that we are especially concerned here, and we shall therefore, without further preface than our very slight, yet, as we trust, not wholly inadequate, account of the position and character of Novalis may have afforded, at once introduce such a translation as we have been able to make of one of them.

FAITHFULNESS TO CHRIST.

Though all were false about me,
I would be true to thee,
That thankfulness from off our earth
Not wholly passed should be.
For me thy pains were suffered,
For me thy sorrow's smart,
And to thee with joy for ever
I freely give my heart.

My tears are often falling,
Because that thou didst die,
And so many of thy servants
Forget thee utterly.
With love all-penetrated,
Thy works for us were done,

* A very able and interesting article on Novalis may be found in the second volume of Mr. Carlyle's *Miscellaneous Writings*. Tieck's account of the influence of Sophie's death on the mind of Novalis Mr. Carlyle dissects with trenchant and, as we think, somewhat undiscerning criticism. Certainly the intellect of a gifted man is not a pipe for fortune to play upon. Yet it is easily credible, that the lesson of self-renunciation, taught by the death of the beloved one, should have been far more deeply learned than it otherwise would have been, — that the revelations of the unseen which longing, sorrowful affection received should have been clearer than those granted to the auditor of the Saxon salt-works in the peaceful discharge of his practical duties. That his great sorrow made Novalis a philosopher, or that it was the substance of his life, we do not believe; but we can well comprehend that what was no cause might have been an occasion, — that the yearnings of the bereaved heart led the intellect up into the ethereal atmosphere in which it was naturally fitted to live and to expand.

And yet thou hast now departed,
And no one thinks thereon.

Thou standest still beside them,
And love thy heart doth fill,
And though no friend were left to thee,
Thou wouldst be faithful still.
My love, its triumph waiting,
Strong to the end shall be,
With its tears and faith close nestled,
Childlike, upon thy knee.

My soul has found thy presence,
O, send me not away!
But, bound in heart and life to thee,
For ever let me stay!
To my brothers let me show
Once more the way of rest,
Then, in perfect love reposing,
Sink down upon thy breast.

Simple and truthful this hymn certainly is, nor can higher merits be justly denied to it; yet it is chiefly noteworthy for those two rare qualities of simplicity and truthfulness, which gave the intellect of Novalis its fresh, renovating influence on German thought. Into the depths of philosophic genius, dimly revealed in his "Fragments," we shall not attempt to lead our readers, nor can we do more than allude to the wonderful beauty of his most artistic prose poem, "Henry von Ofterdingen," a sort of art-romance, "an apotheosis of poetry," as he himself styled it, which may be easily understood and enjoyed by those who would retire in dismay from the sphinx-like aspect of his scientific and metaphysical creations.

Next to Novalis, Johann Baptiste von Albertini occupies the most important place among the modern religious poets of Germany. In early life Albertini was united in close friendship with the celebrated Schleiermacher, and distinguished himself in the study of the ancient and Oriental languages and of natural science. About the year 1804, he resolved to devote his life to the service of the United Brethren, and for nearly twenty years was a Moravian preacher in Niesky, Gnadensfrei, and Gnadenberg. In 1814 he was appointed a Bishop, in 1821 one of the Directors of

the Society, and in 1824 took the Presidency of the Conference of Elders. In the exercise of the extended influence which this position conferred he continued till 1831, when he died, universally beloved and regretted, in the sixty-second year of his age, at Berthelsdorf, near Hernhut. Several collections of his sermons and one volume of his "Spiritual Songs" have been published. The third edition of his "Spiritual Songs for the Members and Friends of the Society of United Brethren" appeared at Bunzlau and Appun in 1835. In reading the poetry of Albertini, we must remember the circumstances of his position. The Moravian hymns, many of which are among the most beautiful that we possess, are in too many cases deformed by unpleasant exaggerations of feeling and improprieties of expression. Southey, in his *Life of Wesley*, has a note on this subject which will illustrate our meaning. Yet with such hymns the United Brethren had come to associate their religious emotions, and it was not easy for a Moravian poet to steer clear at once of bad taste and of the suspicion of heterodoxy. We must, therefore, as Wolff says, "thoughtfully consider the constraint under which Albertini labored, and not too harshly pass sentence of condemnation upon him for forms of speech unpleasant and unfamiliar to ourselves." "A glowing enthusiasm for the faith," continues the same writer, "deep, sincere feeling, an occasionally charming and figurative style, a truly pious soul, breathing out only love and conciliation, these, displaying the blessed spirit of the writer, give an attractive beauty to his poems." The following hymn reminds us of Charles Wesley's earnest outbursts of feeling.

THE REDEEMER'S LOVE.

O living Love ! For me
 Didst thou, Lord, the death-pang bear ?
 Ah, there thy soul I see,
 To my heart thy heart speaks there !
 I feel thine every pang,
 As thou to death for me
 Didst pass, and bleeding hang
 Upon the cruel tree.

"For me ! for me ! for me !"
 All about me rings the cry ;
 Before that sacred tree
 I bow me inwardly.

My Saviour! thou didst give
Thy life for all mankind;
Grant me, like thee to live,
A self-forgetful mind!

Lord! in my life display
Thy love's benignant reign;
Thy yoke upon me lay,
My wild desires restrain.
Lord, strengthen thou my power,
Keep heart and soul awake,
And me, renewed each hour,
Thy true disciple make!

The two writers whom we have thus far noticed, Novalis and Albertini, may be taken as the types of two great classes to which Germany is indebted for the best of her recent devotional poetry, — the Romantic school, and the Moravians. The Romantic writers revived a deeper religious feeling in the individual heart; the Moravians endeavoured to quicken the sentiment of the communion of believers. The excellent Herr Kletke, in recognizing these facts, laments that no great sanctified genius, like Paul Gerhardt, has arisen in these latter days, "to give the inward spiritual lyric the full, harmonious voice of ecclesiastical communion." But for this the time is not yet ripe; and in this, as in every thing else, we of this day must be content, if we can but "stand provided and prepared to await the light."

The name of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué has become familiar to our ears in connection with his romantic and most exquisite tales of Undine and Sintram. His volume of religious poems is not unworthy of his genius. The following simple piece is full of the earnest, sincere faith which distinguished him as a writer and as a man.

A HYMN OF STILLNESS.

Weep, O my soul, yet in weeping be still;
Not like the worldling's wild sorrow be thine;
Even thy tears flow at God's holy will:
Weep, then, my soul, but in weeping be still,
Weep as seems good to thy Father Divine.

Smile, O my soul, but in smiling be still;
Not like the scorner's proud smile shall be thine;
Even thy joys wait on God's holy will:

Smile, then, my soul, but in smiling be still,
Smile as seems good to thy Father Divine.

Smiles, tears, He appoints, we strive to be still ;
Storms rage, and for peace in vain do we pine ;
Yet moves on triumphant his mighty will :
Thou, too, O my soul, at last shalt be still,
Still in thy home, with thy Father Divine.

Joseph Baron von Eichendorff, one of the most attractive lyrical poets of the Romantic school, published at Berlin, in 1837, the first complete collection of his poems. In this collection are to be found some singularly earnest and graceful expressions of religious emotion. We give one, which bears the title of

A MORNING PRAYER.

O the silence, wonderful, profound !
How calm, how still, the fields extend !
The woods, with a low and solemn sound,
As if the Lord passed through them, bend.

I seem to be all new-created ;
Where are my cares, and where my dread ?
Griefs that last night my heart prostrated
I blush for in this morning-red.

Through life, through all its grief and pleasure,
A glad wayfarer I will be,
My steps this world-bridge, Lord, shall measure,
Across the stream of time, to thee.

And if I sing, from men to gather
The base rewards of vanity,
Break thou my lyre, and keep me rather
For ever silent, Lord, with thee !

Luise Hensel, a lady of Cologne, and a sister of Wilhelm Hensel, the historian of Christian art, published, under the name of Ludwiga, many religious poems of considerable merit. The influence of Novalis and Von Schenkendorf is very perceptible in her writings, which are yet original in the best sense, for they are full of her own peculiar modesty and gentleness of spirit. Many of them are to be found in Diepenbrock's "*Geistlicher Blumenstrauss*." Some of her verses have become household favorites in Germany, and the estimation in which they are held is so great, that several of

them which appeared at first without her name were attributed to Schenkendorf. One of the most popular of her hymns is called

THE EVENING PRAYER.

Weary now, I seek repose,
And my eyes in sleep I close;
O my Father! let thine eyes
Watch my slumber till I rise.

If I wrong this day have done
Father! look not thou thereon;
Let thy grace, and Jesus' love,
All my stains and sins remove.

Keep my kindred and my land,
Father! safe within thy hand;
For mankind, both great and small,
On thy love for help must call.

Troubled hearts to rest compose;
Weeping eyes, O Father! close;
Let the moon gaze from the skies
To watch thy world that silent lies.

Ferdinand Gottfried Max von Schenkendorf was born near Tilsit, December 11, 1784. After passing some time at the University of Königsberg, he removed to Woldau in 1805, where he enjoyed the society, most important in its influence on his inward growth, of several accomplished and spiritual women, among whom were Madame von Krudener and Henrietta Gottschalk. Though lame in the right arm, Von Schenkendorf took the field with the defenders of his country in 1813. The spirited war-songs which he then composed did not a little to excite and sustain the enthusiasm of the nation. After the war he removed to Coblenz, where, on his birthday, December 11, 1817, he died, in the flower of his age, of a chronic disease long before contracted. Von Schenkendorf was especially remarkable for his profound piety. He saw the Divine everywhere about him, and a distinguished German critic well describes his poems as "the clear ethereal outbreathings of a soul consecrated to God." The following poem is entitled

MORNING AND EVENING THOUGHTS.

Star of morn and evening star
The Lord lit up for us in flame,

And as helpers, near and far,
They do their mission still proclaim.

Always, now, and everywhere
I see them kindly bending down,
Blessing all my grief and care,
So calm, so true, and all mine own.

Let this image, O my heart!
Still in thy life reflected be;
Gentle, true in every part,
Shine down on those who look to thee.

Lay thy cares upon his breast,
On his, the High, the Holy One;
Think of Him at evening's rest,
Sing to Him with morning sun.

Let thy praises rise afar
To thy Redeemer, Lord, and King;
Evening star and star of morn
Praise Him to whom the angels sing.

Siegfried August Mahlmann, born at Leipsic, March 13, 1771, died there, December 16, 1826. His poems are not especially profound, nor, indeed, otherwise remarkable than for a certain gentle benevolence of spirit, and a melodiousness of versification, which gave them a wide popularity. A serious hopefulness of feeling pervades his writings, and is well expressed in one of his pieces, a part of which we give, entitled

HOPE IN GOD.

Hope, my heart, but hope in patience, —
Thou at last thy flowers shalt gather;
Like a child do thou entreat him, —
Full of mercy is thy Father:
Upon that faithful trust of thine
He in answering love will shine.

Clouds must come, and clouds must vanish;
Build thou still on thy Father's grace;
Darkened paths through storms must lead thee
Up to the sunlit joyful place.
One true guardian still is near;
In stormiest darkness do not fear.

Many admirable devotional poems are contained in the

works of Ludwig A. von Arnim, of Clemens Brentano, and of Ernst Moritz Arndt, the hero poet of the war of Liberation. From Arndt we translate the following.

ETERNITY.

O thou vast Eternity !
O deepest doubt and fear !
O thou dread Eternity !
Thou terrible and drear !
A foam-speck on the ocean,
A grain of time's swift sand,
In the fierce and ceaseless motion,
How shall my spirit stand ?
“ My soul ! ” the voice is crying,
“ My feeble, fainting soul !
Up ! Up ! Still fearless flying,
Rise from the earth's control.
Up ! Up ! Thy bright way winging,
Seek the tents of heavenly love,
With the lark, undaunted, singing,
‘ God's world is there above ! ’ ”

There, in that world Elysian,
With God and with his Christ,
Shall vanish folly's vision,
And error's blinding mist,
With every shining bubble,
The creatures of a breath,
The vain grief and the trouble
We strive with here till death.

Then cease, my heart, thy grieving,
Thy hollow cares resign ;
These earthly shadows leaving,
Rise to the light divine !
Choose thou the things enduring,
Then, like a morning song,
Shall sound that voice assuring,
“ Eternity is long ! ”

But, attractive as is our subject, we find ourselves obliged to bring these remarks to a close. It would, indeed, be easy to fill a volume with disquisitions on the religious writers, and translations from the religious poetry, of Germany. How very faint an idea of the character of that poetry, however,

can be given by translations, all German scholars will know. We therefore subjoin, in a note, the names of some of the prominent sources of information on this subject, in the hope that those of our readers who fall under the category just named, but have not yet extended their inquiries into this particular field of German literature, may be induced to gather for themselves the wealth of which we have endeavoured to give some hints.* Those who have not yet acquired the German language we do most heartily urge to the expenditure of six months' steady labor thereupon. And we shall esteem ourselves happy in this opportunity of adding another voice to the loud affirmation of the richness and worth of German literature, which proceeds from the yearly increasing band of adventurers into its wonderful and various provinces. We would indulge in no rapturous generalities of statement. We are very far from any sentiments but those of pity for the restless intellectual rovers, Byronic or Cockneyish, who first desert and then seek to disparage our own noble homestead, — that grand and wholesome literature, which is the common and glorious inheritance of all who speak the English tongue. But, as true Americans, we are persuaded that the real improvement of a stock must result from a judicious admixture of various elements. And we find in German literature, as we have already said, a straightforward truthfulness, a depth of feeling, a certain personal earnestness and manliness, worthy of our profoundest study. Let no one, then, fear to enter the fair domain. Whatever paths are forbidden may

* The following collections may be advantageously consulted : — *Auserlesene Christliche Lieder*. Herausg. von KANNE. Erlangen. 1818. *Sammlung Geistlicher Lieder*. Von K. G. von RAUMER. Basel. 1831. *Geistlicher Liederschatz*. Berlin. 1840 (principally edited by the hymnologist, Langbecker). *Versuch eines Allgemeinen Evangelischen Gesang und Gebetbuchs*. Von BOMSEN. Hamburg. 1833. *Evangelischer Liederschatz für Kirche und Haus*. Von ALBERT KNAPP. Stuttgart. 1837. *Entwurf eines Gesangbuchs für die Evangelische Kirche im Königreich Württemberg*. Stuttgart. 1839. WACKERNERGER'S *Das Deutsche Evangelische Kirchenlied von M. Luther bis auf McHermann und Ambrosius Lamer*, Stuttgart, 1841; ARNDT'S excellent volume, *Vom Wort und vom Kirchenliede*, Bonn, 1819; WILHELM'S *Von dem Geistlicher Lieder besonders den Altem Kirchenliedern*, Heidelberg, 1824; and GUINEISEN'S work *Ueber Gesangbuchs-Reform*, Stuttgart, 1839, will throw light on the progress and character of religious poetry in Germany. The *Festbüchlein* of the parabolist KRUMMACHER, Essen, 1828; the Poems of HEY, Berlin, 1816; the *Brüdergesänge* of the Moravian GARVE, Gnadau, 1827; the *Christoterpe* and *Christen Lieder*, of ALBERT KNAPP; the Poems of AGNES FRANZ, Essen, 1836 – 1837; and the *Stemblumen* of HENRIETTA GOTTSCHALK, appended to the 1837 Berlin edition of Schenkendorf's Poems, are also worthy of especial notice.

be readily discerned and avoided, for to every pillar and post of the infected or suspected districts the wary health-officers of our criticism have affixed their red cross of warning. And if we be, indeed, in that third age of which Fichte speaks, — if our appropriate duty be the collection and hoarding up of facts and opinions, Germany offers richer stores of both than can readily be found elsewhere. If we seek to penetrate the secrets of nature, the science of Germany must be our guide ; if we are involved in the metaphysical labyrinth, there the German has been before us, and his clew, we may be sure, will lead us out at last into the open day ; if we would ascend the stream of history, we may take our pilot perhaps from France or England, but we shall still find that he has borrowed his chart and his compass from Germany. And if, with a higher and wider purpose, we seek a generous self-culture, which shall develope all our faculties, till we freely drink in the soul of love and beauty and wisdom from all nature and art and history, we must draw inspiration from the noblest thinkers of the nation whose warm, comprehensive genius has most fully unfolded the universe to us, in the grand unity of its conception and the excellent perfection of its parts. We must make ourselves familiar with the spirit of the literature which is glorious with the renown of Lessing and Herder and Goethe and Schelling.

W. H. H.

ART. VIII. — COLMAN'S EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.*

IN April, 1843, Mr. Colman sailed for England to commence a European agricultural tour. Animated by a generous enthusiasm, he boldly undertook a gigantic labor. His absence was protracted to a period of more than five years, and in this time he could not thoroughly explore, still less

* 1. *European Agriculture and Rural Economy. From Personal Observation.* By HENRY COLMAN. BOSTON: A. D. Phelps. 1844-1848. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 492 and 598.

2. *The Agriculture and Rural Economy of France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland. From Personal Observation.* By HENRY COLMAN. BOSTON: A. D. Phelps. 1848. 8vo. pp. 304. [Principally a reprint of the portions of the former work relating to the Continent.]

could he reap, so wide and so fruitful a field. He has been an intelligent observer and an industrious gleaner. We welcome him back. We are glad that he comes again, bearing with him many heavy heads of golden grain.

Our limits will not allow, nor does the character of this publication demand, a detailed review of Mr. Colman's work. It has its faults and its deficiencies. It is often discursive, it is sometimes too minute in its details. Its style is occasionally obscure, and sometimes careless. It is not a farmer's manual, nor an agricultural dictionary. It has not scientific, historical, or practical completeness. It is a work containing much general information, collected by a traveller living in the midst of new and exciting scenes, oppressed by the wealth of material around him, and forced to exercise a prompt selection, that he might meet the recurring demands of a distant press, and fulfil, as far as possible, a recorded promise to many distant subscribers.

It has been objected that Mr. Colman's work is not practical, and we must admit that this objection is not without apparent truth. It may be feared that the laboring farmer, the man who in the sweat of his brow wrests from the soil his daily bread, will reject these Reports with a sneer about *book-farming*, and justify to himself this judgment by a reference to many chapters, which, it must be acknowledged, can promise to him very little direct practical good. And yet the hard-handed farmer will be the loser by so doing : his understanding of the word "practical" is too narrow, if he explains it to mean only that which is immediately applicable, with a promise of an immediate and tangible return in money or in produce. That should be reckoned practical which is determinate and useful, though the use may be remote. All absolute knowledge is, or may become, practical, at least by suggestion. The farmer of New England has little direct interest in the creation of arable land on the shingle of a sea-beach, or in the straightening of a river flowing through an English swamp ; he is not likely to reclaim salt marsh by "warping," while thousands of acres of fertile upland are yet untouched by the plough ; he cannot undertake any of those vast projects for draining and sub-soiling which require alike much capital and cheap labor, with a certain market, and a generous price for the product to be ultimately acquired at so much cost. Now Mr. Colman has much to say on the subjects just mentioned, and on others not more directly useful.

It is a curious fact that he seems least practical where he is most minute. The details of these expensive operations of English and Dutch husbandry occupy a considerable portion of the work, and of course exclude other matter, of which he had no lack. We regret this error in judgment, for such it seems to us to be. But we must still maintain that these accounts are not in themselves worthless. They show the character, and throw light upon the social and political position, of the people who have energy and inducement to undertake these great works ; they offer just ground for self-confidence, when they show us what may be accomplished by a determined will directing a ready and skilful hand ; they stand forth as examples for the future and memorials of the past ; and they should suggest to us a constant cause for thankfulness in our own more favorable position. Moreover, the small farmer may have occasion for works on a small scale, which involve the same general principles that underlie these magnificent improvements. Drainage is essential to the successful cultivation of much of our land, and every man who owns a cranberry-meadow knows something of the principle of warping, though perhaps he would stare wildly at the sight of the word. The ditches in our salt-marshes serve to reclaim lands from the sea, and the spring-floods of our fresh-water rivers sometimes bring about strange changes in the character, and even in the position, of our rich alluvial meadows. Our planting brethren of Mississippi and Louisiana live, like the *Hollanders*, below the water level, though a breach in the levee would not probably be as disastrous as any one of the many terrible disruptions of the Dutch dykes.

Mr. Colman preaches economy in agriculture, and especially economy in saving and in using manure. His sermon is timely ; we hope it may prove in some degree effectual. We are, probably, the most wasteful of all agricultural people. Not many years ago, the farmers who tilled the banks of the Hudson River were in the habit of carting out their manure in the winter, and depositing it on the frozen surface of the stream, that with the breaking up of the ice they might be delivered from a nuisance. From the Report of the Commissioner of Patents for 1845, it appears that this practice still prevails in the neighbourhood of Lafayette in Indiana, and that the utter waste of this precious material is accomplished at a cost of from twelve and a half to twenty cents a load. On the other hand, in one of the pamphlets on guano

published some two or three years since, it was recommended to farmers to use this substance as long as it could be obtained, and accumulate their manures of domestic composition as a resource in that evil day when the guano islands should be levelled to the ocean line. We venture to assert that a careful economy will enable the cultivator to use profitably the manure which he makes from year to year, and free him from any dismal apprehensions as to a deficiency in the future. Compensation seems to be in the physical, like retribution in the moral world, a part of God's unalterable law. "As a man soweth so shall he reap." We are not left without means wherewith to sow liberally on a soil enriched abundantly; ignorance and slothfulness do not receive, because they will not earn, the teeming harvest.

We wish to give credit to Mr. Colman for his moral courage in speaking plainly of certain elements of highest utility in the composition and application of manures. Here, at least, he is practical; and he is right in refusing to defer to the fastidiousness of any of his readers. At this day, and here among us, the liquid manure of the farm is to a very great degree wasted, and in many cases is not once thought of in the calculations of the season. It is a great and a most unjustifiable neglect, the consequence of an impoverishing ignorance or laziness, and its effects are not limited to a single crop or a single season. It is the perfection of husbandry to secure for each year an abundant crop, and at the same time to gradually improve the land: it is a great duty in a growing country to provide for all probable increase, and the surest way to do this is to increase the fertility of the soil. We wonder at the apparently exhaustless richness of our prairie lands; let us not forget that they were made, in God's great and beneficent providence, by continued annual deposits. Each year a crop has been waving luxuriantly in the summer breezes, which, in its death and decomposition each year has added to the depth and fertility of the soil. We should learn a lesson from this kind teaching, and emulate in our humble way the great and good economy of the Almighty.

The chapters on "soiling," or house-feeding, contain much useful information very fairly stated. Many allowances are to be made for differences of climate and of circumstances, and at present no statements of success or failure in any one case can be reckoned decisive as to the

result in any other. The practice of soiling, as a matter of choice, is still new, and its expediency as a general plan must be determined by further experience. One very great good is sure to result from a general adoption of the practice, — a large increase of available manure. The advocates for soiling claim also other advantages, often, doubtless, with good reason. The statistics on this subject which Mr. Colman affords are various, and sometimes contradictory. This should excite no surprise. Different periods of the year, different seasons, the peculiarities of soil, and the age of pastures, all modify the results of grazing, and should be duly considered when depastured cattle are compared with those fed in houses. The many modifying circumstances which affect agricultural results are fruitful sources of the disappointment so often experienced by persons who rely on agricultural statistics. Hence practical men are apt to acquire an undue contempt for all tabular statements, and for the theories based upon them. There is in vegetable, as in animal, physiology, a principle of life which, as yet, disturbs the action of purely mechanical laws, and sets at defiance the attempt to reduce growth and development to merely chemical or electric phenomena. One of the most conspicuous, if not one of the most illustrious, chemists of the present age has promised so largely in his Vegetable Chemistry, that many good innocent believers have been ready to suppose that they need only mix the various elements in due proportions to make a potato or a sugar-beet. These expectations have not been realized: even the attempts to prepare in the laboratory manures peculiarly and invariably adapted by their chemical composition to supply the chemical wants of particular crops have not been, so far as we know, in any satisfactory degree, successful. They belong still to the department of *fancy-farming*. Mr. Colman is aware of the fallacies which abound in the statements of comparative results, and makes allowance for them.

In connection with the practice of soiling cattle comes the consideration of economy in the use of fodder, and Mr. Colman's statements and advice in this matter are worthy of careful consideration. Fodder maintains the stock, and the stock manures the farm: other things being equal, he is the most thrifty farmer who best maintains in health and usefulness the largest stock. We commend the whole chapter on soiling to the careful and candid attention of all practical farmers, and

take the opportunity to say that it should be particularly interesting, because it presents a subject particularly important, to the poor man, who, holding but little land, is therefore often unable to keep and feed the stock which would greatly promote the comfort and well-being of his family.

Mr. Colman seems chiefly to have attended to soiling as practised in England, where hay is comparatively scarce, and where esculent vegetables, the green crops, are raised in great quantities for cattle. In England, grazing is practicable for most of the year; sheep are rarely housed, but fed in the fields through the season: with us, in New England, grazing can be relied upon for only about five months in the year, and all stock needs protection from the rigor of our winter. Moreover, we have a crop, maize, peculiarly adapted for cut green fodder, which is not cultivated in Great Britain. Then, too, we have abundance of hay, which we often waste recklessly. All these considerations seem to show that we, especially, may derive advantage from house-feeding; we hope to see our intelligent farmers fairly testing the matter by judicious and extended experiments.

Great Britain is eminent among the nations for the magnitude of her agricultural undertakings, and especially for the vast amount of capital annually devoted to agriculture, as distinguished from the capital permanently invested in land. The laws of entail serve to keep large landed estates undivided, and the wealth of the country and the great body of consumers who are not producers induce capitalists to expend immense sums in the cultivation of the soil. As a consequence, we find that the agricultural condition of the country is promising and progressive. We may look to Great Britain as the place for great experiments, and may gratefully avail ourselves of the experience which her capital, and too often, also, her distress, has purchased. It is a sad fact, that the agricultural excellence of a people should be based upon such fearful inequality of social position and such hopeless depression of the great body of productive laborers. We regret the want of ready convertible capital to be invested in farming, here, in the farming portions of the United States. God forbid that we should acquire money for such investment by the degradation of the human capital, to which all other should be always subservient.

We have but little money devoted to the soil. Our farmers are mostly men of very moderate means, — starting often

with a debt and a mortgage, laboring often under other disadvantages from the want of funds, rearing large families and maintaining comfortable homes, passing their lives in unceasing labor, and bequeathing a similar lot to their descendants. They are very apt to grumble at their hard fate ; apt to envy the merchants and the professional men, and, if possible, to follow in their footsteps, forsaking the wholesome, safe labor of the country for the exciting hopes and sad disappointments of the exchange, or the dull inaction or ungenerous rivalry of the professions. Look at the swarms of young men who annually leave the paternal acres to seek wealth and fame amid the bustle, the toil, and the temptations of our cities. If we could trace the history of one single year's migration, what a story of disappointment and ruin might be written down. It has been said that more than three-fourths of all the traders in Boston fail once in the course of their business career : we do not answer for the truth of the assertion ; if it be half true, it presents a startling fact. That in mercantile and in professional life there is a vast amount of disappointment, no one can doubt ; in the farmer's life there need be no very bitter disappointment, so long as health and vigor enable a man to labor. We are not disposed to overrate the profits of farming : they are usually small, but with industry and thrift they are sure ; they will not ordinarily lead to wealth, they will almost invariably purchase independence. There have been extravagant representations as to the gain of farming in New England : we regret to see them, because they are likely to excite unreasonable expectations, and so lead to disappointment. Such representations have been made, we are willing to believe, in perfect good faith, but in error. The mistake has often arisen from confounding the profit of trade in crops or stock with the legitimate profit of tillage. Profits based on capital should be separated from the gains of mere labor or natural increase. It is well to make such statements, as showing how capital may be profitably employed ; it is unfortunate to fall into a fallacy which, when discovered, may prejudice the truth.

In the farming portions of the United States there is a use for capital, and a deficiency of it. A gentleman, whose name has long been familiar in this community, and who, after a life of active usefulness, is now quietly spending his declining years in superintending his farm, gave recently the result

of his experience, when he said, "It is true, too, in farming, 'that the liberal hand maketh rich.'" Liberal feeding, which conduces to liberal manuring, and a liberal allowance of labor, which shall make both stock and manure profitable, — these are the conditions of success in farming. It will readily be acknowledged that pecuniary capital will much assist the farmer in complying with these conditions. For want of capital our farmers often sell their hay, and for the sake of greater prices dispose of their best; now here is a double loss, — a loss in the manure-heap, and a loss in the condition of the stock. Sometimes the high cost of labor almost compels the farmer to neglect some portions of his work which can always be most satisfactorily and economically accomplished when it is done at just the right time. The want of ready money often causes him to allow his out-buildings, walls, and fences to go to decay, to his own manifest loss. These are discouraging facts. Can the evil be removed? Can farmers be made more thrifty, and therefore richer?

We believe that it is practicable to remove, in a great measure, the evils which arise from a want of capital in farming. When a wise man goes into trade, he regulates the amount of his business by the amount of his funds; let the farmer do the same. When fifty acres well tilled will employ all the capital and occupy all the time which a man can command, let him content himself with those fifty acres, and cultivate them well. As his means increase, — and with judicious industry and frugality they will increase, — let him, if he will, buy and cultivate more, making it his unalterable rule to hold and maintain no more than he can profitably use. With an accurate system of farm accounts, he can never be at a loss as to the course which he should pursue. In short, let the farmer become an accountant and a calculator, and he will seldom become a bankrupt.

When a young man determines to enter upon a mercantile or a professional career, he deems it necessary to subject himself to a certain course of training with particular reference to his future pursuit: the elementary education of the farmer has usually no particular reference to his future calling. He early begins to learn from observation, but he has no theory with which to compare results. Our agriculture, and, so far as we know, the agriculture of the world, is to a great extent traditional or empiric. We do not overlook, and are not disposed unduly to depreciate, the labors which scientific

men have of late years bestowed on this most important field of research. We are grateful for every honest endeavour to throw light upon the mysterious agencies of nature in developing and perfecting the beautiful vegetable life which delights and supports our own animal existence. We are not surprised that so little has been accomplished, and we do not fear that patient devotees of science will be discouraged at the magnitude of their labors and the slowness of their progress; we shall not regret the mortification which may await scientific arrogance and presumption. The failure in the application of chemical, geological, atmospheric, electric, and entomological knowledge to the practice of agriculture has, in great part, arisen from the fact, that the scientific minds which, in the seclusion of the study, investigate the nature and the causes, are not able in the field to follow and observe the operations, of things. Men of science reason back from effect to cause, from development to law; practical farmers have need to know the cause and the law, that they may anticipate the effect and the development. We cannot expect all men to be well-informed men of science, but we might have all farmers well informed in the elements of science pertaining to their own profession. In this connection we commend Mr. Colman's chapters on agricultural education; they will afford many useful hints which we should be glad to have accepted.

The possession of a small capital is often with our young men a reason for abandoning the life of a farmer. This is a strange perversion, but daily experience confirms the truth of the statement. Just now thousands of young men are leaving happy homes and rushing eagerly into crowded steerages to undergo a five months' confinement on ship-board, and all the hardships of a passage round Cape Horn, that they may mix among the depraved and outcast of the earth in a greedy scramble for gold. That Sacramento valley, foul with crime, squalid with hunger, and reeking with disease, has more allurements for them than the peaceful, abundant, healthful fields of New England, where honest, patient industry has never failed to realize the promise of Scripture, "He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread." It is probably no extravagant estimate, that in the course of 1849 fifty thousand persons will have visited the gold regions of California. Allow each man to have spent two hundred dollars in reaching the land of promise, and the whole cost

of the emigration will amount to ten millions of dollars, all expended in an attempt to grow rapidly rich in a demoralizing and enervating search after gold. The two hundred dollars paid as passage money, and for an outfit, would buy one hundred and sixty acres of the most fertile land. The wages of five months, worse than wasted at sea, would buy a yoke of cattle. The price of a return passage would cover the necessary cash expenses of a comfortable house. Can it be said, in view of this estimate, that there is no capital which can be spared for agriculture? There is capital, but there is more avarice, and the money is put into channels whose currents, though swift and dangerous, yet flow towards some region of great prospective gain.

Farming is sometimes considered a low and vulgar occupation. Shallow-headed shopkeepers and silly merchants' clerks will have their jest at the clodhopper, when his blue frock brushes against their broadcloth. Let them enjoy their harmless amusement : for ourselves, as a matter of taste, we prefer a pitchfork to a yardstick, would rather turn a greensward than a cotton-bale, and think it better to feed the cows than to handle green-salted cowhides. Merchants of high ambition and extended operations are apt to look upon farming as a petty business. When we compare individuals, and place the great results of successful mercantile enterprise against the average results of successful farming, there seems to be some reason for the objection. It is true, that, in a comparison of individuals, the merchant's business appears great beside the farmer's ; but such a comparison does not exhibit the whole truth, but only a partial statement, which leads to error. Commerce is based upon the interchange of the products of the earth ; a very important part of all the products of the earth are derived from agriculture ; commerce is, therefore, in a very important degree, based upon agriculture. The merchant holds much the same position in reference to the farmers which the executive and representative officers in a democracy hold towards the people : the farmers are the constituency ; the merchants are the chosen servants, laboring, like most other servants, with a careful eye to their own advantage. They are honorable for their enterprise, and indispensable in their usefulness ; they should be too intelligent to despise the humble labors which afford the material for their great operations. In every populous country the home consumption absorbs the chief portion of

the agricultural produce ; hence it is seldom fully reckoned in commercial statistics. Those products which are exported acquire an undue importance in the estimation of legislators and of merchants, and the actual productive wealth of a country can be but imperfectly understood by an inspection of its statute-books and custom-house accounts. We read much about cotton and sugar in our Congressional reports ; we seldom find a sentence which treats of hay and potatoes : and yet the actual annual value of all the cotton of the United States is less than one half of the annual value of the hay crop, and the price of all the potatoes would buy all the sugar twice over.*

The agricultural interest is the great conservative interest of a country. It attaches men to the soil ; it makes it desirable for them to maintain the established order of things against the attacks of subversive and reckless reformers ; it may sometimes make them bigots, — it never can make them revolutionists. The history of La Vendée in the earlier periods of the French revolution of 1789, and the yet incomplete history of the revolution of February, 1848, afford strong proof of the tendency of an agricultural community to withstand the most exciting temptations to anarchy and destructiveness. The Vendéans were a people living a retired life on little farms, situated in a secluded and salubrious region. Their gains were small, their habits were simple, and their minds were calm and religious. For four years they took no active part in the tumultuous proceedings of a people mad with license, — only submitting to the revolutionary government with an acknowledgment of its *de facto* power, but avoiding, up to this time, the excesses which disgraced the inhabitants of many of the large cities of France. At length the patience of a loyal people became exhausted ; the religious sentiment so long outraged burst forth with all the zeal of a crusade, and the farmers of La Vendée for a long time held in check the torrent of licentious anarchy which all Europe was for a quarter of a century unable to control. Those dying words of Sombreuil were a fit expression of the constancy of his compatriots. "I bend," said he, as he knelt to receive the death-shot, "I bend one knee to my God, and another to my sovereign."

* See Patent-Office Reports for 1844, 1845, and 1847, and New Orleans Price Current, September 1, 1847.

Was it from a wonderful forecast, or in a blind obedience to destiny, that Napoleon, in the midday of his glory and the fulness of his power, enacted, in 1803, that law of succession which, in 1848, had so much effect in staying the tide of revolution, and placing a second Napoleon in the presidential chair of France? The subdivision of the land which followed as a necessary consequence of the new law of inheritance seems to have infused a spirit of conservatism even into the excitable minds of Frenchmen. Mr. Colman states, on the authority of Porter, that "in 1838 the population of landed proprietors, with their families, was estimated at 20,000,000, or nearly two thirds of the total population. The average size of each property is about fourteen acres." Here, then, are a large majority of a people having a direct personal interest in the preservation of good order and peace. They all have ties to their homes; they all have a personal interest in the acts of the government. On them falls the burden of taxation; on them are visited the distress and the horrors of war. He may well dread a conscription, who may be called by it to leave a happy fireside and a productive farm; he may well dread, and will doubtless resist, a project for aggressive invasion, who will be sure to find in increased and unavoidable taxation bitter experience of its cost. He is of necessity concerned in the sure and progressive prosperity of a country, who has freehold possession of a portion of its soil. It is not necessary to defend the wisdom of the Vendéans in 1793, or of the electors of 1848. The history of the parties shows a desire in an agricultural people to maintain some fixed and definite government in opposition to anarchy. We may reasonably presume that the situation and the conduct of a people hold mutually the relation of cause and effect.

The moral influences of agriculture are genial and elevating. The farmer is, next after God, a creator. He walks in daily intimacy with nature, is daily called upon to yield obedience to her laws. He may be dull, he may be wicked; but if so, he cannot charge the stupidity or the sin upon the enervating or the seductive influences of business. A free heaven is always above him, a friendly soil bears up his footsteps; let him raise his thoughts above, and bend in labor on the earth below. God will not deceive him. He, of all men, is sure of his reward.

W. A. D.

ART. IX. — MARY BARTON.*

“MARY BARTON” did not come forth under the auspicious influence of any great name or favorite author, but, if American republishers ever read what they print, here surely was an opportunity of treating with some little respect, so far as typography is concerned, a production whose intrinsic worth will insure it a wide circulation, even in the Messrs. Harpers’ small type and double columns. The work was published in England, last October, anonymously ; but it is well known to have been written by the wife of a Unitarian minister in Manchester, — a first attempt, as we understand. It is long since we read *Waverley*, — “the immortal tale,” as Lockhart calls it, — said to have been Scott’s first attempt at novel-writing ; but it does not seem to us now that we could have read it with such a depth of interest, nor with such mingled emotions of pain and pleasure, as have been excited by the perusal of “*Mary Barton*.” And yet *Waverley* had all the extraneous aids of history, the romance belonging to every thing connected with Scotland at the period referred to, and the charm, to every Scottish heart, in the name of Stuart. *Mary Barton* is a poor weaver’s daughter ; her home, a small house in a “little paved court” in “dingy, smoky Manchester.” Who has ever associated romance or pathos with the dizzy whirl of machinery, or the fumes of roaring furnaces, making “darker that which was dark enough before” ? Yet the writer of this tale has succeeded in producing a charming work. It possesses, we think, extraordinary merit ; and we sit down, we confess, to praise it, and that most heartily. There is about it what can be found in few or none of the works of fiction of the present day, verily, a beauty of holiness, though it has not the slightest pretension to be what is technically called a “religious novel.” The reader is made to feel that true religion, the spirit of Christianity, is the all-pervading principle in the mind of the writer, whose own beautiful character breathes through every page of the book. There is no effort, no straining after effect. So simply and naturally is the fearful story told, that we feel as if we were listening to a true tale from the lips of a

* *Mary Barton : A Tale of Manchester Life*. In two Volumes. London : Chapman & Hall. 1848. 12mo. pp. 317 and 312.

The Same. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 149.

friend ; we forget that we have been told it is only a fiction ; heart seems to speak to heart, and leaves its impress there. The delineation of individual character is wonderfully graphic, and the manner in which the incidents are woven into the narrative is highly dramatic. We are aware that to a foreigner one peculiar charm of the work must be lost ; for, to enjoy it thoroughly, one must have a knowledge of the locality, the dialect, the manners and habits of the poor in England, and of Lancashire in particular.

We will not mar the interest of the reader by giving even an outline of the story, but content ourselves with observing, that the purpose of the writer is, taking Manchester as an example, to describe the “woes which come, with ever returning, tide-like flood, to overwhelm the workmen” in the English manufacturing towns, and “the state of feeling among too many of the factory people.” On looking at Manchester now, it is almost impossible for one to convince himself that they have not been long gathered to their fathers, who wandered in the green fields, and on the banks of the rivers, Irwell and Medlock, which, in their day, meandered as beautifully and peacefully through the now densely peopled district, as does the Charles in the neighbourhood of Boston. What true American but must shudder at the thought of the rural scenes, which now gladden the heart of every denizen of New England, being transformed into a busy, toiling, suffering, manufacturing region, subject to such fearful distress as is caused by the alternations of trade in the manufacturing districts of England ? Let us look upon some of the sad pictures of a season of commercial depression given in the pages before us.

“For three years past, trade had been getting worse and worse, and the price of provisions higher and higher. This disparity between the amount of the earnings of the working classes and the price of their food occasioned, in more cases than could well be imagined, disease and death. Whole families went through a gradual starvation. They only wanted a Dante to record their sufferings. And yet even his words would fall short of the awful truth ; they could only present an outline of the tremendous facts of the destitution that surrounded thousands upon thousands in the terrible years 1839, 1840, 1841. Even philanthropists, who had studied the subject, were forced to own themselves perplexed in the endeavour to ascertain the real causes of the misery ; the whole matter was of so complicated a nature, that it became next to impossible to understand it thoroughly. It

need excite no surprise, then, to learn that a bad feeling between workingmen and the upper classes became very strong in this season of privation. The indigence and sufferings of the operatives induced a suspicion in the minds of many of them, that their legislators, their magistrates, their employers, and even their ministers of religion, were, in general, their oppressors and enemies, and were in league for their prostration and enthralment. The most deplorable and enduring evil that arose out of the period of commercial depression to which I refer was this feeling of alienation between the different classes of society. It is so impossible to describe, or even faintly to picture, the state of distress which prevailed in the town at that time, that I will not attempt it; and yet I think again that surely, in a Christian land, it was not known even so feebly as words could tell it, or the more happy and fortunate would have thronged with their sympathy and their aid. In many instances the sufferers wept first, and then they cursed. Their vindictive feelings exhibited themselves in rabid politics. And when I hear, as I have heard, of the sufferings and privations of the poor, of provision-shops where ha'p'orths of tea, sugar, butter, and even flour, were sold to accommodate the indigent, — of parents sitting in their clothes by the fireside during the whole night for seven weeks together, in order that their only bed and bedding might be reserved for the use of their large family, — of others sleeping upon the cold hearthstone for weeks in succession, without adequate means of providing themselves with food or fuel (and this in the depth of winter), — of others being compelled to fast for days together, uncheered by any hope of better fortune, living, moreover, or rather starving, in a crowded garret or damp cellar, and gradually sinking under the pressure of want and despair into a premature grave; and when this has been confirmed by the evidence of their care-worn looks, their excited feelings, and their desolate homes, — can I wonder that many of them, in such times of misery and destitution, spoke and acted with ferocious precipitation? — Vol. i. pp. 129, 130.

“Despair settled down like a heavy cloud; and now and then, through the dead calm of sufferings, came pipings of stormy winds, foretelling the end of these dark prognostics. In times of sorrowful or fierce endurance, we are often soothed by the mere repetition of old proverbs which tell the experience of our forefathers; but now, ‘it’s a long lane that has no turning,’ ‘the weariest day draws to an end,’ &c., seemed false and vain sayings, so long and so weary was the pressure of the terrible times. Deeper and deeper still sank the poor; it showed how much lingering suffering it takes to kill men, that so few (in comparison) died during those times. But remember! we only miss those who do

men's work in their humble sphere; the aged, the feeble, the children, when they die, are hardly noted by the world; and yet to many hearts, their deaths make a blank which long years will never fill up. Remember, too, that though it may take much suffering to kill the able-bodied and effective members of society, it does *not* take much to reduce them to worn, listless, diseased creatures, who thenceforward crawl through life with moody hearts and pain-stricken bodies.

"The people had thought the poverty of the preceding years hard to bear, and had found its yoke heavy; but this year added sorely to its weight. Former times had chastised them with whips, but this chastised them with scorpions." — Vol. 1. pp. 174, 175.

Again, let us listen to John Barton. We should premise, however, that there had been a "strike" in Manchester; some of the operatives refusing to work for such a rate of wages as their employers decided to pay, whilst another party were willing to take such as they could obtain, rather than starve, — "half a loaf being better than no bread." The latter were designated as "knobstics." Then strife, fearful strife, arises between the two parties; some of the terrible consequences of which our author describes with a simplicity and pathos rarely equalled. We remember once, in driving through one of the principal streets in Manchester, to have met a large body of men walking in double file and guarded by a strong detachment of the police. With a sorrowful heart we gazed upon them, supposing that they were unfortunate men on their way to prison; but upon inquiring, we learned they were "knobstics," whom the police were protecting from the violence of the other party, as they passed to and from their work at the mill. John Barton was attending a meeting of deputies from the Trades' Union; he tells them that "he has seen the evil of attacking the knobstics," "the poor like themselves."

"'No!'" cries he, "'what I would do is this. Have at the masters!' Again he shouted, 'Have at the masters!' He spoke lower; all listened with hushed breath.

"'It's the masters as has wrought this woe; it's the masters as should pay for it. Him as called me coward just now may try if I am one or not. Set me to serve out the masters, and see if there's aught I'll stick at.'

"'It would give th' masters a bit on a fright, if one on them were beaten within an inch of his life,' said one.

“‘Ay! or beaten till no life were left in him,’ growled another.

“And so with words, or looks that told more than words, they built up a deadly plan. Deeper and darker grew the import of their speeches, as they stood hoarsely muttering their meaning out, and glaring, with eyes that told the terror their own thoughts were to them, upon their neighbours. Their clenched fists, their set teeth, their livid looks, all told the suffering their minds were voluntarily undergoing in the contemplation of crime, and in familiarizing themselves with its details.

“Then came one of those fierce, terrible oaths which bind members of trades’ unions to any given purpose. Then, under the flaring gaslight, they met together to consult further. With the distrust of guilt, each was suspicious of his neighbour; each dreaded the treachery of another. A number of pieces of paper (the identical letter on which the caricature had been drawn that very morning) were torn up, and *one was marked*. Then all were folded up again, looking exactly alike. They were shuffled together in a hat. The gas was extinguished; each drew out a paper. The gas was relighted. Then each went as far as he could from his fellows, and examined the paper he had drawn without saying a word, and with a countenance as stony and immovable as he could make it.

“Then, still rigidly silent, they each took up their hats and went every one his own way.

“He who had drawn the marked paper had drawn the lot of the assassin! and he had sworn to act according to his drawing! But no one save God and his own conscience knew who was the appointed murderer!” — Vol. I. pp. 299, 300.

“Ah! but,” the American will naturally say, “our republican institutions, and vast extent of territory, will save us from such a state of things.” Governments cannot, however, prevent the fluctuations of trade, or the improvidence of the poor; neither can mill-owners be expected to give the usual rate of wages to work-people, when the supply is greater than the demand, and competition presses so hard that they are obliged to sell the manufactured goods for little more than the cost of the raw material. Even now, in this land of promise, wages in the mills have been reduced, in some instances, very materially. If but a shadow of the appalling scenes described as existing abroad should darken our fair and prosperous country in consequence of our becoming a manufacturing people, then would we fervently reiterate the words we have so often heard quoted from Mr. Jefferson, — “While we have land to labor, . . . let our workshops remain in Europe.”

The events of the story which we are noticing, with one exception, are of the most common, every-day character ; but they are painted by a master's hand, and some of the scenes are brought before us with a vivid reality that is fearful ; and yet we feel that by their influence, as by that of real affliction, the heart is purified and softened. We love to linger over the passages which strike us most, to analyze the feelings and motives described. We will join that sorrowing group who are ministering to the last wants of poor Davenport, the weaver, who, worn down by famine, is dying of malignant fever.

"Most probably, as they all felt, he could not speak, for his strength was fast ebbing. They stood round him still and silent ; even the wife checked her sobs, though her heart was like to break. She held her child to her breast, to try and keep him quiet. Their eyes were all fixed on the yet living one, whose moments of life were passing so rapidly away. At length he brought (with jerking, convulsive effort) his two hands into the attitude of prayer. They saw his lips move, and bent to catch the words, which came in gasps, and not in tones.

" 'Oh, Lord God ! I thank thee that the hard struggle of living is over.'

" 'Oh, Ben ! Ben !' wailed forth his wife, 'have you no thought for me ? Oh, Ben ! Ben ! do say one word to help me through life.'

"He could not speak again. The trump of the archangel would set his tongue free ; but not a word more would it utter till then. Yet he heard, he understood, and, though sight failed, he moved his hand gropingly over the covering. They knew what he meant, and guided it to her head, bowed and hidden in her hands, when she had sunk in her woe. It rested there, with a feeble pressure of endearment. The face grew beautiful, as the soul neared God. A peace beyond understanding came over it. The hand was a heavy, stiff weight on the wife's head. No more grief or sorrow for him. They reverently laid out the corpse, — Wilson fetching his only spare shirt to array it in. The wife still lay hidden in the clothes, in a stupor of agony." — Vol. I. pp. 107, 108.

How beautifully are the sentiments expressed which we find in the scene where poor Mary is sinking under her heavy trial !

"But, in the desert of misery with which these thoughts surrounded her, the arid depths of whose gloom she dared not ven-

ture to contemplate, a little spring of comfort was gushing up at her feet, unnoticed at first, but soon to give her strength and hope.

“And *that* was the necessity for exertion on her part, which this discovery enforced.

“Oh! I do think that the necessity for exertion, for some kind of action (bodily or mental) in time of distress, is a most infinite blessing, although the first efforts at such seasons are painful. Something to be done implies that there is yet hope of some good thing to be accomplished, or some additional evil that may be avoided; and by degrees the hope absorbs much of the sorrow.

“It is the woes that cannot in any earthly way be escaped that admit least earthly comforting. Of all trite, worn-out, hollow mockeries of comfort that were ever uttered by people who will not take the trouble of sympathizing with others, the one I dislike the most is the exhortation not to grieve over an event, ‘for it cannot be helped.’ Do you think, if I could help it, I would sit still with folded hands, content to mourn? Do you not believe, that, as long as hope remained, I would be up and doing? I mourn because what has occurred cannot be helped. The reason you give me for not grieving is the very and sole reason of my grief. Give me nobler and higher reasons for enduring meekly what my Father sees fit to send, and I will try earnestly and faithfully to be patient; but mock me not, or any other mourner, with the speech, ‘Do not grieve, for it cannot be helped; it is past remedy.’” — Vol. II. pp. 71, 72.

Let us stand by the death-bed of Alice, the pious, kind-hearted old washerwoman.

“They found Alice alive, and without pain. And that was all. A child of a few weeks old would have had more bodily strength; a child of a very few months old, more consciousness of what was passing before her. But, even in this state, she diffused an atmosphere of peace around her. True, Will, at first, wept passionate tears at the sight of her, who had been as a mother to him, so standing on the confines of life. But even now, as always, loud, passionate feeling could not long endure in the calm of her presence. The firm faith which her mind had no longer power to grasp had left its trail of glory; for by no other word can I call the bright, happy look which illuminated the old earth-worn face. Her talk, it is true, bore no more that constant, earnest reference to God and his holy word which it had done in health, and there were no death-bed words of exhortation from the lips of one so habitually pious. For still she imagined herself once again in the happy, happy realms of childhood, and again dwelling in the lovely Northern haunts where

she had so often longed to be. Though earthly sight was gone away, she beheld again the scenes she had loved from long years ago! she saw them without a change to dim the old radiant hues. The long dead were with her, fresh and blooming as in those bygone days. And death came to her as a welcome blessing, like as evening comes to the weary child. Her work here was finished, and faithfully done.

“What better sentence can an emperor wish to have said over his bier? In second childhood (that blessing clouded by a name), she said her “*Nunc Dimittis*,” — the sweetest canticle to the holy.

“‘Mother, good night! Dear mother, bless me once more! I’m very tired, and would fain go to sleep.’ She never spoke again on this side of heaven.” — Vol II. pp. 222, 223.

A beautiful little episode is introduced into the story, in which an incident is so naturally and simply related, that we think its pathetic interest must be derived from fact. Job Legh and his dead daughter’s father-in-law are returning from London, where they had just laid the bodies of their children, husband and wife, in one lowly grave. The two desolate old men are carrying to their far-off home in Lancashire their infant grandchild, the poor, unconscious orphan, whose little life is still measured by days.

“Th’ longest lane will have a turning, and that night came to an end at last; and we were foot-sore and tired enough, and to my mind th’ babby were getting weaker and weaker, and it wrung my heart to hear its little wail. I’d ha’ given my right hand for one of yesterday’s hearty cries. We were wanting our breakfasts, and so were it, too, motherless babby! We could see no public-house; so about six o’clock (only we thought it were later), we stopped at a cottage where a woman were moving about near th’ open door. Says I, ‘Good woman, may we rest us a bit?’ ‘Come in,’ says she, wiping a chair, as looked bright enough afore, wi’ her apron. It were a cheery, clean room; and we were glad to sit down again, though I thought my legs would never bend at th’ knees. In a minute she fell a noticing th’ babby, and took it in her arms, and kissed it again and again. ‘Missis,’ says I, ‘we’re not without money, and if yo’d give us somewhat for breakfast, we’d pay yo honest; and if yo would wash and dress that poor babby, and get some pobbies* down its throat, for it’s wellnigh clemmed,† I’d pray

* “Pobbies,” or “pobs,” child’s porridge.

† “Clem,” to starve with hunger.

for yo till my dying day.' So she said naught, but give me th' babby back, and afore yo could say Jack Robinson, she 'd a pan on th' fire, and bread and cheese on th' table. When she turned round, her face looked red, and her lips were tight pressed together. Well, we were right down glad on our breakfast, and God bless and reward that woman for her kindness that day; she fed th' poor babby as gently and softly, and spoke to it as tenderly, as its own poor mother could ha' done. It seemed as if that stranger and it had known each other afore, may be in heaven, where folk's spirits come from, they say; th' babby looked up so lovingly in her eyes, and made little noises more like a dove than aught else. Then she undressed it (poor darling! it were time), touching it so softly; and washed it from head to foot; and as many on its things were dirty, and what bits o' things its mother had gotten ready for it had been sent by th' carrier fra' London, she put 'em aside; and wrapping little naked babby in her apron, she pulled out a key as were fastened to a black ribbon, and hung down her breast, and unlocked a drawer in th' dresser. I were sorry to be prying, but I could na help seeing in that drawer some little child's clothes, all strewed wi' lavender, and lying by 'em a little whip an' a broken rattle. I began to have an insight into that woman's heart then. She took out a thing or two, and locked the drawer, and went on dressing babby. Just about then come her husband down, a great big fellow as didn't look half awake, though it were getting late; but he 'd heard all as had been said downstairs, as were plain to be seen; but he were a gruff chap. We 'd finished our breakfast, and Jennings were looking hard at th' woman as were getting the babby to sleep wi' a sort of rocking way. At length says he, 'I ha' learnt th' way now: it's two jiggits and a shake, two jiggits and a shake. I can get that babby asleep now mysel.'

"The man had nodded cross enough to us, and had gone to th' door, and stood there whistling wi' his hands in his breeches pockets, looking abroad; but at last he turns and says, quite sharp, —

"'I say, missis, I 'm to have no breakfast to-day, I s'pose.'

"So wi' that she kissed the child, a long, soft kiss; and looking in my face to see if I could take her meaning, gave me th' babby without a word. I were loath to stir, but I saw it were better to go. So giving Jennings a sharp nudge (for he 'd fallen asleep), I says, 'Missis, what's to pay?' pulling out my money wi' a jingle, that she might na guess we were at all bare o' cash. So she looks at her husband, who said ne'er a word, but were listening wi' all his ears nevertheless; and when she saw he would na say, she said, hesitating, as if pulled two ways by her

fear o' him, 'Should you think sixpence over much?' It were so different to public-house reckoning, — for we'd eaten a main deal afore the chap came down. So says I, 'And, missis, what should we gie you for the babby's bread and milk?' I had it once in my mind to say, 'and for a' your trouble with it'; but my heart would na let me say it, for I could read in her ways how it had been a work o' love. So says she, quite quick, and stealing a look at her husband's back, as looked all ear, if ever a back did, 'Oh, we could take nothing for the little babby's food, if it had eaten twice as much, bless it!' Wi' that he looked at her, — such a scowling look! She knew what he meant, and stepped softly across the floor to him, and put her hand on his arm. He seemed as though he'd shake it off by a jerk on his elbow, but she said quite low, 'For poor little Johnnie's sake, Richard.' He did not move or speak again, and after looking in his face for a minute, she turned away, swallowing deep in her throat. She kissed the sleeping babby as she passed, when I paid her. To quieten th' gruff husband, and stop him if he rated her, I could na help slipping another sixpence under th' loaf, and then we set off again. Last look I had o' that woman, she were quietly wiping her eyes wi' the corner of her apron, as she went about her husband's breakfast. But I shall know her in heaven." — Vol. I. pp. 166 – 170.

Job Legh is an original character, true to life; and the peculiar direction of his favorite scientific pursuits presents by no means a rare instance in the manufacturing districts, where we are constantly finding that the attention of the operatives is awakened and interested in subjects of a refined and cultivated nature; as one proof of which, we might remark that a course of lectures, "On the History of Religion, its Rise in Man's Nature, and the Various Forms in which it has been and is manifested in Different Ages and Countries," by the Rev. J. J. Tayler, and another course, "On the Geography and Antiquities of Palestine," by the Rev. William Gaskell, have been delivered the past winter, gratuitously, to the poor connected with the Unitarian Sunday School in Manchester. We wish our limits would permit us to give the description of a tea-party at Job Legh's house; but they will not, and we do not choose to spoil its quaint simplicity by curtailing it. This and the racy story of the "scorpion" display, we think, the writer's power in depicting a comic scene, as well as one requiring the aid of the tragic muse. Our fashionable readers will admit the truthful and happy manner in which the young ladies

in Mr. Carson's drawing-room are described, so listless and languid in consequence of "a dancing party the night before,"—"Miss Sophy trying to read Emerson's Essays, and falling asleep in the attempt." Poor Esther is drawn with a fidelity and truth really terrible. The midnight visit to her niece offers a picture of an outcast under a new and deeply affecting aspect. We consider this as one of the most admirably drawn scenes in the book. The noble-hearted "Jem" endeavours to persuade the lost one to abandon her wretched life. Hear what she says, in her utter desolation.

"I tell you, I cannot. I could not lead a virtuous life, if I would. I should only disgrace you. If you will know all,' said she, as he still seemed inclined to urge her, 'I must have drink. Such as live like me could not bear life, if they did not drink. It's the only thing to keep us from suicide. If we did not drink, we could not stand the memory of what we have been, and the thought of what we are, for a day. If I go without food, and without shelter, I must have my dram. O, you don't know the awful nights I have had in prison for want of it!' said she, shuddering, and glaring round with terrified eyes, as if dreading to see some spiritual creature, with dim form, near her.

"It is so frightful to see them,' whispering in tones of wildness, although so low spoken. 'There they go round and round my bed the whole night through. My mother, carrying little Annie (I wonder how they got together), and Mary,—and all looking at me with their sad, stony eyes; O, Jem! it is so terrible! They don't turn back either, but pass behind the head of the bed, and I feel their eyes on me everywhere. If I creep under the clothes, I still see them; and, what is worse,' hissing out her words with fright, 'they see me. Don't speak to me of leading a better life,—I must have drink. I cannot pass to-night without a dram; I dare not.'"—Vol. I. pp. 256, 257.

Of the gentle, sensible Margaret we have space only to express our admiration. Affectionate, "frabbit" Jane Wilson,—the honest sailor, too,—with the rest, would it not be worth a journey to Canada to see them all in "their long, low wooden house, with room enough, and to spare"?

We think the writer has been rather hard upon the medical faculty,—where she describes them as "putting a fence on this side, and a fence on that, for fear they should be caught tripping in their judgment"; and we are moved to say, in the words of the sailor at the trial, "Will some

body with a wig on ask how much can be said for them ?” We can speak for the humanity of one, — an eminent physician in the North of England, who used to devote two forenoons in every week to the gratuitous service of the poor, at his own house. One day, there came a poor sailor’s wife with a sick baby, whose little pallid face so impressed the doctor, that he went to visit it in its home, — a cellar. Devotedly he attended through a dangerous illness, aiding and comforting the despairing parents. The child recovered. Fifteen years after, a knock was heard at the physician’s door, too gentle for a professional summons. A man and woman made themselves known as the parents of that sick child. They brought a present to the “kind doctor’s” daughter, — an immense doll, in a glass case, splendidly dressed after the manner of “Our Lady” in her shrine at Loretto, which the sailor had brought from “foreign parts.”

We shall doubtless be considered by many readers as wanting in discrimination, not to have referred more particularly to the “fire,” and other thrilling scenes ; but these are more like what we meet with in other works, whilst in “*Mary Barton*” what we particularly admire is the freshness and vigor of the conception.

It has been said, that the design of this work was to bring the rich and the poor into more friendly contact, and create a feeling of sympathy between them. This is not, however, the conclusion at which we have arrived. From the great power the writer has evinced, we cannot doubt her ability to have carried out such a design, if it had been her object. The rich are never in want of chroniclers. “*Mary Barton*,” we should say, is a soul-stirring, powerful plea for the poor. And we are the more convinced that we cannot be very far wrong in our impressions, from the remarks which we have heard made in reference to this book. “Can it be,” it is asked, “that human beings in England are left to die of starvation, as little cared for as the wild beasts of the desert ? Is it all a delusion, then, that Manchester is a city second to none in her noble public institutions for the amelioration of human suffering, — in her wide-spread private charities ? Are the mill-owners, as a class, without feeling for the persons in their employment ? We read that Mrs. Hunter was seen by the poor starving weaver purchasing expensive luxuries for a grand party, shortly

after the failure of her husband. We know, also, that, in one single year of those disastrous times, the 'London Gazette' announced the failure of forty-one mill-owners. Does the writer wish her readers to infer that these persons went on, like Mrs. Hunter in the novel, in the indulgence of expensive luxuries, and that they continued to keep up the same costly establishments as in the days of their prosperity? "Never, we are assured. Such would not be a correct portraiture of the people of Manchester. There is a notice in the "Manchester Guardian" of the 3d of January, 1849, of a Christmas treat, given by Mr. William Hadfield to his mill-hands, at which they presented to him a card expressing "their gratitude for his having sometimes worked his mill for the sole purpose of affording them employment, without any profit to himself." It is not to be supposed that Mr. Hadfield is a solitary example of a mill-owner who aided and sympathized with his work-people, or that many similar instances did not occur in the disastrous years of 1839, 1840, and 1841. Still we do not think that a poor person, after reading this "Tale of Manchester Life," will feel more kindly towards the rich; but we do think that by reading it the rich may be led to commiserate still more the condition of the poor. It is a melancholy fact, that thousands have been at various times, and for long periods, out of employment, and have consequently been reduced to extreme want. Parliament has interfered, and, at the suggestion of the philanthropic, has enacted laws for the benefit and protection of the operatives; but the more they have interfered, and the more they have legislated, the greater seem to be the troubles and perplexities that have ensued. Recently, the "Ten Hours Bill" was, in the view of its advocates, the all-important point to be gained; whilst equally philanthropic and equally sound political economists opposed the measure, fearing its injurious effects. We regret to learn that many of the readers of this beautiful story have come to the conclusion, that the poor in England are but little cared for, and are left for the most part to struggle for themselves. We are persuaded that it could not have been the intention of the writer to convey this impression. The munificent charities of England, public and private, surpassing those of every other country in the world, require no eulogium at our hands. The Parliamentary re-

turns show, that, since the year 1816, the people have paid £200,000,000, equal to \$1,000,000,000, for the relief of their poor.

We must now take our leave of "Mary Barton," hoping, that, like "Waverley," it may prepare the way for many volumes from the same pen, and be the first of a series which shall take rank with the works of the "illustrious unknown."

J. E. B.

ART. X.—THE UNITARIAN MEETINGS.

SEVERAL meetings have been held in this city on successive Sunday evenings of the present season, which have excited considerable attention, abroad as well as in Boston. They have been, somewhat inaccurately, called Union meetings; for they were not a repetition of an attempt which was made two or three years ago to establish a weekly religious meeting under this name among our churches. They have been styled Conference meetings; but with still less propriety; being more formal in their character, and the speakers having been, in general, invited by a committee who have charge of all the arrangements necessary for a profitable occupation of the evening. They have been spoken of as Revival meetings; and if the epithet be used in its legitimate, and not in a narrow, sectarian sense, it may give a just idea of the character which it has been intended they should bear. The history of their establishment is very brief. The Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association, having long desired that a closer relation, mutually beneficial, as they conceived it would be, should exist between the institution which they represent and the congregations in this city that were known to concur with them in their appreciation of the great points of Christian faith, after presenting the subject to the Boston Association of Ministers, appointed a sub-committee of their own number to invite all who were immediately interested to assemble in the Federal Street meeting-house on the evening of the last Sunday of the year, to consider the wants and interests of our churches and the spiritual purposes of religion. The terms of this invitation were happily chosen. It expressed precisely what was meant, and precisely what

was wanted. It was honest, clear, and adequate. The continuance of the meetings was made to depend on their fulfilling the hope which was entertained of their usefulness. Crowded houses, many pertinent, serious, and earnest addresses, (with others, of course, less in accordance with the design of the occasion,) and an interest which, while it grew deeper in the minds of those who were most directly concerned, spread beyond our city and our denomination, not only warranted, but seemed to demand, an adjournment from week to week, through more than two months, and authorize the hope, that they may be attended with profit for some time to come.*

Such is the history of these meetings. We would add a few words to what we have said of their design. It was, to consider the religious condition of our churches, and to promote the spiritual purposes of our religion. Can there be a more important subject on which the thoughts of men shall be turned? Is there any inquiry more worthy of attention than that which is here proposed, — what can be done to advance at once the true prosperity of our churches, and those high purposes for which the religion of Christ, the Redeemer, was given? Those purposes are spiritual; no one denies this, no one doubts it. They are not “seen and temporal,” but “unseen and eternal.” They concern us, and all whom this religion addresses, or to whom it can get access, as moral, religious, immortal, spiritual beings. Its object is not to make them, or any one, prosperous in his worldly affairs. That may follow, as an incidental effect of obedience to the laws of integrity, industry, and piety, which the Christian religion binds upon the conscience; but that is not what it aims at, either first or last. Christianity came from heaven, to lead men into an acquaintance with their own spiritual interests; — to reveal to them God and the universe in which they are embosomed; to explain to them their own being; to inform them of the destiny and worth of their own souls; to establish over their affections and wills the authority of spiritual truth. This is what the Gospel contemplates; this is what Christ lived for, and died for. In harmony with this purpose, as acknowledging and accepting it, the first of the propositions submitted to the several meetings of which we are

* Of the nine meetings, four have been held in the Federal Street meeting-house, three in the Bulfinch Street, and two in the South Congregational church.

speaking declares that "spiritual interests are real and supreme." * A noble text that for any body of men to take as the guide of their meditations ; a "true and faithful saying." Spiritual interests *are* real and supreme. Real are they. Every thing else is but apparent or superficial ; every thing else is perishable, evanescent, illusory. These are substantial and imperishable. Kingdoms and dynasties shall fall, but these shall endure. The solid globe shall pass away, but these shall remain. The "elements shall melt," the stars shall disappear, the works of man be forgotten, and the works of God undergo change, but the soul and its experience are everlasting. Spiritual interests are real ; for they are but another name for truth, and duty, and perfection, and God. They are supreme, too. If real, they must be supreme ; for what can we compare with them, that shall not attest their infinite superiority ? Shall we put a man's worldly success in competition with his moral condition ? Shall we account his economical interests more important ? The

* These propositions were drawn up with so much care, and contain, in clear but concise terms, the expression of so much truth of the highest importance, that we are glad to transfer them to our pages.

"1. To man, and to society, spiritual interests are real and supreme,—the basis of all individual happiness, and of all permanent social prosperity and progress.

"2. At the present day, these interests are peculiarly exposed,—liable to be overlooked, disregarded, neglected, in the multitude of material agencies that are in operation, and in the increased social comforts these agencies supply and diffuse.

"3. While the 'care of this world' has its place, and industry and enterprise in earthly affairs are both obligatory and worthy of praise, the higher uses, the ultimate results, of both should be spiritual, and all that is done on earth should be done to the glory of God, be impregnated and pervaded by a religious motive and end.

"4. Christianity is a religion of the social affections, as well as of the intellect and the conscience. It cultivates the element of sympathy in our nature, and makes it an instrument for the diffusion of truth and the promotion of righteousness.

"5. In the individual heart, and in our churches, there is need of a higher tone of spiritual life ; a quicker, deeper, broader flow of Christian sympathy ; more consecration of time, wealth, talent, influence to spiritual purposes ; and more zealous, earnest, united efforts, in all the ways of a practical wisdom, to advance the cause of the Gospel, and to speed the accomplishment of those great objects for which Christ came into the world.

"6. Looking with high respect and an enlarged charity upon the zeal of other denominations, and accepting it as an example and a stimulus, we should recognize, and by large contributions and strenuous efforts seek to meet and discharge, the solemn obligation which rests upon us to diffuse Christian truth as we gather it from the Scriptures,—that truth which to us is the life and light of the soul, whose quickening power we would feel more deeply ourselves, and extend widely and freely to others."

veriest drudge in the walks of business and the wealthiest capitalist in the land would alike be ashamed to maintain such a doctrine. Are the interests of science of higher value? Separate the spiritual element from science, and it becomes an unprofitable accumulation of facts, the mere rubbish of the mind. Are the political interests of mankind entitled to more earnest consideration? Nay, what is it that makes man either a proper subject of government or fit to exercise the rights of freedom, but his moral nature? Spiritual interests *are* real and supreme; and therefore men ought to come together and consider them, and inquire how they may promote the purpose for which Jesus poured forth the influences of Divine grace over this dark and barren world; for that purpose was nothing less, and nothing else, than to lead men to the perception and realization of these, their highest, their only true interests.

It is not less clear, that the welfare of our churches is intimately dependent on the recognition and right appreciation of these interests, — that their growth, stability, and prosperity can be secured only as the supremacy of the spiritual over the material is admitted. If we do not want a material civilization, much less do we want a secular piety, — if such a thing be possible. We do not want an external religion, that is not the consequence of an internal life, its natural and inevitable expression. We do not want religious institutions alone. Alone, religious institutions are only what the catacombs of Egypt expose to view, — dry, shrunken, offensive memorials of a departed life. We want life, religious life, in our churches, — the spirit of God, dwelling in the breast of every member of these churches, quickening, controlling, sanctifying him, and causing him, and those with whom he worships, and the churches in their collective capacity, to represent and repeat the life of Christ, whose whole being was instinct with that spirit.

We want; by which we mean that there is need of such a vital energy in the hearts of our people, and in our congregational organizations; and this brings us to speak of the propriety of meetings held for such a purpose as we have now described. They are needed at this present time, — never more than now. We may cite some facts in support of this remark.

When bodies of men, who differ widely in regard to the measures that should be adopted for removing an evil, agree in

affirming the existence of that evil, we may reasonably conclude that on this point their judgment is correct. Now we do not remember a period at which there was so general a confession of the absence of an earnest spiritual life among all denominations of Protestant Christians. Those sects which rely most on a prescribed course of proceeding, while at the same time they regard the influence of the Holy Spirit as the immediate cause of a "revival," have been for months, on the one hand, deploring the scanty supplies of that influence, and, on the other hand, proving how difficult they find it to render their own methods productive of the result they desire. From other quarters a similar confession is extorted by a painful conviction of the truth. "It is a fact which cannot be concealed," said a journal that is not anxious to acknowledge or see the faults of "the Church," a short time ago, "that the standard of personal religion has most sadly declined within a few years past." In our own denomination it would be useless to deny that for the last year or two there has been less *manifestation* of religious interest than there was five or six years since. Some of the causes which have produced this general languor in the religious experience are obvious. We shall confine ourselves to the mention of those which have been till recently, or are still, in active force.

First and chief among all the influences that tend to deaden the religious sensibility, to blind the conscience, and enslave the toil, of our people, is that impetuous and despotic worldliness under which they are living. Never was there a people on earth so environed and pressed by the things of this world. Accumulation and opportunity inflame enterprise, till it brings disaster. Unless we brace ourselves against the tendency of the times, like a man pushing back the crowd that seem eager to crush him, we are borne on in this fearful rush of the community towards the goal at which they hope fortune awaits them. We do not live to think, nor scarcely think how to live. The characteristics of our age are impatience, vehemence, absorption; but in no other country are these qualities of the time exhibited in such fearful development as here. Abundance here has the same effect as want in the Old World; it fastens the attention on the outward and material. Great opportunity with us acts like stringent necessity in Europe; it compels one to think if he may not better his condition; and so his condition, in respect

to the things of this life, becomes the chief object of his thought. Every year is giving a deeper tone to this worldliness of mind, which is the vice of all classes in American society. As the facilities of intercourse and trade increase, as science discovers agencies that can be subordinated to the purposes of man's insatiable desire for wealth, as art tempts industry into new channels, and as the means of personal success grow with the enlargement of the country's resources, enterprise is stimulated, to pause is to be trampled under foot or to be left behind with the laugh of contempt ringing in our ears, and the inevitable consequence of exposure to such influences is a pursuit of worldly advantages which consumes the time, exhausts the energies, and secularizes the heart. The evil, instead of diminishing, is likely to increase, because the circumstances which aggravate it are constantly acquiring augmented force. Unless religion can interpose a barrier stronger than any consideration of present comfort or safety, the land will be given over to an idolatry less open, but not less pernicious, than that of Paganism; a heathen deity will be worshipped in a Christian land, — not with the bloody rites of barbarism, nor with the horrible superstition of India, nor with the voluptuous licentiousness of ancient Corinth, but with sacrifices of sentiment, character, and soul, that are more mournful than any bodily suffering or debasement.

Within the last few months, the condition of the country has been particularly suited to divert men's minds from a consideration of their spiritual interests. The termination of a war, in which remarkable success had attended the course of our arms, brought home a multitude of officers to be rewarded with public speeches, legislative praises, and yet more substantial honors. It would have been against all the experience of mankind, if such rewards had not in some measure corrupted the moral judgment of the people; who, if they despised or pitied the ragged soldiery, would remember much longer the fact, that military achievement opened the way to social distinction. An election of chief magistrate of the nation occupied the tongues and brains of men through the summer and autumn. This was natural, perhaps unavoidable. We notice it now, in connection with the unfavorable circumstances in which the religious life of the country has been placed. At any time such an election might be expected to engross a large part of the thought and

activity of the people ; but in the present instance the worldly character of this influence was made still more apparent by the prominence which was given to questions between the parties of the day affecting the relations of business, the investment of capital, and the recompense of labor. With the whole country agitated on this subject, with political meetings continually held, at which the most eminent men of the nation harangued the assembly, and with a newspaper press, unrivalled throughout the world for the multiplication of its journals, sending forth weekly and daily excitement to feed the prejudices, the passions, or the hopes of millions of readers, how was it possible that the claims of religion should not be thrust aside ?

And when the election was over, what followed in the natural order of that experience through which society must pass ? First, a calm, — the reaction that must always attend on such a wide-spread excitement ; and then, calculation, hope, effort, directed towards the attainment of some personal advantage. Already are the measures of the new administration subjects of eager or anxious curiosity ; and still have the people to learn that the question, “ What shall I do to be saved ? ” is far more important than the inquiry, What will be the policy of the government in regard to this or that matter of financial interest ?

Reverting to the condition of the country a short time ago, and even up to the present moment, we find, at least in this part of the Union, an anxiety pervading the mercantile class, and necessarily extending from them through the community. Of the causes of this pressure upon their resources it is not within our purpose to speak ; but the fact should not be overlooked. Men have felt themselves straitened and perplexed. An unusual demand for money, and an unusual difficulty in procuring it, have reacted on each other to increase the embarrassment of the times. With less available income than they had commanded in previous years, or with the prospect of failure in business, we cannot wonder that men have bestowed much of their attention on their worldly concerns. In a community like ours, where money, or its equivalent, credit, is the sinew of social life, it will at once be seen that any prolonged pressure on the pecuniary resources of those engaged in active business must produce a general concentration of mind upon the ways and means of earthly prosperity, — to the neglect, of course, of higher concerns.

There is now a change in the feeling, if not in the position, of the community, — an expectation of what are called easier and more prosperous times, that is, times when men can get money and make money with more ease than in such a period as that through which they have just passed. How plainly does our familiar speech show the nature of the influences under which our characters are formed! Those better times, will they release men's minds from the thralldom of sense, and turn them to God and eternity? Let us hope they may. But meanwhile, we may not forget that the animation of hope is not less dangerous than the depression of care. When the people are expecting encouragement to enter upon new schemes or to resume suspended labors, and are preparing themselves to seize on the favorable change that may take place, they are apt to become as worldly-minded through the expectation of success as they were just now through the anticipation of disaster. It is very doubtful, therefore, whether spiritual interests will receive any more attention the present year than the last, unless a special effort be made to unfold their importance.

As if to give the more force to those arguments which urge the friends of religion to speak, and meet, and labor in its behalf, a new element has been thrown into our social life, — the lust of gold, not in a metaphorical, but in the literal, import of the terms. A region has been discovered, open to every adventurer, honest or dishonest, needy or thrifty, who chooses to go there, in which gold may be gathered by all who will stoop for it. As surely as there are any laws that control the exercises of the human mind, this discovery must lead away the thoughts of multitudes — not only the many who go to that distant region, but of multitudes who remain at home — from the paramount importance of spiritual things. It has been said that it is useless to preach repentance to a starving man. There is little more prospect of success in discoursing on Christian truth to one whose head is turned with visions of sudden wealth, or whose heart is devoured by desire for its possession. The first effect of this extraordinary annunciation must be to supplant or prevent holy thoughts by dreams of earthly splendor.

If to these temporary causes of a worldly spirit we add those influences which always, in a world like ours, and

with a nature like man's, tend to make him regardless of his higher duty and destiny, can we for a moment doubt that there is need of some attempt to restore the authority of spiritual truth, to reinforce the law of conscience, and to bind men's hearts to their God, their Saviour, and their immortal hope?

The series of meetings to which we have referred grew out of a perception of the need, (and of the opportunity likewise,) which we have briefly described. Their purpose, expressed yet more concisely than in the terms which have been already quoted, is to promote a revival of true religion. This phrase, we know, is regarded by many persons with suspicion, because it has become equivocal in its meaning. So have many of the good words which we have occasion to use in speaking on religious subjects: in this country, *Evangelical*, and in England, *pious*, excellent as they are in their proper signification, have been brought into disrepute by being used as signs of sectarian ideas, instead of representing great Christian truths. So have many of the best words of Scripture been perverted by an appropriation that has curtailed them of half their force, or quite distorted their meaning: such words as "grace," "conversion," "atonement," "Holy Spirit." Shall we give them up to this unjust use? Shall we not rather redeem them from the injustice and the obloquy that have fallen upon them? There is no word more expressive of the thought we wish to convey than the word *revival*. It signifies a renewed interest in religion, — a restoration of the authority that was once allowed to spiritual ideas, — a recovery of the soul from indifference and sloth to a practical regard for the highest relations of our being. It finds but doubtful favor with our body of Christians, especially because it became, some years ago, the name for measures of which they could not but disapprove, or the exponent of doctrines which they reject. There was a manifest impropriety in making it stand for such purposes. We claim it as a word that belongs to the whole Christian Church, — to all who speak the English language; and we use it in its lawful and usual sense, as denoting an increase of thoughtfulness and effort, of personal and social attention, bestowed on the momentous subjects of man's inward condition and final destiny.

Our theory of religion, instead of excluding the idea on which we now insist, is particularly favorable to its inculca-

tion ; since we throw upon the individual just his due share of responsibility, and allow him just the proper degree of ability. The objection to what have been called Orthodox revivals is, that they either deny to the sinner the power of working out his own salvation, even while they call him to repentance, or, on the other extreme, make his conversion the result of a spasmodic subjection to human appliances ; in the one case representing God, and in the other, man, as the cause of the change which takes place in the sinner, but in neither case giving him his own part in the work. By maintaining that the individual must choose the right course, and both intelligently and voluntarily forsake that in which he has walked, we render the application of truth that shall persuade him to such choice and action altogether proper. And we have the great revelations of the Gospel with which to address and convert him. Are they not sufficient ? Are they not the instruments which God has given us for this purpose ? Are they not of Divine workmanship, and of Divine temper ? We are told, that, if we would speak of “renewing grace and atoning blood,” we might effect our end ; but not, if we avoid their use. Is there any peculiar virtue in these phrases ? Do not sanctifying truth and reconciling faith sound as well, and mean as much ? It is a pertinacious regard for the dogmatic terms and technical distinctions which rend Christ’s body, that prevents its growth. If Christians would come upon the common ground of vital truth, the Church of the Lord Jesus might be built up, a holy temple for the glory of God, and a sanctuary that would gather the children of men within its protection.

Some persons express surprise at hearing the expression, “a revival of religion,” drop from Unitarian lips unaccompanied by a sneer. Their surprise only adds another to the proofs which surround us on every side, that they who differ in religious belief are almost sure to misunderstand one another. Unitarians believe in a revival of religion, long for it, pray for it, and many of them, we know, are ready to exert themselves to promote it. They do not agree with some bodies of Christians in regard to the external methods, nor entirely in regard to the internal states, that should distinguish such a revival ; but this is a disagreement about means, or steps, not about the character or importance of the result. Men differ in their judgments upon worldly matters, while they concur in their estimation of an object which

they would reach by different methods. Not far from the city in which we reside is a town, once flourishing, but now in a state of decline. The inhabitants have lately raised the question, whether something should not be done to revive the prosperity of the place. They all seem to agree as to the need of a change, but they differ about the best course to be taken, and do not entertain precisely the same views concerning the signs of a genuine prosperity. Some think that the erection of a manufactory would bring an increase of population; they evidently depend most on what shall come to them from abroad. Others urge the building of a railroad, hoping, that, with the bustle and travel that shall attend its completion, the dulness which has so long brooded over the place will be broken; it is plain that they rely very much on stir and excitement. Yet another portion of the people are more inclined to encourage a greater activity in the usual employments of life, and trust mainly to the spirit of local enterprise and industry that may be aroused. Each of these parties would use effectual means for the end which they all desire to promote; the last, certainly, are not less in earnest, nor will they generally be thought to show less wisdom, than the two former. We hope our illustration conveys its own meaning.

The opinions which Unitarians hold on the subject of revivals are grievously misapprehended, through this common mistake of confounding disapprobation of particular measures, or a dissent from certain statements, with hostility to the purpose in which those measures or statements have their origin. Our views on this whole matter are positive and definite. We have a theory of regeneration. We hold that man is a sinner, — that most men need a change of character, — and that, without such a change, they must be lost. We look over the community in which we live, — a Christian community it is called, — and we see not only gross vice and terrible depravity, which are dragging immortal souls to hell, but worldliness, selfishness, religious unconcern, spiritual insensibility, which will just as surely shut the gates of heaven against multitudes who call themselves disciples of Christ. All these persons, the corrupt and the false, the openly vile and the inwardly wrong, must be brought to see their condition, to repent of their sins, to embrace a Saviour in Jesus Christ, and to lead a new life, in respect at least to the motives and the interior habits. They must be saved,

or rescued from their present condition, and from the consequences which it will induce, through fear and through hope ; through reflection and through prayer ; through the sanctification of the will, yet through its free exercise ; through personal effort, yet through Divine grace ; with others' help, by God's mercy, and in the use of their own ability. This is our theory of regeneration, and this is the groundwork on which we would raise a revival. It is intelligible, rational, scriptural, and sufficient.

With our conception of the nature of religious interest, it is necessary that the attention be withdrawn from an exclusive pursuit of earthly aims, and be turned upon the concerns of the soul. Men must be awakened and instructed. And when their attention has been directed to worthy objects, it must be kept there till thought shall have ripened into conviction, and interest have become self-consecration. To recur to our former language, three things are needed, — a recognition, a contemplation, and a realization of "spiritual interests." The first two are the processes through which the end described in the third is reached. A revival, whether in an individual or in the community, must begin with an admission of the facts which constitute the substance of Christian faith, and it must proceed through earnest meditation on those facts, that it may issue in the redemption of the soul from bondage and ruin. It seems to us that meetings similar in character to those which have suggested these remarks are admirably suited both to awaken and to fasten attention upon Divine things. The great truths of religion, the truths of life and the soul, are set before the people, and, week after week, they are reiterated, till that which at first was heard with little private application is remembered, pondered, used as personal instruction, and the germ appears of a growth which, being sustained by prayer and nourished by God's influence and invigorated by exposure to the temptations of the world, becomes a plant, ready to be transferred to the paradise above.

We therefore look upon this attempt to enkindle a more religious spirit in our churches with great satisfaction. We entertain no extravagant hopes, and do not believe that any wonderful change will be witnessed. Our chief reliance must still be on the ordinary methods of bringing Christian truth into connection with the ways and hearts of men. But the want which exists — the need of more personal and social religion —

has been acknowledged, and something has been done to relieve this want. Some minds have been led to serious thought, and many who were before thoughtful have been made to feel more deeply their spiritual responsibilities. We should rejoice to behold in this the commencement of a more energetic and expansive religious life among our people. Let there be more inquiry, more anxiety, more sympathy, more action. Let each one manifest a concern for his own salvation, and a concern for the salvation of others. There is little danger that Unitarians will mistake excitement for true piety, or make feeling, rather than conduct, the test of character. There is need among us of a readier sympathy with others' religious condition, and a more generous activity in advancing others' highest good. The effect of a genuine revival of religion would be seen in the philanthropic efforts, as well as in the devotional exercises, it would call forth. Not the least decisive manifestation of a divine life in the soul is free-hearted labor for the good of others. We are tempted, in this connection, even if it be a little aside from our main purpose, to repeat a legend of the early Church on which we fell the other day, so happily does it present beneficence as one type of the Christian character. In the days when Paganism and Christianity were struggling for the ascendancy in the Roman empire, a barbarian of unusual size and strength went forth from his home, (so runs the tale,) to offer his services to him whom he should find to be the greatest of monarchs. Having reached the court of one who bore this reputation, he entered into his service, and remained there till he observed, that, at every mention of the Evil Spirit, the king crossed himself, and, on asking the reason, was told that he made that sign to preserve himself from the power of Satan. "Then," said the giant, "I will go and seek this Satan, for he is mightier than thou." Finding after a time the object of his search, he served him till he noticed, that, at the sight of a cross erected by the way-side, the fiend trembled violently, and, upon inquiring the cause, was told that he feared him who died on that cross. "Then," said the barbarian, "this Jesus must be more powerful than thou: I will go and seek him." In his search after this Divine Prince, he came to the cell of a hermit, who gave him instruction concerning Christ; "but," said he, "if thou wouldst serve him, he will impose many and hard duties on thee. Thou must fast often." "I will not fast," cried the

giant; "for, surely, if I were to fast, my strength would leave me." "And thou must pray," added the hermit. "I know nothing of prayers," replied Christopher, "and I will not be bound to such a service." Then said the hermit, "Since thou wilt neither fast nor pray, go to the river which thou knowest, stony, and wide, and deep, and often swollen by rains, and use thy strength to save those who struggle with the stream and those who are about to perish." To this the Pagan gladly assented; and, going to the river, took up his abode there, aiding those who were ready to sink in the waters, and carrying the weak on his shoulders across the stream, — and neither by day nor by night was ever weary of helping those who needed his help. So the thing that he did, says the legend, pleased our Lord, who looked down upon him from heaven, and said within himself, "Behold this strong man, who knoweth not yet the way to worship me, *yet hath found the way to serve me!*" Then, one night, a child came and besought Christopher to carry him over the river; and he lifted the child upon his shoulders and entered the stream; but as he advanced, the passage became more and more difficult, and the burden he bore on his shoulders grew heavier and heavier; and when he laid the child gently upon the opposite bank, he exclaimed in astonishment, "What art thou, that hast brought me into such peril?" And then did the child Jesus discover himself to the amazed heathen; for it was no other than Christ, who, in sign of accepting the work of charity in which the giant had rendered service to his unknown Master, had come in his own person to call him to the true faith, and to grant him, as the reward of his toil for the comfort and salvation of others, the privilege of embracing the Redeemer of the world.* So do men come to know Christ, and secure his favor, by disinterested and laborious beneficence. One of the fruits of a true revival would be a generous endeavour to rescue those who, from lack of knowledge or lack of strength, are ready to perish, and, as it were, to bear them through difficulty and peril to the pleasant shore beyond.

The ultimate result of these meetings, however, we must leave with the Spirit that overrules all the plans and efforts of

* We have borrowed this legend from Mrs. Jameson's recent work on "Sacred and Legendary Art," and have to a considerable degree adopted her language.

man. Their immediate effect cannot but be, to quicken and invigorate the religious life. We see this effect already ; we hope to see it in still larger exhibition. We believe, that, if they should be continued with the same success that has attended them thus far, our churches and the community will acknowledge their influence. Personal religion will be increased, and a deeper tone of spirituality be given to the character of believers. Our houses of worship will be filled, and our public religious services will become more earnest and efficient. The principles and habits which mark our social life will be less worldly ; why may they not become thoroughly Christian ? Let but the Christian element pervade every class, and every employment, of the people, — let religion obtain its proper control over affairs, — and a change in which every one ought to rejoice would come over the whole land. Truth and love would assert their right to be regarded as the conservators of public and private prosperity. And then, when piety should have united men to God, and faith have united them to Christ, and philanthropy have united them to one another, in this blessed fulfilment of the Saviour's prayer for union would be realized the consummation of every hope of the patriot or the Christian.

Every one must feel that a great responsibility is entrusted to our hands, — a responsibility for ourselves, our children, and our land, — for the present and the future. That present, how soon will it leave us ! — that future, how soon will it be here ! Whatever is to be done by us must be done now. In the eloquent words of one who has argued with equal force and beauty in favor of the religious education of the young, “ We have a futurity rapidly hastening upon us, — a futurity now fluid, — ready, as clay in the hands of the potter, to be moulded into every form of beauty and excellence ; but, so soon as it reaches our hands, so soon as it receives the impress of our plastic touch, whether this touch be for good or evil, it is to be struck into the adamant of the unchanging and unchangeable past. Into whose form and likeness shall we fashion this flowing futurity ? Of Mammon ? of Moloch ? or of Jesus ? ” *

* We take this passage from the Twelfth and last Annual Report of the late Secretary of the [Massachusetts] Board of Education, which we commend to the diligent perusal of every citizen of the Commonwealth. After discussing some other important topics, Mr. Mann devotes several pages to a consideration of the great subject of religious education. He could not

It is possible that we are moved to overpass the line of propriety, but we cannot refrain from suggesting to our brethren in the ministry that they may now combine their sympathies and efforts to a most happy result. Such an opportunity of acting together for the advancement of the great ends, which in their several spheres of influence they are seeking to promote, may not often arise. The members of our congregations have shown a desire for more religious communion, more religious activity. They invite their ministers to help and guide them in the acquisition of a deeper religious spirit. Respond to that invitation, — may we not say to our clerical friends? — encourage the desire for a holier experience. Lift up the standard of Christian character in clearer view than ever before, and let the symbol of the cross inflame the hearts of the people. Merge all differences of dogmatic exposition or ecclesiastical method in one harmonious movement for the spiritual elevation of our churches. Now is the time for union, energy, fidelity. Oh! we wish we could give the feeblest utterance to our conviction, that, if the Unitarian clergy would take hold of this opportunity of advancing the real interests of religion, as with one heart and one strength, they might accomplish a work that would render their names fragrant through ages, — would win for the truth which they value the admiration of thousands who now regard it as empty and false, — and would raise the Church of the Lord, “which he has purchased with his own blood,” above that dull and heavy atmosphere of worldliness by which its energies are almost paralyzed. God give them — give us all — understanding to discern the wants and the privileges of the time!

E. S. G.

have closed his labors, in the place from which he has just retired, more appropriately or more usefully. We thank him for all his noble and unwearied exertions in the cause to which he has given twelve of the best years of his life, but for no part of those labors does he deserve heartier thanks than for this Report.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Number and Names of the Apocalyptic Beasts: with an Explanation and Application. In Two Parts. Part I. The Number and Names. By DAVID THOM, PH. D., A. M., Heidelberg, Minister of Bold Street Chapel, Liverpool. London. 1848. 8vo. pp. 398.

Popular Readings in the Revelations. By a MINISTER OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. Edinburgh. 1848. 12mo. pp. 139.

Reflections on Revelations. By PETER CLARKIN. Boston: Published for the Author; by George C. Rand & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 260.

HE must be an able Biblical scholar who can shed new and clear light upon the Apocalypse, and he a bold adventurer who undertakes to guide us by a surer path than genius and research have yet opened through the difficulties and intricacies of that remarkable book. No portion of the Bible has furnished greater provocation to curiosity, or been the subject of more studious investigation. None has offered a severer test of erudition, soundness of judgment, and critical acuteness. None has called into existence more learned commentaries. And none has been so encumbered by absurd expositions, distorted by crude and vague speculations, and darkened by words without knowledge. But notwithstanding all this, every year brings forth some fresh attempts to unfold its secrets, illustrate its prophecies, and enforce its morals. And yet, whilst the catalogue of theological publications is thus continually lengthened, how little is added to the stock of our knowledge of the Revelation, how little contributed to the practical efficiency of the book!

We have placed at the head of this notice the titles of three works on the Apocalypse recently published, which have simultaneously come into our hands. The first alone has claims to any thing like a review, if we had space or disposition for it. We can, however, give our readers only some notion of its character. But first we will whet their curiosity and raise their expectation by informing them, that, in an elaborate dedicatory inscription, "Augustissimo et Potentissimo, Principi ac Domino, Domino Leopoldo, Magno Duci Badarum," and to all the Doctors, Professors, and Regents "in Literarum Universitate Ruperto-Carola," the author gives notice that he has been "nuper in Tabulas Doctorum Philosophiæ Heidelberganorum conscriptus," and that he is moved to confer upon the above-named distinguished persons

the honor of this dedication, "Observantiæ gratiâ, et cum summa testificatione illorum in seipsum officiorum." For the same purpose we will mention that in the Preface Dr. Thom has recorded, with grateful acknowledgments, the names of nearly one hundred gentlemen who have given his works their favorable testimony. After such announcements of Heidelberg distinctions and European encomiums, any labored panegyric on our part might seem superfluous, if not arrogant. Without presuming, therefore, to send back to the author, who cannot stand in need of it, our feeble echo to the Transatlantic eulogy in which he rejoices, we will proceed to the more humble work which alone we have proposed to ourselves.

The volume, which is beautifully printed, consists of an Introduction and two Books. In the Preface we are furnished with an account of the origin and history of the work, around which an air of mystery, and even a drapery slightly supernatural, seem to be thrown by such language as the following :—

"The spring of the year 1837 was the æra of my discovery of the name of the Second Beast. On Monday, the 12th day of December, 1846, I unexpectedly stumbled on the knowledge of the first-mentioned of the two symbolic monsters. Somewhat extraordinary were the circumstances connected with the former event. To a few private friends they have long been familiar. But in so far as the public is concerned, they are suppressed. The wholesome checks imposed on the disposition to obtrude wonderful and unaccountable narratives on public notice dictate this reserve. Certainly, the whole of the way in which my mind has been turned towards the subject of the Apocalyptic Beasts, and in which discovery after discovery has been the result, involves it in something very much out of the common run."— pp. xiii., xiv.

The author's view of the importance of his discovery, and his anticipation of the wonderful effects which it will produce, cannot be expressed in words so forcible as his own. "Its practical influence upon my mind and conduct was instantaneous. It modified all my religious views. It modified, also, my procedure." "Such was the light shed by it on the context, and on the Scriptures in general,—and so decided, and, in a religious sense, so revolutionary were the consequences to which, among the followers of the glorified Jesus, it was evident that it must ultimately give rise,—that I was not slow in adopting the resolution to make it public. Indeed, I felt bound in conscience to do so." Again, he says that his investigations have resulted in "a grand, and what is more, a truthful novelty." And once more,—

"The solution given at the end of this volume shuns no investigation. So far from deprecating, it courts inquiry. Its language is not, with mock modesty,

‘ Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti ; si non, his utere mecum.’

On the contrary, it quietly and calmly, but firmly, unhesitatingly, and certainly proposes itself as excluding the possibility of finding a better. It challenges acceptance. Instead of coming in the attitude of a probable conjecture, — instead of supplicating, on bended knees, and in the guise of an humble suitor, that the shafts of criticism may be spared, — it sets all opposition from whatever quarter at defiance. It is true; and it claims to be acquiesced in as what it is.” — p. 56.

We have not been able to withstand the temptation of giving to our American readers these few, out of many, interesting specimens of Dr. Thom’s appreciation of the value of his discovery. It is but fair to let the author speak for himself and be the introducer of his own book. Moreover, we should be guilty of withholding from the public most remarkable and valuable information, if we did not allow Dr. Thom to tell them through our pages that the mystery of the Revelation is at length clearly and certainly solved, and that henceforth Biblical scholars need give themselves no further trouble to investigate it, but have only to “acquiesce” in his solution as the truth.

It was our intention to give a sketch of the contents of the Introduction and the two Books; but they are, in fact, merely preparatory to the announcement made at the end of the volume, — all “commentary, exposition, or justification” of which is reserved for a future publication that shall constitute the Second Part of the work. The present volume is principally occupied with an examination of previous theories; and by any attempt at an analysis of its contents we should only detain our readers, who must be already impatient to be put in possession of the “discovery” itself, — the solution of “the problem of problems.” Here it is: —

“THE TRUE SOLUTIONS.

“Only observing, that, in this thirteenth chapter of the Apocalypse, we have set before us the two grand principles of human nature which have a reference to religion, the Sadducean, and the Pharisaical, — the former asserting the supremacy of the human mind, and the latter substituting the external, the ceremonial, and the shadowy, for the internal, the heartfelt, and the true, — I proceed to the statement of the solutions themselves.

“THE FIRST BEAST. — Rev. xiii. 1. ‘And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads, and ten horns, and upon his horns, ten crowns, and upon his heads, the name of blasphemy.’ By sea, we understand, 1. ‘Peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues.’ Rev. xvii. 15. That is, more limitedly, the Gentile world, as distinguished from the Jewish nation; and, in a more enlarged sense, human beings in general. 2. The internal. 3. The principle of the *indefinite*, or the *creaturely internal*, as distinguished, on the one hand, from the *finite*, or *definite*, that is, the *creaturely external*, and, on the other, from the *infinite*, or the *divinely internal*.

“ Bearing in mind what I have said, we discover the first Beast in

‘H ΦΡΗΝ, THE MIND.

“ That is, not the mind of man with reference to any of its faculties separately considered, or viewed as a mere abstraction; but that mind considered as a whole, or as comprehensive of all its faculties of sensation, intellect, and volition, and as at once the shadow of spirit, and dependent upon flesh for its nature and manifestations.

‘H	8
Φ	500
P	100
H	8
N	50

666 ” — pp. 392 – 394.

“ THE SECOND BEAST. — Verse 11th. ‘ And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth, and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon.’ By earth, or land, we understand, 1. The people of Israel, or the Old Testament Church, or Dispensation. 2. The external. 3. The principle of the *finite*, or *definite*.

“ The Second Beast is

ΕΚΚΛΗΣΙΑΙ ΣΑΡΚΙΚΑΙ, FLESHLY CHURCHES.

E	5		304
K	20	Σ	200
K	20	A	1
Λ	30	P	100
H	8	K	20
Σ	200	I	10
I	10	K	20
A	1	A	1
I	10	I	10
<hr/>		<hr/>	
304		666	

“ Thus is the number of both beasts the same : a circumstance which serves to account for the ambiguity of the language of Rev. xiii. 18 ; and which has materially added to the difficulty of finding out the true solution.

“ ‘ Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast : for it is the number of a man ; and his number is Six hundred three score and six.’ ” — pp. 396 – 398.

“ Popular Readings ” comprises twelve brief Lectures, which appear to have been written with the best intentions. They show no erudition and no originality, nor do they pretend to either. The author merely attempts to give, in a condensed and cheap form, the leading views of the commentators whose opinions he favors, such as Mede, Daubuz, Bishop Newton, Fleming, and Elliot. Each Lecture contains an exposition, interspersed with

practical remarks, — to which there is no objection so far as they go, but they are quite too brief, and lack both the richness which ought to characterize the gleanings from such a field and the pithiness which is needed to give them interest and efficacy. The author follows his guides with implicit reverence, and retails their views with unbounded confidence.

Mr. Clarkin's book, so far as its practical character is concerned, is better than the preceding. The author's personal history, as given in the preface, is in some respects a recommendation of his work. Brought up under the influence of Popery and early imbued with its doctrines, he has succeeded, by the study of the Scriptures and after a long and hard struggle, in breaking a bondage which he says was so strong that he almost wonders it was not as enduring as his life. He "opposes and detests the Athanasian creed." His interpretations and applications of the prophetic symbols, — in which he follows the generality of English commentators who refer the greater part of the book to the Papal Church, — we have no room to notice, and do not care to criticize. As a commentary, the style is easy. The Reflections have an air of unaffected seriousness, and indicate a mind thoughtful of religious themes, and a heart warm with Christian fervor.

R.

Kurzgefasstes Exegetisches Handbuch zum Neuen Testament.

Von DR. W. M. L. DE WETTE. Dritten Bandes erster Theil, 1847; zweiter Theil, 1848. Leipzig. [Short Exegetical Manual on the New Testament. Third Volume; first and second Parts.] 8vo. pp. vi. 156; viii. 207.

THESE two Parts complete this elaborate work of De Wette, the former volumes of which were noticed in our March number for 1844. The first Part comprises the Epistles of Peter, Jude, and James; the second treats of the Apocalypse. Nowhere in the same compass, within our knowledge, can so much exegetical instruction be obtained as in these three volumes. The author has set an example very rare among commentators, and is as remarkable for condensation as most of them are for expansion. He has packed the materials for many old-fashioned folios in these three snug octavos. The art of condensing is shown marvellously in the treatise on the Apocalypse, — that mystical book, which has given so many scholars at once the garrulity and the folly of madness. All the literature of the subject is carefully collated, the various theories are tersely stated, their merits canvassed, and the critic's own opinions distinctly given. It would be hard to show a more marked contrast than that between this little *brochure* and Stuart's two huge volumes.

De Wette follows in the path of Ewald rather than of Eichhorn, yet takes very independent ground in his own exposition. He sees no sure proof that the Apostle John was the author of the Apocalypse, and is less disposed than most critics, even of the liberal school, to find minute references to historical events, the destruction of Jerusalem not excepted. He regards the book as aimed especially at the wants of the seven churches of Asia Minor, whilst, in reference to the condition and prospects of the Church at large, he considers it as written under the influence of the persecutions by Nero, and as denouncing the Roman Empire and priesthood as the chief foe of Christianity. He finds some reference to the hostility of the Jews, although their enmity seems to him, comparatively, of small account, and the hope is expressed that most of this race will be warned and reclaimed by the hard ordeal of adversity.

We intend simply to call attention to this valuable contribution to sacred learning, and cannot now enter into further particulars. We are sorry to see such a vein of sadness in the author's preface to the closing Part. He states that he began it amidst the preparations for civil war in Switzerland, pursued it undisturbed when the throne of France fell and the thrones of Germany tottered, and completed it while anarchy waxed more fearful and spread its dark clouds over nations and kingdoms. He thanked God for the peace of mind granted him, but anxiety for the fate of the Church haunted his pen at every stroke, and the Antichrist of the Apocalypse stood before him in the new garb of the infidelity of the nineteenth century. The atheistic self-will of a reckless radicalism seems to him worse than the self-deification of the old Romish Antichrist, and bodily persecution by fire and sword appears less dangerous than the false and destructive freedom which is utter slavery. He laments the discords among Christians themselves. He claims no power and professes no desire to play the part of the seer in our time, yet hesitates not to say that in no other name than that of Jesus Christ the Crucified can salvation be found, and that for mankind there is nothing higher than the Divine humanity realized in him and the kingdom of God planted by him. "Christianity must become life and deed. How long will it be before we find our way to it out of the barren, narrow circle of abstract criticism and sickly sentiment? More than seven, and seven times seven, plagues may be needed to teach us where true salvation is to be sought." Such is the last word of the greatest Biblical scholar of our age to his readers. A brighter day dawn on him, and may his evening be full of outward beauty as of interior peace! The date of this preface is "Basel, June 20, 1848." Already the horizon is somewhat brightened, and frigid winter is in its moral aspects far more

genial than the past summer of discontent. Hope is always strength, and generally wisdom. Who would utterly despair in view of that closing book of the Bible, which presents the prospects of Christianity in the imagery of the ancient prophets, and in the darkest of ages hopes and strives for the light ? o.

The Works of THOMAS REID, D. D., now fully collected, with Selections from his Unpublished Letters. Preface, Notes, and Supplementary Dissertations, by Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. Text collated and revised ; Useful Distinctions inserted ; Leading Words and Propositions marked out ; Allusions indicated ; Quotations filled up. Prefixed, Stewart's Account of the Life and Writings of Reid ; with Notes by the Editor. Copious Indices subjoined. Edinburgh. 1846. 8vo. pp. 914.

By common consent among the historians of philosophy, Dr. Reid is regarded as the head and chief of the Scotch School ; and as the present French or Eclectic School is but an extension of the Scotch, he must be allowed to have exerted a wide and controlling influence over the progress of modern thought. We have before us an elaborate edition of his entire works, which, when completed, will have this peculiar recommendation, — that it will contain the writings of one of the most eminent among the dead metaphysicians, revised, commented on, and brought down to the present day, by one of the most eminent among the living.

Among the new contributions supplied by the editor, we may mention, in the first place, a collection of hitherto unpublished letters of Dr. Reid, which are interesting in themselves, and also throw considerable light on the writer's studies and personal character. Then we have a multitude of brief marginal notes scattered throughout the volume, sometimes several on the same page, the purpose of which is to correct every inaccuracy of statement or expression in the text, or to point to later developments. But it is for the Supplementary Dissertations that we are under the greatest obligations to Professor Hamilton. In the first, we have a thorough and very learned discussion of " the Philosophy of Common Sense ; or our Primary Beliefs considered as the Ultimate Criterion of Truth." The second, third, fourth, and fifth, are upon Sensation and Perception, and the Primary and Secondary Qualities of Matter. In these he states, and maintains with great ability and confidence, his own theory of perception, or of presentative and immediate knowledge, in opposition to that of representative and mediate knowledge, which generally prevails. The doctrine is the same at bottom with that contained in an arti-

cle on the Philosophy of Perception, from the same pen, which appeared some years ago in the Edinburgh Review. One thing, however, is changed; the writer no longer claims Reid as being certainly and consistently on his side. The sixth Dissertation is an erudite and very successful vindication of Aristotle's claims to be considered as the discoverer of the laws of association, which is followed by another, giving an outline of the editor's own views on the same subject. Of the last, however, we have at present but a few pages, the whole volume being broken off abruptly in the midst of a sentence, leaving more than three quarters of the Dissertations referred to in the body of the work to be published hereafter. In the Advertisement, it is said of these Dissertations, the General Preface, and the Indices, that all of them are either prepared, or their materials collected. Accordingly, readers on this side the water, as well as on the other, will be impatient, and have a right to be impatient, for the completion of the work. Of what has already appeared it is enough, and not too much, to say, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to refer to the same number of pages from any other writer, containing an equal amount of searching, but generous and dignified, criticism, of subtle and thorough analysis, and of solid and almost unbounded learning; — the whole pervaded and distinguished by a quality not very common among English and Scotch metaphysicians; we mean, courage to grapple with the hardest and in all respects most perilous problems.

After using such strong terms of general eulogy, we feel bound to enter a *caveat* as regards the style. The Dissertations are as far removed as they well could be from what is commonly understood by light reading. All those who pine for metaphysics "made easy," — all those, who are impatient of close, scientific, and technical expressions in the treatment of philosophical subjects, thinking that the popular and almost conversational manner of Locke and Reid is to be preferred, or the florid style of Brown, or the more dignified and stately diction of Stewart, — all those, in short, who would be troubled and utterly scandalized in coming upon such sentences as the following: "In the apprehension of the primary qualities, there is no subject-object determined by the object-object; in the secundo-primary, there is a subject-object determined by the object-object; in the secondary, a subject-object is the only object of immediate cognition," — (p. 860,) — all such persons would better have nothing to do with Sir William Hamilton.

One thing more. The reader of the Notes and Dissertations must not expect to be confirmed in the prejudice, that Locke is the greatest of philosophers, or that Cousin is a charlatan and a pretender. The volume is dedicated to the latter, whose writings

are said to be "the best result of Scottish speculation," and whose criticism on Locke, especially as regards time, space, and personal identity, is referred to as "*instar omnium*." w.

Mirror of Nature: a Book of Instruction and Entertainment.

Translated from the German of G. H. SCHUBERT by WILLIAM H. FURNESS. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. 1849. 12mo.

DR. FURNESS has long since made full proof of his competency as a translator from the German, and established a reputation in that kind by earlier efforts, particularly by his translation of Zschokke's admirable "Journal of a Poor Vicar in Wiltshire," which first appeared in the Philadelphia "Gift" for 1844, and has since been republished in various forms at home and in England. The present undertaking is one of greater difficulty, partly from the nature of the subject, which necessarily involves many technicalities, and partly from the style of the original, which, if less faulty in that regard than some other productions of the same land, is still marked by the heavy movement and clumsy construction too common with German writers, who, whatever their value as thinkers, certainly do not add to their other merits the graces of rhetoric. It is giving Dr. Furness high praise to say, that he has shown himself fully equal to the task of turning into smooth and popular English a work of this sort, without any material sacrifice of the literal sense. The faults of translation may be classed — and we believe they have been so classed by somebody — under the two heads of too much and too little. A work is too little translated, when the foreign idiom is retained at the expense of the native syntax. It is too much translated, when the individuality of the original is lost in a loose and characterless diction. Furness's translation steers easily and felicitously between these vices. It is pure English, yet not un-German, not *un-Schubertian*, if the Germanism may be allowed. And this is a kind of Germanism, by the way, which constitutes a capital difficulty in translating from that tongue. A single word has to be rendered by several words, which, though they exhaust the logical import of the original, by no means convey its rhetorical impression. For example, Furness renders "*Wandertrieb*" "Impulse to wander forth." Correctly enough. We do not know that it could be rendered better, that is, more concisely, without violence to the English idiom. And yet the English words are not an adequate translation of the German, they do not reproduce its impression. Under the head of this "*Wandertrieb des Geistes*," or "Impulse of the mind to wander forth," we have

an account of Laura Bridgman, who is happily called in to exemplify that impulse, and whom we are delighted to find one of Schubert's acquaintance.

Our first feeling, on seeing this book advertised, was that of regret, that the translator should have given to a work of this description the time and talent which, it seemed to us, might have been more profitably employed. A nearer acquaintance has corrected this impression. We think Dr. Furness could not have done better than to translate precisely this book. It is not what we had supposed, — a mere presentation, in a popular form, of certain facts in natural history. It is far more than that; it is rich in all kinds of interest, and we heartily recommend it to all kinds of readers, assured that they will find in it what the title promises, — “instruction and entertainment.” We recommend it, were it only for the beautiful sketch of Duval in the first Part. The work cannot fail to be popular as fast as it is known. It introduces a writer worth knowing. Gotthilf Heinrich von Schubert (Mr. Furness improperly omits the *von* in his title) was a pupil of Herder, and worthy of his master, — a beautiful spirit, in whom profound learning is matched with profound piety, and in whom the broadest culture illustrates the most enthusiastic devotion to the specialties of his profession. In philosophy, he is associated, on one side, with Oken as naturalist; on the other, with Eschenmayer, Kerner, Meyer, and others, as thaumatologist. A large part of his life has been employed in investigating the arcana of nature, and the direction of his inquiries may be inferred from the titles of some of his works, — as, “The Symbolique of Dreams,” “Views of the Night-side of Natural Science,” “Old and New from the Domain of Interior Psychology,” “History of the Soul,” etc. He has also written novels and travels, and, among other miscellaneous works, a biography of Oberlin.

H.

Remarks on the Science of History; followed by an A Priori Autobiography. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1849. 12mo. pp. 164.

THIS book could not have been written by every man, nor can it be read by every man, though some will read it with both pleasure and profit. It professes to be an illustration of the historical theory of Buchez; a theory upon which all history, whether individual or general, can be constructed, — consisting invariably of three epochs, any two of which being given, the other can be found. According to this theory, the author relates the history of his own spiritual life through two epochs, modestly leaving us to

infer that his development is not yet complete, and possibly that he has not discovered, with sufficient certainty, the third and last term of his proposition.

But aside from the theory upon which this biography is framed, it has an intrinsic value as the record of individual being through all the stages of religious growth. In the face of a prefatory disclaimer, we consider that the writer has here given his own experience and reasoning, by which he became a Christian. The value of the Autobiography, which fills much the greater part of the volume, arises almost wholly from the strong marks of individuality it contains, showing it to be the faithful transcript of an actual conflict between the soul and God. A skeptic's various positions, in the different stages of his progress to faith, are among the deepest problems ever presented to the philosopher or the Christian. The passage is here made from God, a distant, inexorable Power, simply moving the worlds and man along by the force of his own will, to God, a living Being, full of wisdom and affection, between whom and man is established a holy fellowship through providences and prayer. The close of the biography represents the true Christian attitude, that of self-surrender, — unconditional submission to God, — in which state that communion of the finite with the Infinite is realized which is the aim and end of all sincere religious desire. Of course, here are introduced no common themes, or such as can be explained in a word. We wish the argument were less condensed, for the book itself is little more than a sketch of the doctrines it professes to unfold. The chief value of the biography lies not at all in any completeness, but in its original and suggestive character. The book is eminently metaphysical, sometimes hard, and often apparently strange, but the candid and patient reader will find it to contain much plain and practical truth. c.

Letters of John Quincy Adams to his Son, on the Bible and its Teachings. Auburn, N. Y. 1848. 24mo. pp. 128.

THE name and fame of their author, the subject of which they treat, and the domestic relation under which they were written, give to these Letters a threefold interest. Letters from a father to a son upon the great theme, — the Bible and its teachings, — were there no more than ordinary cultivation and capacity in the father, would naturally excite attention and awaken interest in every mind. But when, as in the present case, the father was one of the most extraordinary men of his age, a man of rare endowments and high moral culture, distinguished alike for his talents, his learning, and his public station and services, great addi-

tional interest is given to the work. These Letters were written at St. Petersburg, nearly forty years ago, when Mr. Adams was Minister of the United States to Russia, and were addressed to his eldest son, then a youth residing with his relatives in this country. So far as they have any plan, they treat of the Bible under four different aspects, — as containing a Divine revelation, as embodying historical records, as presenting a system of morals, and as literary compositions. Their object is, to inculcate a love and reverence for the Scriptures, and to recommend a habit of daily reading them and reflecting upon their contents and teachings. They breathe a candid and reverent spirit, an enlarged and comprehensive charity, and, in a clear and familiar style, present many just views and much important information and remark upon the great subject of which they treat. No young man could read them without benefit. They add another proof of the fact, that Christianity receives the faith and allegiance of the greatest minds of every age.

L—p.

The Life of Charles Fourier. By C. H. PELLARIN, M. D. Second Edition. With an Appendix. Translated by FRANCIS GEO. SHAW. New York: W. H. Graham. 1848. 12mo. pp. 236.

MR. SHAW's name gives assurance of the correctness of this translation. A Life of Fourier that should exhibit the vicissitudes of his personal fortunes, and the gradual progress and development of his theory of social organization, would be deeply interesting. M. Pellarin's book seems to us better suited to the meridian of Paris and the study of those who already know something of Fourier and his system, than for those in America who are seeking light upon both these points. There is a want of arrangement, and much of the material of a voluminous Appendix might have been introduced into the body of the work with advantage to its clearness and method. The inscription upon Fourier's tomb is as follows, —

“Here are deposited the remains of Charles Fourier.

The series distributes the harmonies.

Attractions are proportional to destinies.”

What a nut to crack will these lines be to some future decipherer of epitaphs.

L—p.

Essays and Sketches. By CAROLINE W. HEALEY DALL. Boston: Samuel G. Simpkins. 1849. 16mo. pp. 116.

MRS. DALL has collected into this little volume some of the
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pieces which she has at different times contributed to our religious journals, and, we believe, added some which have never before been given to the public. The titles indicate their character, — “The Sabbath,” — “Truth,” — “Personal Influence,” — “Faith,” — “The Vision of God,” — “Insult to the Host,” — “Thoughts on Expediency,” — “The Sister,” — “Reforms,” — “Thoughts on War,” — “A Lesson on Hope for Man from Nature,” — “A Sketch from Real Life.” Mrs. Dall writes with ease, if not with grace, and the subjects which she has here treated, and the incidents which she describes, are suited to attract readers; who will find the hour they may give to her book pleasantly and usefully spent.

G.

History of the Greek Alphabet, with Remarks on Greek Orthography and Pronunciation. By E. A. SOPHOCLES, A. M. Cambridge: G. Nichols. 1848. 12mo. pp. 136.

MR. SOPHOCLES'S deservedly high reputation as a classical scholar will be maintained and advanced by the publication of this elegant volume, the typographical execution of which, it is but justice to the publisher to say, fully equals that of English works of a similar character. It is not a mere compilation from previous writers, to whom, when quoted, the author is particular in every instance to give credit, but bears the marks of profound and accurate scholarship. The reader will not be perplexed by an uninteresting mass of philological facts, but will meet with philosophical views of language which cannot fail to interest and instruct.

H—d.

* * We have received from the London publishers, Chapman & Hall, *The Jesuit Conspiracy: The Secret Plan of the Order Detected and Revealed*, by the ABBATE LEONE, with a Preface by M. VICTOR CONSIDERANT, Member of the National Assembly of France, etc., translated, with the author's sanction, from the authentic French edition (12mo. pp. 261), — a work which has perplexed us not a little, since the claims it sets forth to authenticity appear very strong, and yet, if it be authentic, it presents facts which are certainly “stranger than fiction.” Still, with the apothegm of Dante before his eyes, recurring, as he says, “many a time to his mind,” — “A man should always beware of uttering a truth which has all the aspect of a lie,” — the writer publishes, and M. Victor Considerant argues strenuously for the reality of the “Jesuit Conference,” the proceedings of which he professes to give, along with the extraordinary circumstances under which he became a listener.

* The *Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Baronet, with Selections from his Correspondence*, by his Son, CHARLES BUXTON, Esq., republished in Philadelphia by Henry Longstreth (8vo. pp. 510), will receive a cordial welcome from those who take an interest in the history of Christian philanthropy in Great Britain for the last few years, particularly the efforts which resulted in West India Emancipation, which Sir Thomas largely promoted, not only by his writings and parliamentary efforts, but by his great personal merit.

We are indebted to Messrs. J. Munroe & Co. for the *Artist's Married Life; being that of Albert Dürer: translated from the German of LEOPOLD SCHEFER*, by Mrs. J. R. STODART, reprinted from the London edition (16mo. pp. 257), — a fictitious work, that, along with other merits, possesses the charm of simplicity and deep knowledge of the workings of the human heart, which will render it a special favorite with thoughtful readers, though the reflections it awakens are of a somewhat melancholy character.

Proverbs for the People; or Illustrations of Practical Godliness drawn from the Book of Wisdom, by E. L. MAGOON (12mo. pp. 272), is the title of a book recently issued by Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln, containing a good deal of miscellaneous matter of a useful moral tendency, though the special appropriateness of the title may not appear very obvious.

Ingenious, lively, and epigrammatic, the author of *Acton; or the Circle of Life: a Collection of Thoughts and Observations designed to delineate Life, Man, and the World*, a volume recently issued by Messrs. Appleton & Co. (12mo. pp. 384), not unfrequently reminds us of La Bruyère. He is evidently a man of reading, reflection, and wide observation of the world; he thinks clearly, and his style has great point and finish. They who have once dipped into the book, we think, will be often tempted to return to it.

The Vision of Sir Launfal, from the pen of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (18mo. pp. 27), published by George Nichols of Cambridge, will commend itself to the reader alike by the moral which it teaches and the poetic expression in which the sentiment is clothed.

J. Munroe & Co. of Boston, have issued in a small volume (16mo. pp. 92), *The Woodman, and other Poems*, by WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Mr. Channing, we believe, has his admirers, but, without denying all poetical merit to his productions, we must confess that much of what he has written would, we think, have been better withheld from the public.

A Tour of Duty in California; including a Description of the Gold Region: and an Account of the Voyage around Cape

Horn, by JOSEPH W. REVERE, Lieut. U. S. Navy (12mo. pp. 305), is the title of a volume just published by Francis & Co. of New York, that will find many readers, and, by its authentic statements and graphic descriptions, will abundantly repay them for the time they shall bestow on its perusal.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. have recently published (large 8vo. pp. 849 and 522), *A Dictionary of the German and English Languages, etc., compiled from the Works of Hilpert, Flügel, Grieb, Heyse, and others*, by G. J. ADLER, Professor of the German Language and Literature in the University of the city of New York, the purpose of the compiler having been "to offer to the American student of the German a work which would embody all the valuable results of the most recent investigations in German lexicography." The work, we believe, will prove a good manual for the learner, and is furnished at a moderate price.

The Glorious Stranger, and other Pieces: A Gift for the Young (18mo. pp. 92), published by Crosby & Nichols, though it includes two or three pieces that are not agreeable to our taste, contains nothing decidedly objectionable, while the greater part of the compilation (consisting chiefly of original articles) is admirably suited to its purpose as a book of juvenile instruction.

The Story of Little John, by M. CHARLES JEANNEL, Professor at Poitiers, translated from the French by F. G. SKINNER, and published here by Appleton & Co. of New York (24mo. pp. 204), is another, very good, book for children, presenting a variety of information, with many excellent moral lessons.

Messrs. Crosby & Nichols have published a set of seventeen cards, entitled *Puzzles to teach Geometry*, prepared by Rev. Mr. HILL of Waltham, whose mathematical studies combine with his interest in education to justify the belief that the device which he has here proposed for "cultivating a geometrical taste and ability" will be found useful.

We notice with much satisfaction the improved appearance of school-books, especially those which are meant to introduce the pupil to an acquaintance with the ancient classics. Messrs. J. Munroe & Co. have sent us a copy of their stereotype edition (1849) of BOWEN'S *Virgil, with English Notes* (8vo. pp. 600), printed with a clear and handsome type on a page whose fair surface must almost provoke the youth to a study of its contents. — Messrs. Appleton & Co. of New York, in *The Histories of Tacitus; with Notes*, by W. S. TYLER, Professor of Languages in Amherst College (12mo. pp. 453), which they have just published, have also given a specimen of excellent typography, and besides the text, have furnished, in the preliminary matter, the Notes and Indexes, an ample apparatus for the use of the student.

The Memory of the Just is Blessed. A Sermon preached at the Church in Brattle Square, on the Sunday after the Interment of William Lawrence, Esq., October 22, 1848. By S. K. LOTHROP, Pastor of the Church. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1848. 8vo. pp. 21.

The Stay and the Staff taken away. A Sermon preached at the Church in Brattle Square, on the Death of the Hon. Harrison Gray Otis, November 5, 1848. By S. K. LOTHROP, Pastor of the Church. Boston. 1848. 8vo. pp. 25.

God with the Aged. A Sermon preached to the First Church, Jan. 7, 1849, the Sunday after the Death of Hon. Peter C. Brooks. By N. L. FROTHINGHAM, Pastor of the Church. Boston. 8vo. pp. 15.

The Christian Merchant. A Discourse, delivered in the Church of the Divine Unity, on occasion of the Death of Jonathan Goodhue. By HENRY W. BELLOWES, Pastor of the Church. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1848. 8vo. pp. 27.

A Sermon touching the Application of Religion to Politics: with a Plea for the Freedom of the Pulpit and the Ministry. Delivered on the evening of Sunday, Nov. 12th, 1848. By JAMES RICHARDSON, Jr., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Haverhill, Mass. 1848. 8vo. pp. 32.

Man shall not live by Bread alone. A Thanksgiving Sermon: preached in Newburyport, Nov. 30, 1848. By T. W. HIGGINSON, Pastor of the First Religious Society. Second edition. Newburyport: C. Whipple. 1848. 12mo. pp. 12.

Gold. A Sermon preached to the First Church, on Sunday, Dec. 17, 1848. By N. L. FROTHINGHAM, Pastor of the Church. Boston. 1849. 8vo. pp. 14.

Requisites to our Country's Glory. A Discourse before his Excellency George N. Briggs, Governor, his Honor John Reed, Lieutenant Governor, the Honorable Council, and the Legislature of Massachusetts, at the Annual Election, Wednesday, 3 Jan., 1849. By JOHN PIERCE, D. D., Senior Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Brookline. Boston. 1849. 8vo. pp. 62.

A Sermon delivered in the New North Church, in Boston, Jan. 28, 1849, on resigning his Pastoral Charge. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Boston. 1849. 8vo. pp. 28.

An Introductory Lecture. Delivered at the Massachusetts Medical College, November 1, 1848. By JOHN B. S. JACKSON, M. D., Professor of Pathological Anatomy. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1848. 8vo. pp. 30.

Franklin — His Genius, Life, and Character. An Oration delivered before the N. Y. Typographical Society, on the Occasion of the Birthday of Franklin, at the Printers' Festival,

held January 17, 1849. By JOHN L. JEWETT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849. 8vo. pp. 37.

An Address, delivered to the Companies of California Adventurers, of Taunton, on Sunday, February 4th, 1849. By Rev. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM. 8vo. pp. 8.

A Letter to the President of Harvard College. By a MEMBER OF THE CORPORATION. Boston: Little & Brown. 8vo. pp. 53.

MR. LOTHROP'S two Sermons, — one on the death of an eminent merchant, uniting in his character "integrity, benevolence, and piety," in the best sense of the terms, the other commemorative of the life and services of one of our most distinguished civilians, in the words forming part of his text, "the ancient, the honorable man, the counsellor and the eloquent orator," — are marked by just and appropriate thought, expressed, as is usual with him, in a perspicuous and flowing style. — Dr. Frothingham's is a just and delicate tribute to a much respected man, who went through life with stainless integrity, unostentatiously performing his duties in the various social relations, and enjoying to "old age" the friendship, the confidence, and the serenity of mind attendant on a well-poised character, industry, usefulness, and a quick sense of right, united with religious trust and hope. — Men like Jonathan Goodhue are worthy of commemoration, and a Discourse such as that of Mr. Bellows, embodying the instructions afforded by their life, cannot fail of producing a salutary effect. The extracts from the paper of Mr. Goodhue himself, written a short time before his death, furnish striking testimony to the value of religious principles and hopes, and add much to the worth and interest of the Discourse. — Mr. Richardson's is a free, thorough, plain-dealing Discourse, such as we are accustomed to expect from the author, and such as must, one would think, wake up the sleepers, and set men to thinking on the subject of their moral and religious duties in their domestic and social relations, in business and politics. — Mr. Higginson maintains, that "protection" or the "bread alone" principle, was the means of General Taylor's election, of the history of which he briefly speaks with a more direct reference to party politics and party measures than has been usual with preachers of late years. He uses great freedom and plainness, but as to the justice of some of his positions and remarks, and the proprieties of time and place, there is room for an honest difference of opinion. — There is solid and compact thought, bright and sparkling, too, in Dr. Frothingham's Sermon on "Gold," which is a graceful performance struck off in a happy hour. — Dr. Pierce's Discourse connects with its exhibition of the methods we must adopt that "glory may dwell in our land," no inconsiderable amount of historical matter of a

miscellaneous character, and an Appendix is added, containing a "condensed account of Election Sermons," which they who are curious on subjects of this kind will know how to value, and which as a historical document may in various ways prove useful. — Dr. Parkman's Farewell Sermon, which we cannot notice without the expression of our regret for the occasion on which it was delivered, adverts in brief, but pregnant paragraphs, to the history of the last thirty-five years, as exhibited in the changes which have taken place in the world, but more particularly in this city and in the New North church; and after some notices of his own ministry, closes with affectionate wishes and judicious counsels, to which his people must have listened with deep emotion.

A very sensible Lecture did Dr. Jackson deliver to the class who enjoy the benefit of his instruction and that of the other Professors in the Medical College, — abounding with good advice in regard to "the study and practice of their profession," and written in a spirit directly opposite to that supercilious dogmatism which sometimes mars the productions of professional men. — Mr. Jewett's Oration well fulfils the promise of its title, — presenting, in an easy, clear, and forcible style, with due reference to practical uses, and with just discrimination, a sketch of the "genius, life, and character" of Franklin, in commemoration of whose birthday it was delivered. — Mr. Brigham's Address contains excellent practical counsels for the use of those who are leaving their New England homes to seek their fortunes in the golden land acquired by our late Mexican conquests. Nothing better of the kind could be put into the hands of the multitude of adventurers, who are exposing themselves to temptations and perils, through which he will be fortunate who passes unscathed. — The purpose of the writer of the "Letter to the President of Harvard College" is to examine and refute the charges brought against the College in an article contained in the January number of the *North American Review*. A portion of these charges are shown to be entirely without foundation, though we regret that some of the statements of the reviewer, or some questions suggested by his article, did not receive a more extended notice.

INTELLIGENCE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Ecclesiastical Record.—We record with pain the death of Rev. Mr. Bartlett of Marblehead, one of the kindest of men and most faithful of pastors, whose indefatigable exertions for the comfort and benefit of the people among whom he lived as a personal friend, as well as Christian teacher, for more than thirty-seven years, may have laid the foundation of the disease which has terminated his life. We hope to give a more worthy notice of him in our next number. — Rev. Mr. Moseley, formerly of South Scituate, has been preaching at Marblehead for some time past, and will continue his engagement through the spring. — Rev. Mr. Loring of Andover, we regret to learn, in consequence of a feeble state of health, against which he has been struggling for months, has resigned the pastoral charge which he has held for thirty-eight years. We can but wish for his successor an equally long and happy ministry. — A successor having been ordained over the New North Church in this city, Rev. Dr. Parkman's resignation of his relation to that church will take effect on the 1st of April. We feel a sincere grief that one who for nearly thirty-five years has been a diligent and true-hearted minister of Christ in our city, connected with its religious interests in numberless ways, should by any circumstances have been led to retire from the pastoral office. The Council convened for the ordination of Mr. Young, by a unanimous vote, adopted a resolution conveying to Dr. Parkman the assurance of their respect, attachment, and sympathy. — Rev. Mr. Burton, late a minister at large in Boston, has accepted a proposal to undertake the same service at Worcester, in connection with the duties of chaplain to the county jail. — Mr. Solon W. Bush, a recent graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School, has entered on his duties as minister of the congregation at Burlington, Vt., but will not receive ordination till the next summer. — Rev. Mr. Fisher, late pastor of the Irish Protestant Society in this city, has accepted an invitation to become the minister of the Congregational society at Cannelton, Ind. — Rev. Dr. Dewey is fulfilling an engagement to preach for three months to the Unitarian society in Albany, N. Y. — Rev. Mr. Angier continues his engagement with the Broadway society at South Boston. — Rev. J. N. Bellows has been preaching through the winter to the First Congregational society in Barnstable. — The Church at Watertown will soon receive a pastor; and the society at Concord, N. H., have made prospective arrangements for a permanent ministry.

The Unitarian society at Galena, Ill., have purchased a small church, formerly occupied by Episcopalians. — The congregation recently gathered at Winchendon have taken the necessary steps for building a meetinghouse. Rev. Mr. McIntire is now preaching to them. — We regret to hear that, in consequence of Mr. Perkins's resignation of his care of the pulpit, the Unitarian meetinghouse in Cincinnati, Ohio, has been closed, and the continuance of the society is doubtful.

The "Christian World," established in this city as a weekly journal six years ago, by Mr. George G. Channing, has been discontinued. It has been an earnest advocate for a higher tone of spirituality, a more social religious action, and a more direct participation in the reformatory movements of the day, than have prevailed in our churches. — The "Christian Rationalist," also a weekly paper, of which a few numbers were published here the last autumn, and the design of which was indicated in its title, was some time ago united with the "Univercœlum," published in New York. — The "Inquirer," of London, formerly edited by Rev. Mr. Hincks, has passed under the charge of Mr. John Lalor, lately one of the editors of the "Morning Chronicle." — Rev. Mr. Harris of Newcastle, in England, who, when in Scotland, established, and for many years conducted, the "Christian Pioneer," has projected a work of similar character, under the name of the "Christian Pilot and Gospel Moralist," of which the first number has just appeared.

We have spoken, in our previous pages, of the Sunday evening meetings held in this city for the promotion of a higher and deeper religious life. They will be continued, we learn, according to the attendance and the character of the discussions, for several weeks longer.

The Society for the Promotion of Theological Education have come into possession of the bequest made by the late John D. Williams, Esq., consisting of valuable property in Boston, the present income of which is between sixteen and seventeen hundred dollars. By the terms of the bequest, the income, after deducting the necessary expenses of insurance, repairs, etc., must be spent in giving assistance to young men pursuing their preparatory studies for the ministry at Cambridge. — The allusion made in a late number of the *Christian Examiner* to a similar legacy left by Mr. R. W. Bayley, we understand, was founded in mistake.

Harvard College. — The election of JARED SPARKS, LL. D., to the Presidency of the institution which, with its various departments of Academic, Theological, Medical, Legal, and Scientific instruction, may properly claim the title of "The University at Cambridge," will be acceptable to its friends both near and at a distance. Mr. Sparks enters upon his office under circumstances favorable to a happy administration of its affairs. The internal state of the College is good; its finances are in a safe and prosperous condition; the means of education, which the University offers to its various students, were never larger or more efficient; and a strong desire is felt, by all who are in any way connected with its interests, that it should sustain the first place among the literary institutions of the land. There is one great want at Cambridge, in the present deficiency of religious instruction. The vacancy that has existed for some time in the Hollis Professorship of Divinity should be filled, or provision be made in some other way for the discharge of the duties which in former years fell to the incumbent of that office, and for a more direct pastoral intercourse, and the exercise of a more immediately Christian influence, than are now enjoyed there. The subject has been brought before the Board of Overseers, and we hope they will express an opinion that shall incite the Corporation to an early supply of this want. The Divinity School, also, as we have once and again had occasion to remark, stands in need of a larger provision for the instruction of the young men who resort thither to qualify themselves for the minis-

try of our churches. We are glad to know that the Society for the Promotion of Theological Education have turned their attention to this subject, and we hope that, by their aid, a plan similar to that which was proposed a year ago by members of our Ministerial Associations, or a better plan, if such they can devise, may be carried into effect.

Church and State. — A great sensation has been produced in England by the secession of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel from the Established Church. Mr. Noel's prominence and popularity as a preacher in London, (where we remember seeing the aisles of his chapel filled to hear one of his usual sermons, on one of the stormiest days of the winter,) his unquestionable simplicity of character and deeply religious spirit, and his connection with a noble family, have drawn to the step which he has taken a degree of attention that would have been bestowed on the movements of few other men. He has been influenced solely by a conscientious belief, to which his mind has been brought after a long consideration of the subject, that the union which now exists between the Church and the State is injurious and wrong. The volume which he has published in vindication of this belief met with an immediate sale, but we have not yet heard of any copy having reached our country. It will doubtless strengthen the party who contend for "the voluntary principle."

A similar step has been voluntarily taken by one of the most conspicuous of the Protestant clergy in France. M. Frederic Monod, a minister of the National Reformed Church, has withdrawn from that body, and proposes, in connexion with M. Agenor de Gasparin and others, to form an "Evangelical Free Church." M. Monod's secession was the consequence in part, perhaps principally, of a difference between him and his associates in regard to matters of faith. In the course of the last summer a very important measure was adopted by the friends of Protestantism in France, viz. the convocation of a General Synod, which assembled in Paris on the 9th of September, and consisted of ninety delegates, of whom fifty-two were pastors, and thirty-eight laymen. Such a Synod had not met for eighty-five years. The object of the meeting was, to settle or ascertain the position of the Church in the new political condition of the country. A question, however, immediately arose in regard to the dogmatic basis on which the Church should, or should not, claim to hold its existence. A portion of the self-styled Orthodox party, with Messrs. A. de Gasparin and F. Monod as their leaders, insisted on a declaration of faith embracing articles of controversial divinity; the liberal members of the assembly, and some of the Orthodox party, — Messrs. Grand-Pierre, Adolphe Monod, and others, — opposed the attempt to frame such a Confession, and prevailed by a large majority. Messrs. F. Monod and De Gasparin have, therefore, severed their connexion with the body represented in the Synod, and have published a "Profession of Faith and Articles of Discipline," preliminary to the organization of a new religious Communion. The question of the dependence of the Church upon the civil government for support has, for some time, been agitated very warmly among the French Protestants. Their religious journals are enlisted on different sides, and the discussion, if it lead to no other result, will make the principles involved in the controversy familiar to the people.

Peace Congress. — A meeting of some importance, under this title, was held in Brussels, the capital of Belgium, on the 20th and 21st of September, 1848. The plan of such a meeting originated with Elihu Burritt, of this country, who has spent the last two or three years in England, but was carried into effect principally through the coöperation of the London Peace Society. The number of those present amounted to nearly three hundred, one half of whom came from England. Most of the other members were from France and Belgium. Several distinguished men took part in the discussions. The Belgian government afforded every facility to the provisional committee who took charge of the arrangements for the meeting. M. Visschers, a member of the government, was chosen President of the Congress. Resolutions were introduced and passed, speeches were made, and dissertations which had been prepared for the occasion were read; all bearing on the three objects particularly contemplated by those who called the meeting, viz. the "insertion of an Arbitration clause in all international treaties, by which questions of dispute shall be settled by mediation," the "establishment of a Congress of Nations to form an international code," and "a general disarmament of the several governments of Europe." We are told that "the proceedings obviously made a strong and very favorable impression, both in England and on the Continent." A deputation afterwards called on Lord John Russell, in London, to present to his consideration the measures which had passed under the judgment of the Congress, and were very courteously received by the English minister.

Ordinations. — REV. NATHANIEL O. CHAFFEE, of Grafton, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School, was ordained as an Evangelist at MONTAGUE, Mass., January 10, 1849. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Ellis of Northampton, from James i. 4; the Prayer of Ordination was offered, and the Charge was given, by Rev. Mr. Nightingale of Cabotville; the Right Hand of Fellowship was given by Rev. Mr. Moors of Deerfield; and the other services were performed by Rev. Messrs. Clarke of Warwick, and Bridge of Bernardston.

REV. JOSHUA YOUNG, of Bangor, Me., who graduated at the Cambridge Divinity School the last year, was ordained as Pastor of the New North Church and Society in BOSTON, Mass., February 1, 1849. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Hedge of Bangor, from Matt. xiii. 33; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Winkley of Boston; the Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Robbins of Boston; and the other services were performed by Rev. Messrs. Fox, King, and Cruft, of Boston.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE SAMUEL EMERSON died in Boston, December 19, 1848, aged 24 years.

In this death the community has suffered a great loss. When a young man dies, feelings of deep sorrow must always be awakened that the anticipations and hopes which cluster about the opening of active life should be disappointed; but the death of such a person as Emerson excites more than ordinary sorrow. The assurance which his charac-

ter and principles gave of excellence and usefulness in his intercourse with the world, was such as to make all who knew him regard him as one of those rare persons whom God sends to be an example and support for others. His early life was distinguished for its purity, and its freedom from all faults which could occasion serious uneasiness to those who were most interested in him. Having entered college at an early age, he won the regard of all who knew him by the high qualities which he displayed in his intercourse with others and in the pursuit of his studies. The nearer circle of his intimate friends was every day more and more closely bound to him by the ties of mutual affection and respect. No one was ever loved more sincerely by his friends, or more deserved their love. They can say of him with truth, in the words of an old poet after his friend's death, —

“He had an infant's innocence and truth,
The wisdom of gray hairs, the wit of youth,
Not a young rashness, nor an aged despair,
The courage of the one, the other's care;
And both might wonder in him to discern
His skill to teach, his readiness to learn.”

His religious and moral principles pervaded his life, without giving to it any austerity. While he preserved the largest and most sympathetic charity for the faults of others, he shrank with instinctive delicacy from contact with any thing base and untrue. He was always bold in supporting what he believed to be right, and never hesitated to assume the responsibility which his opinions brought upon him.

Having left college with the highest honors, he determined, after devoting a year to the improvement of his health, to enter upon the study of theology. For some months he pursued this study, with his classmate Greenwood as his companion. The death of this dear friend affected him so deeply, that, for the sake of change of scene, and in the hope of still further strengthening his health, he visited Europe. After an absence of somewhat more than a year, he returned the last October. The experiment had not brought the desired result. After his return, he was exposed, in the providence of God, to great suffering. A dark cloud, through which no ray of light could pierce, settled on his mind, his fine faculties became all jangled and out of tune, until by a sudden death he was removed, as we trust, from this world of darkness and disappointment and sorrow, to an infinitely better and happier state of existence.

To his friends his memory will always be a source of unfailing pleasure. They can remember nothing but what was excellent in him, and they can never cease to regard their having known him as a blessing over which time and change can have no power. The death of one who had the brightest prospects and the highest aspirations, and who gave the surest promise of fulfilling all his own hopes and all the expectations of his friends, speaks to others with terrible power of the uncertainty and worthlessness of all that is founded upon merely human calculations, and teaches us to feel the unspeakable blessings and consolations which are to be found in our faith in God and our knowledge of his mercies, as revealed to us by Christ.

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* * * We have, in the present instance, added twenty-four pages to our usual number, by no means intending, however, to make this a precedent.

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

MAY, 1849.

ART. I. — THE ARTISTIC AND ROMANTIC VIEW OF THE
CHURCH OF THE MIDDLE AGES.*

EACH Protestant communion doubtless embraces among its members persons of either sex, few or many, who would be easy converts to the Roman Church, if only they were to be addressed by the argument or method which is peculiarly suited to meet their state of mind or feeling. That Church is well provided with arguments and methods for making reprisals upon Protestantism, and they are effective with the undefended and the susceptible. The argument from au-

* 1. *Mores Catholici : or Ages of Faith.* London : C. Dolman. 1844 - 6-7. Three vols. royal 8vo. pp. 725, 786, 809.

2. *Four Lectures on the Offices and Ceremonies of Holy Week, as performed in the Papal Chapels.* Delivered in Rome in the Lent of 1837. By NICHOLAS WISEMAN, D. D. London : C. Dolman. 1839. 8vo. pp. 183.

3. *Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign Peoples.* By FRED. WM. FABER, M. A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. London : Rivingtons. 1842. 8vo. pp. 645.

4. *Rest in the Church.* By THE AUTHOR OF "FROM OXFORD TO ROME." London : Longmans. 1848. 12mo. pp. 348.

5. *The History and Fate of Sacrilege.* By SIR HENRY SPELMAN. Edited in part from two MSS., revised and corrected, with a Continuation, large Additions, and an Introductory Essay. By TWO PRIESTS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. London : Masters. 1846. 8vo.

6. *Contrasts : or a Parallel between the Noble Edifices of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, and Similar Buildings of the Present Day : showing the Present Decay of Taste.* By A. WELBY PUGIN, Architect. London : 1836. Atlas 4to.

7. *Sacred and Legendary Art.* By MRS. JAMESON. London : Longmans. 1848. Two vols. crown 8vo. pp. xlvii., 387, and 439.

thority wins many who are unable to disprove it. The offer of a shelter of *peace* from distracting controversies and pamphlet disputes and anxious uncertainty about matters of faith may be urged with great effect on many, who love such repose and will yield to its conditions. These two pleas have won many converts to Rome, and among them are the strong and the weak. A third means of conversion, perhaps the most efficient, is of too vague and comprehensive a character to be described in one epithet or phrase. The nearest approximation to a definition of this method in a few words may be expressed in the terms Artistic and Romantic. The Church has most powerful influences to address to the eye, the imagination, and the feelings. It is most richly furnished with means to engage the sentiments, the affections, the love of beautiful and imposing forms, and the admiration of abstract qualities embodied in pleasing or gorgeous symbols. These are susceptibilities which are akin to the religious sentiment in very many breasts. There are those who most esteem a rigid system of faith which they can believe to be as deeply rooted as the forest oak ; but there are also those who wish the stiffness of their creed to be relieved by rich and graceful vines trailing all over it. Schleiermacher said that Moehler's Symbolism "was the greatest blow ever given to Protestantism." The old Church has been more indebted for converts, in our day, to its romantic and artistic influences than to its argument of authority, or its offer of a peaceful refuge for a distracted mind. Even Protestants have contributed no small amount of help to that Church, in expressions of sympathy for its poetic attractions, and in imitation of some of its methods which have most power over the feelings. There is a wonderful fascination, a bewitching charm, in the artistic and the romantic influences of the Roman Church. This is the theme which we now propose to treat, with incidental allusions to other topics.

The materials of the influences thus brought into action by the Church, with some Protestant aid, are found in a revived taste for the arts, usages, and some of the institutions of the Middle Ages. A marked change of feeling and of judgment in this direction has been witnessed within the last few years. The stern and almost vengeful animosity, which, till within a quarter of a century, pervaded all Protestant literature towards every man and thing associated with the ancient Roman Catholic system, has relaxed. School-books and pop-

ular histories once covered the whole period of the Middle Ages with indiscriminate and sweeping abuse. Robertson, Henry, and others, are wholly unworthy of the place which they have held as authorities in this matter. Sismondi, indeed, has perpetuated in our day some old severities and scandals, and is, perhaps, as rigorous a judge of the old Church as it ever had. But he stands almost alone. More than a score of recent eminent writers, in history, religion, philosophy, morals, and art, might be named as examples of a revived interest and a softened feeling towards the Middle Ages. A deeper research, an appreciation of excellence in art, and a love of justice where censure and reproach have been indiscriminately pronounced, have led many writers even to exceed the due demands of charity and admiration.

Bower's *Lives of the Popes* had described them as a most unredeemed series of violent and unprincipled men. This general condemnation of the whole line of Roman Pontiffs was the prevailing judgment among Protestants. Then, slowly and very cautiously, single Popes were excepted, apologized for, extolled. Roscoe even exaggerated the magnificence of Leo X. Then, successively, Voight, Hurter, Hock, and Ranke relieved some of the dark pages of Papal history, though, it must be owned, at the expense of darkening the other pages. Protestants have agreed to exculpate Gregory VII., — who seated five Popes in succession in the chair of St. Peter before he filled it himself, — and Sylvester II., and Innocent III., and some half dozen other Pontiffs, out of some two hundred and fifty in the Roman list. But no historical skepticism, justice, or mercy can ever relieve the scandalous doings of Popes John X. and XI., and Sergius III., monsters in every sensual and abominable sin, or of John XII., the youthful criminal, who died as an adulterer. Nor can the acts of the Church under the Othos and the Counts of Tusculum, nor the revelations made at the Council of Rheims for the suppression of simony, nor the atrocities of Julius II. and Alexander VI., ever be cleared of their sad renown. Pages of even ecclesiastical history must ever remain dark, and give an epithet to several centuries. But still, the willingness to do justice to the Church and to her institutions is prominent in all our best modern authors, German, French, and English. We rejoice at this.

Chateaubriand says, that St. Louis, — a favorite, but some-

what mythical character, — “as a legislator, a hero, and a saint, is the representative of the Middle Ages.” The Protestant Guizot is one of the kindest adjudicators on those ages. His encomium on the agricultural and literary monks is equally beautiful and true. St. Benedict is now made to dispute with Luther the praise of a reformer for routing the somewhat dubious asceticism of the lazy monks, and literally turning them out to grass. Hallam, another discriminating judge, calls Guizot “a model of justice and candor,” in holding the scales of impartiality as to the mediæval Church.* Michelet affirms that “the monastic state was an asylum for the Christian Church.”† Maitland, in his “Dark Ages,” which he endeavours to make so light, rather overdoes the matter of illumination, and is somewhat ambitious in his labor of love. His happy and good-humored intimations give promise of rather more than his results fulfil. Besides, instead of dating the Middle Ages, according to the usual method, from A. D. 500 to A. D. 1100, he dates them between A. D. 800 and A. D. 1200; thus, as Hallam happily says, “excluding midnight from his definition of darkness, and replacing it by break of day.”‡

Now these rectifications of judgment concerning the Middle Ages, whether resulting from research or charity, are to be commended. But it must not be forgotten, that, while they are valid against all coarse and sweeping denunciations, they are far from redeeming those ages from substantial charges of error. Research and charity have thus effected much, but art has been the medium of winning softened and kindly feelings among Protestants to the ancient Church. The Madonna, for whose wellnigh supreme adoration the Church has received so much reproach, has repaid, by the effect of her multiplied pictures alone, the allegiance of her devotees. That mild and tender countenance, the same in all tolerable representations of it, would scarcely be refused a place in any Christian dwelling. The Holy Mary, combining a mother’s fondness with a virgin’s modesty, and interceding for the wretched with the pity of a heart that had been pierced by a sword, but had never rankled with revenge, though the holiest, is the most familiar subject of Christian art, and still but one subject among a thousand. The splen-

* Hallam’s Supplementary Notes, Chap. viii.

† Hist. de France, I. 261.

‡ Supplem. Notes, p. 394.

did treasures of architecture, music, and painting have now for the Church a double value, as antiquities and as testimonials. A German poet has sung,

“Science, O man, thou shar’st with higher spirits;
But Art thou hast alone”;

and a German prose-writer has defined art as “the exposition of the Infinite in the finite; for the beautiful is only a revelation of the Divine.” Science has always stood secondary to art in the Roman Church. Art is her high boast, and one of her modern champions would monopolize it for her, as he pronounces the Protestant taste for art to be “only an affair of personal vanity.” Yet, if science involves its philosophical risks, art may minister to idolatry, and be turned to contrivance and stratagem. We have somewhere met with a happy conceit, the purport of which is, that nature is God’s work, — true art the work of God and man together, — but when art becomes artifice, then God deserts the partnership, and leaves man to pursue the occupation by himself, or to find aid from below. Not without significance is this conceit as applied to mediæval art.

In general, the revival of interest in the arts and institutions of the Middle Ages is exhibited in architecture, in the printing of old chronicles, and in the various ways which engage and manifest sentiment. A section of the Anglican Church has commended, and on a small scale has entered upon, an imitation of monastic life. Several magnificent volumes have recently appeared in all the most gorgeous decorations of mediæval art, on parchment, with the whole page splendidly illuminated, or with rich *majuscules*, or initial letters. Thus far they have been mostly portions of the Bible. Sombre churches, which need lamps at noonday, have been erected for Protestant worship even in this country. Very much has been said and done of late years about Christmas festivities. The Yule log, the mistletoe bough, the baron of beef, and the Christmas tree have become familiar here. The imagination has concentrated the fond associations of many lands and different ages, and of a thousand occasions of its former observance, to invest with them all each recurrence of the festival.

We have given above the titles of a variety of recent works, all of which manifest and contribute to the revived interest in the Church of the Middle Ages, in view of its

artistic and romantic attractions: Of the first work on our list we shall speak at length, after a brief notice of the others in their order.

Dr. Wiseman is the most efficient living champion of the Church of Rome, a scholar of vast acquisitions, equally conversant with languages and the literature of science and art, and skilled in all the lore and tactics of controversy. As Rector of the English College at Rome, he delivered successive series of discourses in the Jesuits' church in the Corso, addressed to Protestants, of whom he had a throng of listeners, on the points in dispute between the ancient and the reformed communions. We can testify to his eloquence, to his captivating power, to his courteous address, and to his great success in winning converts. He has defended his Church on grounds of Scripture, antiquity, and science; and the work whose title we have given is his contribution in praise of her lovely arts, and in explanation of some of her imposing ceremonies. He treats of the passion of Christ, viewed in relation to the arts of design, to poetry and music, to history and religion, and as commemorated on Palm Sunday, Holy Thursday, Good Friday, and Easter Sunday. His book is valuable as a key to perplexing and dazzling ceremonies, dramatic gestures, and symbolical offices. It is rich in imagery, seducing in its plea, and the work of a sincere and a highly cultivated mind.

The next two works on our list are productions of the Puseyite school in the English Church. Mr. Faber has achieved great notoriety in that Anglican schism. In this volume he describes his wanderings over Southern Europe, like a lonely and saddened bird moaning over a violated nest. He is searching for the true Church. The art of the old Church captivates him. An emblematic personage, typifying the past ages of Faith, follows or attends him, and occasionally whispers in his ear the old romances, — contrasts Protestant risks and mischiefs with the ancient security and peace, — keeps him ever moping, and leaves him at last unsatisfied. He is in the main, however, a witness against the old Church. He speaks of "the dishonest sweetness of old songs and ballads, which have made robberies romantic by genius and antiquity"; he regrets that "French wickedness has almost always been picturesque"; and he deals many a strong blow, with a reluctant heart, against usages that exceed the Puseyite measure. Mr. Faber is now, notwithstanding, a Romish priest, and a zealous proselyter.

"Rest in the Church," is of a similar character. A morbid sensibility, a saddened and desolate spirit, pervades it, testifying to the deficiencies of the English Church, and favoring ascetic and ritual exercises. The social evils of England are ascribed to its religious errors, and "a wretched materialism" is represented as the result of a loss of fervent love for the old ceremonies and draperies of pious sentiment. The book seems addressed chiefly to female sensibilities, and is designed to engage the pampered and listless daughters of the aristocracy in some internal exercises of asceticism and "outward works of grace." The author gives us a most delectable description of "the Lady Helen's" devotional boudoir, from which we venture to cull and string together a portion of the sweet engagements of taste, and languor, and piety.

A thin volume of "Sanctuses, Chants, and Services" lies on a rose-wood table, surrounded by *bijouterie*. Low fauteuils and luxurious ottomans, covered with pale blue damask, match the silver-fringed draperies of the high-pointed windows. The costly Italian matting; the elegant argand burner, chased and polished; the piano, surmounted by a tall Grecian vase of choicest flowers, Mozart's *Davidde Penitente* open upon it, and a guitar beside it; a leaf of Bishop Cosin's Hours' Book on an easel, undergoing illumination, while some deep crimson velvet in an embroidery-frame is in preparation for its cover; a jewelled clock, with still pendulum and erring hands, and an exhausted three-hours glass; on the floor, an ebony desk, with disordered papers; an embroidered glove, a perfumed cambric handkerchief; wild plants, and botanical instruments; scented water; trifles and elegancies of every kind; a book-case with all the fashionable poets, and a reading-desk covered with Puseyite works and Tracts for the Times, etc., etc., make up the furnishings of the apartment, — all betokening, as the author very justly remarks, "a mind in a transition state." The lady herself, "one of fashion's chosen children," aged twenty-two, in elegant attire, superbly beautiful, we dare not describe here. But we should like to have seen her in such *desolation*, especially as the author represents her when thus introduced, as sighing, — "None rejoices with me; none grieves with me. I am alone!" The poor creature at last finds "rest" in a convent in the Holy Land. The Anglican bishop thwarted the counsels of her Puseyite pastor for her, and thus "achieved a convert for the Church of Rome."

“The Fate of Sacrilege” is designed to trace the Divine vengeance and inflictions which have fallen upon the inheritors of the Church property alienated at the Reformation in England. Strong maledictions, exciting appeals to feeling, and the indications of plague-spots upon families make up the substance of the volume. Its ill-omened tables and statistics assert that the average length of possession of Church lands, *by a family*, has been *but thirty-eight years*; and *by each individual, but seventeen years*. So that not only the original depredators, but also their descendants, have been cursed by the fate of sacrilege. These are dark annals indeed.

Mr. Pugin is a convert who has done the Church high service, which has been well appreciated, though his cathedral lately completed in London has been severely criticized. He is distinguished as a restorer of architectural and decorative religious art, and he was drawn to the Roman Church “by her secondary prerogatives of taste, beauty, and surpassing grandeur in her outward forms.” He has made many contributions to his favorite arts of design. The work whose title we have given is of a satirical character. It is composed of a series of plates, each of which presents two views, contrasting a public edifice of ancient and of modern times, in order to draw ridicule and contempt on the latter, and not without success. The ancient cathedral choir and screen, with its niches filled with saintly images and emblems, is contrasted with a painted and carpeted specimen of carpenters’ and upholsterers’ work of our times. From the gray and deep portals of the cathedral streams out a gorgeous and picturesque Catholic procession; and this is set off by a sparse modern congregation briskly leaving the trim door of a meeting-house. An ornamental fountain, with its full, generous flood, an ancient work of grace, is contrasted with a stiff pump, its handle chained down, and defended by a police-man to guard its mean stream, and warn off widows and children. The contrasts—not to say the caricatures—are well sustained throughout. Even the repose and the monuments of the dead are called into service. The solemn tomb of the cenobite bishop, with his mitred effigies, his crosiered side, and his isolation from all domestic cares, is set against the garish and ambitious memorial of a modern prelate, mourned by his troop of children, and his “second wife.” Truly the Church has many agencies at work for her, and upon certain minds the contents of this volume

would produce an astonishing effect. There is some wisdom in it.

We have included in our list Mrs. Jameson's splendid and delightful volumes of "Sacred and Legendary Art," not because they are designed to minister to the work of proselytism, but because of the connection of their contents with our present subject. They are for the most part of a healthful and elevating character, the result of wide and various investigations, and the expression of a most pure taste. Her preliminary remarks on art, its legendary, devotional, and historical subjects, with their emblems and attributes, and their relation to color, embrace much instruction with exquisite sentiment. Rich illustrations ornament the letter-press, and a vast deal of information is communicated about famous artists and their works, numerous engravings of which are given. Angels, Archangels, Evangelists, Apostles, Fathers and Doctors, the Saints of Scripture, of Legend, and of History, Martyrs and Hermits, are most appropriately treated of, as they have been the subjects of poetic, traditionary, or artistic description. There is nothing in her volumes to offend either Catholic or Protestant. They fill the mind and heart with exquisite and engaging images from Evangelical and Christian history. He who would understand what an immense amount of thought, study, devotion, sentiment, of elaborate ingenuity, and of creation from bright fancies, has been exercised upon spiritual themes, will find the evidence here. Here, too, we may learn how the slightest hints, the most vague intimations of Scripture or early tradition, have been wrought out and impressed into permanent forms. The artists of the Church have proved their skill "in filling up the omissions of Scripture after their own fancy." Our literature is now crowded with the sweet poetry of imaginative creations, and art is a full calendar of the idolatries as well as of the true adorations of the past. There is not, however, more than enough to transfigure and elevate the prose of life.

We recur now to the first work mentioned on our list, and with the conviction that a very serious undertaking is before us. Here are three stupendous volumes, elaborate beyond description, crowded with the most recondite erudition, the fruit of unparalleled research, and of most various learning. The literature of ancient Greece and Rome, of Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and England, has all been mastered by the author. Plato is his favorite among philosophers; Dante,

among poets. His work is interspersed with quotations from the most familiar and the least familiar sources, and in old monkish lore the author is a perfect marvel. The work appears anonymously, saving that at the end the Christian name *Kenelmus* is divulged in a Latin stanza. The author, however, is well known to be Kenelm Digby,* a convert from Protestantism. He had published, while still a Protestant, two editions of a former work, "The Broad Stone of Honour," in enthusiastic praise of the age of chivalry. The third edition, essentially altered, appeared after his conversion. A former edition of his present work was published some years ago in eleven volumes, and was seized upon with such avidity that London was soon after ransacked in vain in search of a copy of it. Like a judicious layman of his Church, he leaves to the clergy to deal with the Scriptural argument, and devotes himself, with a zeal in which no martyr ever excelled him, to glorify and render beautiful, imposing, and authoritative the ancient ecclesiastical system. His work is the fondest and most whole-souled tribute of allegiance which the old Church has received in literature. The artistic and romantic influences of the Church appear on every page. He is an elegant writer; pathos, fine sentiment, and gentleness of spirit pervade the work. Occasional bitterness towards Protestants, whom he calls *sophists*, and the heat and unfairness of a partisan, do show themselves. But we must hasten to our task.

Christendom during the Middle Ages presents, to the fond retrospective fancy of Mr. Digby, a combination of every thing noble and lovely and holy. The admiring affection with which he dwells upon his own restoration of its images and institutions, skilled as he is in softening their repulsive or heightening their attractive features, more than proves his sincerity, as it leads to a suspicion of his infatuation. His rich and learned essay, elaborate beyond all description, may

* This name is famous in English history and literature. Sir Kenelm Digby, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King Charles the First, was one of the most remarkable characters of his age, for erudition, and eccentricities, and strange adventures. His Autobiography is one of the oddities of literature. His father, Sir Edward, was among the fanatic conspirators and victims of the gunpowder treason. Sir Kenelm himself renounced the Protestantism in which he was compulsorily educated, and was reconciled to the Roman Church. He was a benefactor of Harvard College Library in 1658. His male issue became extinct in the generation after him, so that our author must have sprung from some other branch of a once famous family.

fairly be entitled, "A Romance, founded on Facts of Mediæval History." It deserves this title, not because it deals in mere fancies and fictions, or presents simply the poetic and imaginative aspect of facts, but because it diffuses the hue of romantic and sentimental feeling over even the sternest and harshest features and characteristics of those ages.

Christendom, he maintains, was then all sincere, united, and in the way of obedience ; it was then a believing world. Those ages were ages of highest grace and faith. All Europe was Catholic. Splendid and gigantic temples rose in the chief cities to admit into one congregation the thronging concourse of inhabitants. Holy houses were sheltered in deep woods, or exposed on stormy mountain-tops, or reared where the waters of the calm lake might bathe their foundations, and open the innocent beauties of nature to the view. Nor were even the rocks of inland seas or of spacious harbours left unconsecrated by pious structures, while lonely hermitages were secluded in deep recesses. Those were ages of sanctity, of vast and beneficent intelligence, of civil virtue, of the noblest art, of poetry, of more than mortal heroism, of solemn majesty, and of pure glory. They were ages of blessedness. The men and women, the events, the institutions, the deeds of those ages, are all described as being in harmony with their saintly traits. The whole type and form of life were Christian, although somewhat broken and disordered in detail, as our author allows they were. Religion was then uppermost in the thoughts of men. It was the basis of civil government, and of all domestic and social customs and manners. So strongly rooted, and therefore so enduring, was, and is, the influence of this prevailing spirit of the Middle Ages, that much "latent Catholicism" still exists in Protestant England, "where every thing solid and valuable is, after all, either a remnant or a revival of Catholic thinking or institution."

From this captivating view of the general aspect of life the author draws forth single and striking images of quiet wisdom, sanctity, and innocence, the symbols of love and peace, such as the daily sacrifice, the evening hymn, the sweet music of the pilgrim's litany, and the dirge of requiem. The Catholic morality was raised above all that unaided human intelligence, or nature, ever taught or practised, and exhibited graces which defy all attempts to praise them worthily. The "learning and style" of those ages had a cer-

tain deep, mysterious tone, unobtrusive and symbolical, and at an infinite distance from the pert familiarity and vulgar display which are so characteristic of modern literature. During that whole period religion was engaged in an incessant struggle to abolish the corruptions which had existed before its arrival. Even in the tenth century there was a more delicate sense of what was and what was not in unison with the spirit of Christianity and the mysteries of faith, secured by the teaching and correcting power of the Church, and a much more effective discipline, than can be found at present.

Faith then presided over life, over reason, and over the imagination. Every thing thus acquired a new and supernatural value, as sanctified to the supply of man's highest necessities and to the glory of God. Harmony and innocence seemed to reign amidst creatures, as if they were no longer "subject to vanity." The marble of the quarry, the metals and jewels from the mine, the cedar and oak of the forests, and the flowers of the meadows, all seemed to offer themselves for the temple service, and to minister to the mystic beauty of holiness. The charm of beauty in material forms was engaged to win and elevate the soul. The religion of the meek surrounded them with lovely objects. The stones were converted into magnificent churches (a portion of them we must here remind the reader were reserved for *castles*); the metals and jewels into gorgeous altars; the pigments into paintings; the hill-tops were crowned with convents; the plains were sprinkled with oratories. So beautiful, so happy, so sacred was human life in Christendom during the Middle Ages.

If we have failed in justice to the author in thus gathering and concentrating the brilliant rays of glory and loveliness which are scattered over his twenty-three hundred pages, it is in giving a diminished, and not a heightened, glare to the radiance which he would cast on the dark present from the bright past. It will hence be rightly inferred, that the author, so far from intending an apology for the Middle Ages, offers us an unqualified eulogy. A modern French historian, Ozanam, says of those ages, "that much will be forgiven them on account of their having loved much." Mr. Digby would not avail himself of this plea, nor admit its conditional admiration. So entranced is he by the poetry of the past, when Catholicity fills his vision, that he is wellnigh ready to

worship the spot where its last unassailed shrine has but recently met with a rude shock, the issue of which is still in suspense. He frankly says that he "feels that there is danger of mistaking Italy for heaven."

And how is all this admiration and eulogy and unqualified boast of the Middle Ages justified and conformed to the truth either of philosophy or of history? The reader may well ask this question. It is our purpose to answer it fairly, and as fully as our limits will allow, by such a sketch of the contents of these three volumes as will display their general purpose, their method, and their more important points, while we intersperse occasional doubts and reflections of our own, and sum up, as did our ancient ministers, with "cautions" and "improvements."

Mr. Digby thinks that the chief reason why so severe a condemnation has been passed upon the Middle Ages by the moderns is, that the standard of good, of prosperity, and of social happiness, which is now received, is a false one. Those ten centuries were every way better, in wisdom, piety, and virtue, than our own times, because they took their standard from a rule of faith far above the rule or aim of the present. The moderns ascribe their prosperity to industry and skill, and intelligence and philosophy, that is, to themselves, their efforts and conquests, while they seek for more of such prosperity in capital, corporations, factories, physical methods, and social struggles. But, says the author, the standard for the Middle Ages was found in the eight beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount. Those ages sought those blessings, used the methods and conditions to obtain them, received and enjoyed their fruits. The blessings pronounced by the Saviour upon poverty, mourning, meekness, righteousness, [*justice*, according to Roman Catholic writers and versions of Scripture,] mercy, purity, peacefulness, and suffering for the right, — these furnish the large and expansive texts for our author. They are sublime mottos for every volume of truth, for every rule of duty, for every delight and reward which an individual or society can desire or enjoy. The boldness of a writer, whether of controversy or of poetry, who can assume that those sweet benedictions upon all the hardest portions of mortal experience were eminently deserved and exclusively enjoyed in the Middle Ages, argues either a faith or an assurance of the largest kind. That boldness Mr. Digby has, and without the slight-

est imputation on his sanity or sincerity, though not without marvelling at his modesty, we ascribe it entirely to his faith. With an unflinching courage and an astounding perseverance, he marches through that long wilderness of time, amid scenes of distraction and lamentation, meeting with all human guile and folly. He tells us, that, during those ten centuries, the sublime benedictions from the Mount, into whose holy depths and miraculous evidences the world has hardly yet penetrated so as even to understand their meaning, were fully and literally realized throughout Christendom. The common judgment of all historical students will at once suggest, that there must be violence of some kind practised to adapt those benedictions to those ages. Violence is used, and it is employed in part in distorting facts concerning those ages, and in part in perverting the sense of the benedictions; as, for instance, in making "mourning" apply to the forced asceticism and to the artificial and self-imposed severities of an unnatural state of life, instead of the griefs of mortal discipline and of Providential chastisement.

Those benedictions, however, are the author's mottos, and with their definitions of Evangelic bliss, as he qualifies them, he reviews the ages of the Church's unity, and glory, and pride. His work is a signal illustration of the part which the imagination may perform in the life of men. More than any other author known to us, does he yield to the seductive power of deceitful images, and make romance the innocent but subtle minister of falsehood. He asserts, and undertakes to prove, that it was better to be *one of the people* in the Middle Ages, than now, in the nineteenth century.* He states his general object to be, "to show in how many details the life and institutions of men were then inspired with the Christian spirit," and rewarded by the Christian benedictions.†

Poverty characterized the Church, and its blessing followed. Humility, and simplicity, and homeliness caused no shame then. As a specimen of the anecdotes profusely scattered over the work, and often used to extend some single illustration, which may or may not be true, over a whole field of doubtful ground, we repeat the author's story of St. Bonaventura, "the seraphic doctor." He was washing the vessels of the convent when they came to present him with

* Vol. I. p. 25.

† Vol. I. p. 18.

the cardinal's hat, and he caused it to be hung upon a hook in the kitchen till his work was done. If, after the good man had eaten an excellent dinner, and was taking his turn in washing the dishes, in the lack of female domestics, any one offered him a span-new and bright red cardinal's hat, he only showed his good sense in wishing it to be kept clean. Perhaps even Wolsey, a striking example of *humility*, might have done the same. Humility might have been shown also in rejecting the hat, or in wearing it in the kitchen.

A very serious task is before the author when he undertakes to show how the great wealth of the Church in the "ages of faith" was consistent with spiritual poverty. The "city of the poor," as Bossuet calls the Church, was then very rich. Mr. Digby says, the wealth came from offerings and bequests. Yet he adds, "that, in the ages of munificence to the Church, we read of no consequent distress among the people."* This is not true. Even supposing that we did not read of such distress, we should only ascribe the want of documents to the lack of persons who might have written about it and exposed it. But we do read of the severest exactions and oppressions to enrich the Church; yes, and of pilferings for God's treasury, and of orphans wronged and impoverished by alienations of property made on the sick-bed through ghostly terrors. Mabillon says, that, at the monastery of Cluny, 17,000 poor persons were relieved in one day. Now we submit, that there must have been some close relation of cause and effect between the wealth of that one monastery and the poverty of that large horde of paupers. Such bountiful giving must have been preceded by as bountiful taking.

In applying in his order the second beatitude of *meekness* to the "ages of faith," the author says that courtesy and gentleness characterized those ages. So strongly marked were these characteristics of the times, that they stamped themselves upon the features of the living, and were entailed on their posterity. The author affirms that the countenance of the Middle Ages is now chiefly to be found among the peasantry of Catholic countries. "All travellers," he says, "remark the respectful sweetness of expression which belongs to the youth of Ireland."† Happily, our readers can verify this remark without visiting Ireland.

* Vol. I. p. 35.

† Vol. I. p. 108.

In this connection, the author attempts to show that the institutions and privileges of the noble classes in the days of feudal law were consistent, or, at least, compatible, with the spirit of meekness, and, of course, that they involved no wrong to the inferior classes. We read his plea to this end with something of the same incredulity with which we read the chemist's statement about the quantity of latent heat bound up in an iceberg. But the scientific statement is more easily verified than that of Mr. Digby. If Europe suffers through injustice and dangerous evils at this day, from the entail of the merest remnants of feudalism, — as who can doubt that it does? — a strong argument will be necessary to prove that the rise and growth of feudalism involved no hazard to justice and meekness. Mr. Digby specifies some curious immunities and privileges which were granted to individuals or classes. They prove only that the power which granted these usurped the right to take away others. "Horses that had four white legs enjoyed the privilege of paying no toll." * It must be evident that the deficiency in toll was made up by a heavier assessment on horses not thus favored. Allowing, however, the predicate, that the ecclesiastics of Rome were "the meek," there is some plausibility in applying to them the promise that they should "inherit the earth." They did inherit a good part of it. Chateaubriand estimates the number of churches, abbeys, chapels, and castles, formerly in France, as about nineteen hundred thousand, not reckoning monasteries or royal and episcopal palaces. The wealth, enormous and ever increasing, belonging to these splendid and costly structures, our author ascribes to three sources, — the voluntary devotion of the multitude, the munificence of kings, of religious orders, and of great families, and commuted penances. After reading such an attempt to reconcile meek poverty with the possession of such enormous wealth, one needs to recur to Dr. Johnson's essay on "The Different Acceptations of Poverty. Cynics and Monks not poor." †

The author gives his credence to all the ecclesiastical legends, even to those connected with localities at Rome, Loretto, and elsewhere; such as the existence in the church of St. Pudentienne, at Rome, of the altar where St. Peter officiated, and of a well containing the blood of more than

* Vol. I. p. 189.

† Rambler, No. 202.

three thousand martyrs.* He gives an adroit explanation of the existence of duplicates, triplicates, and indeed of any number of rival originals of the relics of saints. The same relics, existing in altar-treasures thousands of miles from each other, have wellnigh confuted the mathematical axiom, that the whole is greater than a part. If some of these relics were equal to all their parts, they would tell of a Titanic as well as of a martyr race. Mr. Digby says, that the faithful made copies of the relic or the image, which were touched to the real ones, and afterwards venerated, as partaking of their grace. "This was the case with the thorns of the crown, the wood of the cross, and the heads and vestments of saints."† The explanation is hardly so ingenious as that given to account for the existence of two skulls of St. Patrick in rival churches in the North and South of Ireland. One of these, however, proved happily to be much smaller than the other, and it was peacefully decided that this should stand for the skull of St. Patrick when he was a boy, the other being his skull when he was a man.

Mr. Digby imagines every reason save the right one, why Protestants do not share the regard of Roman Catholics for the relics, images, tombs, and days of the so-called Saints. The real and sufficient reason is, that Protestants *do not believe that they were saints*. Protestantism allows, favors, and manifests as deep, but not so misplaced and undue and superstitious, a feeling of regard for true worthies, as does the Romanist. The Middle Ages have too many reputed saints, and the terms of their canonization were doubtful. That was good policy of the ancient Romans, which Cicero records and explains, that, when Tullus Hostilius was struck by lightning, it was not given out that he was received among the gods, as was said of Romulus, dying by the same death. The honor would have become too cheap, if too many had shared it. That Moses brought the bones of Joseph from Egypt, and that the patriarchs wished their bodies to be carried to Canaan, is constantly alleged by the Romanists to sustain their regard for relics. But there is no analogy between wishing to be buried with our fathers, and the enshrining and revering of relics. The just and natural feeling Protestantism indulges equally with Romanism. Fénelon, and the few like him of his communion, receive equal honor from all

* Vol. I. p. 273.
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† Vol. I. p. 295.

Christians. But we should not consent to his technical canonization, because that involves fraud in the pretence of authenticated miracles. Nor can any Protestant do any thing but loathe that terrible old reprobate called St. Dunstan, whose chief miracle consisted in undermining the floor of a hall where he was to hold a conference with his opponents, and letting them down through it, while he and his friends around him were miraculously preserved.

Mr. Digby spends much effort in various parts of his work, to prove the "super-earthly" sanctity of thousands in the Middle Ages, and claims for them miraculous wisdom and power. Now we think that a cautious and skeptical suspicion is drawn upon those ages, their saints and superstitions, from the very fact of the extraordinary claims advanced for their sanctity and their marvels. Puerility and gross trifling are prominent marks in their legends. The number of their miracles is astounding. The purpose of them is often childish, and seldom worthy of the finger of God. Had these legendary miracle-workers been content to appear before us in the simple garments of truth, undecked and natural, they would have wrought upon us far more powerfully than they now do. Nothing would have so compelled our reverence as the artless shapes and deeds of sincerity in men, and in record, conformed to what we know must have marked the early periods of civilized society. As a general rule, too, the narrower the compass over which the fame and reverence of a reputed saint extend, the more healthful, sincere, and effective are they, and the more of actual truth will be their warrant. Some small sects have canonized their eminent members with better reason and with higher effect than attend the host of saints who trespass on each other in the crowded calendar of Rome. A faithful mother is most truly sainted by revering children, and next to her claim to canonization comes that of a patriarch, a wise teacher, or an humble village priest. Rome has forgotten her truest saints. The more concentrated the odor of sanctity, the more pungent it is.

The blessing pronounced on *mourners* is treated by our author as the third great division of his subject. He includes under this many themes which might as well have been treated under his other divisions. Indeed, the plan of his work is not entirely clear, nor are topics carefully distinguished. He lays down the distinction between the sober

and holy melancholy which is truly religious and the mere sadness which worldly sorrow inflicts ; he attaches the former to the ages of faith, and applies the benediction accordingly. Then he contrasts the days and occasions of sacred observance in old times with the mere birth-day festivals of the present. The saints enjoyed great length of days. The sentiment involved in pilgrimages was that of holy mourning. Death-scenes were then edifying, and even the bodies of the faithful did not send forth so offensive an effluvia in decay, on account of the simplicity of the food then used, as do the bodies of Protestants.* The author presses hard upon the moderns a contrast, which has of late been frequently urged in controversy, between the modesty, gravity, and simplicity of ancient monumental inscriptions, and the vanity and bombast too often displayed in recent years. He quotes for this purpose the pompous epitaph on Sir Philip Sydney, in St. Paul's, London, beginning, "England, Netherland, the heavens, and the arts," &c. This is in bad taste, no doubt. But there is another inscription in an Italian church, to a great favorite of our author, a renowned man of the Middle Ages, which he seems to have forgotten. It reads, put into English, "Here lies John Picus of Mirandula. The Tagus, and the Ganges, and perhaps even the Antipodes, know all the rest." Though our author may not wisely throw stones in this matter, yet there is justice in his criticism. Few visitors can enter St. Paul's, in London, and read, without being offended, the inscription fronting the choir, which makes that Christian church a monument to its designer.

Mr. Digby vindicates the use of the Latin language in the Church,† in order that there might be a uniform and unchangeable liturgy, and that the one Church might have one worship. A writer in the *Dublin Review*‡ gives us another reason for this usage. He says, it is frivolous to allege that the language of the liturgy is unknown to the larger number of those who worship by it. "Mankind have always been sensible that an ancient tongue was a more fitting and dignified vehicle for the celebration of religious worship than a vulgar and a recent one." To this he adds, that the most solemn service of the Church "is an awful, tremendous sacrifice, which, independently of its words, commands attention and excites reverential piety."

* Vol. I. pp. 445, 455, 512.

† Vol. I. p. 576.

‡ Vol. IX. p. 2.

Our author devotes much space to the symbolical meaning of the ceremonies and the priestly robes, and to the external significance and the interior sense of the sacraments. All these religious offices are an expression of the hunger and thirst of the soul after *justice*, (righteousness,) and this brings the author to the fourth beatitude, and to the opening of his second volume. He refers to those writers who for three centuries have misrepresented the Church of the faithful ages, and dismisses their charges rather summarily, — “where philosophy is heard, they cannot be received as evidence.” He allows that these were ages of crime, “but mark, it was crime along with infinite pity, infinite horror for sin, and infinite desire of justice.”* A strange combination, truly! He says that a countenance for Judas would now be found sooner in London or Berlin than it was by Da Vinci, who searched for one a whole year at Milan, for his painting of the Lord’s Supper. Mr. Digby should have told the rest of the story, that the painter was at last highly satisfied to take the face of the head of the convent for which he was exercising his art, an avaricious and wicked man. Mr. Digby is scandalized by the recent publication, by Méon and others, of the *Fabliaux* of the Middle Ages. They are, indeed, to the last degree obscene and disgusting, and bear a sad testimony to the times which produced them. Specimens of them are given by Thomas Wright, in his volumes on the Middle Ages.

When Mr. Digby undertakes to represent the state of the public mind and manners in those ages as regards conformity to the Divine law, he finds it necessary to depreciate the testimony of those of his own Church who have drawn deplorable descriptions of the general depravity of their times; as, for instance, in the prologue to the “Customs of Cluny,” and in the “Annals of the Camaldolese.” He then passes on to domestic manners and to nunneries. Here are some of the most beautiful passages in his volumes. Virginity gave sanctity to the marriage state. “From the first moment that there was a free and voluntary condition of life for women, they had a personal importance; and this doctrine of virginity, which seems fatal to marriage, on the contrary, constituted its new force and grandeur.”† As said the song of the Nibelungen, “The virtues of the maiden made other

* Vol. II. p. 12.

† Vol. II. p. 70.

ladies fair." Our author traces to the nunnery respect for females and a higher view of love, and then proceeds to consider the institution, character, and influence of the clergy, as regards justice.

Even so stern a judge and opponent of the Church of Rome as Michelet admits, "that the ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the twelfth century was an anchor of safety. It might spare some guilty persons, but how many innocent did it not save!"* Sanctuary privileges, by which even the bell-tower became a safe asylum, sheltered the innocent and the guilty. There are mountain-loads of testimony about the gorgeousness and state of the clergy, which the single exceptions of our author cannot remove. He asserts that strict justice decided the order of promotion from rank to rank among the clergy, and he apologizes for the warrior prelates. Yet it appears that some of the wisest provisions of authority, which he most applauds, were called out by abuses which he makes of small account. The preaching of the Middle Ages, he says, was far exalted above modern preaching. In this connection he gives us the famous sermon of St. Eloy, which Robertson in his *History* so grossly misrepresented, and for which he is so justly taken to task in Dr. Maitland's work on the "Dark Ages."

The morality of those ages, says our author, was heroic and "supernatural," disinterested, and earnest, and pure. It was presided over by the confessional, that wonderful invention, whose effects Michelet expresses in a sentence, which, when put into English, is still French,— "This was a new era of morality, the accession of conscience." In treating of the confessional and of indulgences, Mr. Digby becomes very controversial, and aims to meet objections, though he passes over that which attaches to the possible character of the priest who received confessions. The demand, the absolute compulsion, which enforced the confessional, was a tyrannical and most iniquitous exaction upon man. The declaration of absolution and indulgence was an encroachment upon the prerogatives of God. Neither Gospel nor Epistle will show an instance in which the Master or an apostle demanded or listened to an exposure of bosom secrets. Our author is excessively severe, and almost unscrupulous, in comparing modern manners and principles with

* *Histoire de France*, II. 393.

those of the past. To what lengths he runs ! “ An absolute horror of ambition,” he says, “ characterized the Middle Ages ” ! The Reformation in England is grossly misrepresented, as if Henry the Eighth, with all his wives, constituted the people of England, and the humble Lollards had not discovered the rottenness of the ecclesiastical system before men in high places proclaimed it. The author ascribes the interest of the moderns in philosophy to their hopeless disagreement about Scripture.* What if it should lead them to true and harmonious views of Scripture ?

Well may our author approach the fifth benediction — “ Blessed are the *merciful* ” — with some anxiety ! For under the claims of the Church to that benediction, he has to meet her dealings in such mercies as the torture, the Inquisition, the Crusades, and the war against the Waldenses. But the skill which has claimed for the Church thus far poverty, meekness, mercy, and justice, is not now at fault. To win a pleasant hearing, he tells us that Da Vinci used to purchase birds in their cages to give them their liberty, and that St. Francis of Assise had been seen removing worms out of the path, and that Catholic ages did not love to talk scandal. Then he comes to the point. “ In the ecclesiastical courts men found science and charity. From their codes the pains of death and mutilation were banished.”† The use of the torture came down from the Pagans, he says, and he owns it is sad and humiliating, that legislation continued it through the Middle Ages, and that the Church did not protest. This, however, he accounts for “ by the disposition of Christians to suffer rather than to act, and to take as little part as possible in public affairs.”‡ “ There is evidently a dilemma ” ; — a very troublesome one, too. He claims humanity for the Church towards prisoners and slaves, and in war. But the great stain on the Church is intolerance. He says that “ the men of those times believed one religion to be true, and but one ; and that it was the duty of those who adhered to the faith to endeavour, by all means consistent with free-will, to convert men to it, and to incorporate all of human kind into the one body which professed it ” ; but they did not think it reasonable or just to use force, compulsion, or the sword.§ He affirms that the reasons why the sects hate the Church are, that “ as Spouse she will admit no

* Vol. II. p. 247.

† Vol. II. p. 315.

† Vol. II. p. 311.

§ Vol. II. p. 361.

partition of regard," and that she "must always seek to proselytize." She claims to inflict only the moral penalty of excommunication. When she appeared to go farther, two distinct agencies were involved, Church and State. The State at one time wished to deprive the Church of the power of excommunication; at another time, the State regarded the protection of the people from error in matters of faith as an object of important civil interest. Thus the two authorities were confounded. By the Saxon law, a parent was forced, under threat of a fine, to have a child baptized before it was a month old. If, after that age, a child died unbaptized, the parent forfeited all his property. But excommunication itself amounted to the infliction upon its victim of the plague or the leprosy. As to other ecclesiastical measures, says our author, the Church devised them to keep her children from the contamination of heresy, and "mercy was the rule, and its neglect the exception." All the desperate acts of bigotry and persecution in those ages he refers to the encroachments of the secular courts and of popular feeling upon ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The Church never tortured or burned heretics. It merely pronounced them to be heretics, and then delivered them over to the secular arm! What miserable sophistry! How had the secular arm been taught and excited to proceed with heretics? Let the Romanists answer that question, if they can, without a blush.

So deeply, indeed, had the spirit of persecution been worked into men's minds by the Church, that it required a long and painful experience even for Protestants to overcome that spirit. This is the explanation of Protestant persecutions. They followed the examples of a thousand years. Protestants had suffered so severely by persecution, that it was very long before they even dreamed that they could forego its use. The Church, by ancient and invariable example, had persuaded them that persecution was as essential a part of religion as prayer. The author, of course, charges Protestants with persecuting Catholics, and quotes Milton's words, — "But as for Popery, why it also may not hence plead to be tolerated, I have much less to say. This is not a religion, but a Roman principality." There is much in what Milton implies. The Roman Catholic religion is *something more than religion*. It necessarily involves, where it is dominant, an encroachment on personal, social, and civil rights. Mr. Digby

presumes to make the following daring assertion : — “ The Inquisition took cognizance only of Catholics, and of those who labored to pervert them. It passed over Jews, and all persons born in heresy or schism.” * If Jews alone, to say nothing of Protestants, could come back from their horrible martyrdoms to face the writer of this sentence, how would he meet them? Our author represents the Crusades, and the Spanish wars against the Moors, as wars of self-defence, and affirms that the Church “ has no feeling towards its foes, but resignation and forgiveness.” † In treating of institutions of mercy, and hospitals, and the poor, he claims for the Church the highest reverence in these matters, and visits upon Protestantism the severest censures. The Church, he says, kept the poor in sight, — Protestantism secludes them. We should say that the former favored beggary, wandering in disease, and finding precarious relief, while the latter forbids such vagrancy, and affords permanent help. We are far, however, from lacking sensibility and admiration for the proud testimonies offered to the Church in her splendid and patient charities, performed by Christians, not by hirelings; though we must rebuke our author when he says, “ Protestantism, as a religion, founds no hospitals; private philanthropy and the policy of government must provide for such wants.” ‡

But we must hasten on our course, and study brevity. The sixth benediction is pronounced upon *purity of heart*. The ages of faith exhibited this purity in life, in their amusements, in their arts, and in their literature. The moderns have lost it. The moderns cannot even conceive of “ the consecrated intention, the mystic essence,” which pervaded the past. The author calls around us a procession of the great scholars, classed in periods. Erasmus he calls the Voltaire of the sixteenth century. He accuses the printers and booksellers of the time of favoring the Reformers, § and of printing their works elegantly, while they sent forth Catholic replies in such mean shapes that no one would read them. Faith gave repose of mind to the men of faith. Their principle was, that “ religious feeling is the beginning of the development of reason.” “ Philosophy seeks truth, religion finds it,” said Picus of Mirandula. In the ages of faith, theology and philosophy were identical. The Church did not argue about the higher truths, but deemed them established

* Vol. II. p. 388.

† Vol. II. p. 510.

‡ Vol. II. p. 422.

§ Vol. II. p. 568.

by revelation, and if it discussed puerile subtilties, it was for the exercise of keen logical skill. The principle of faith was then every thing ; it was "an infused virtue received in baptism." * The lawful uses of reason were, to confirm faith, to lead adult infidels to faith, and to guard Christians from heresy and schism. In an eloquent chapter, the author argues that Catholic philosophy was humble, clear, teachable, practicable, poetic, noble, and universal. This "purity of heart" had its reward. The faithful saw God. There was a mystic sympathy between their souls and all parts of creation, leading St. Francis to preach sermons to the birds, and St. Anthony to exhort the fishes ; a sympathy very different from that which the mere naturalist feels. The faithful saw God in what appear to be deviations from the course of nature, in countless miraculous tokens. The author seems to be embarrassed by the number and the extravagance of the middle-age miracles. He admits that Mabillon and others complained of them, and that the story of St. Denis having carried his head in his hands was not told until seven hundred years after the feat was performed, while many like marvels were also first narrated ages after their pretended occurrence.† He says, "None were received as genuine by the ecclesiastical authority, excepting after the most impartial and rigid scrutiny" ! Still the priests reported them, and the people believed them, and even the ecclesiastical scrutiny was a prejudiced and unscrupulous inquest. An Irish synod decided that the testimony of a woman about a miracle was not to be received. Our author, with a most marvellous assurance, ascribes witchcraft, magic, the black art, astrology, alchemy, and necromancy, to heretics ; and, forgetting the bulls of several of the Popes against witchcraft, he seeks to affix the reproach of the proceedings against it upon Protestants, and pretends even that the Church never favored the "trial by ordeal."

The faithful also saw God in human records, in Gentile philosophy, in Pagan learning. They took a correct view of the great original traditions which attested the ancient interpositions of God. "The authority of the Scriptures depends upon the approbation of the Church."‡ The faithful saw God in the Scriptures, studied historically and philosophically ;

* Vol. II., p. 636. † Vol. II., pp. 704, 713, 714.

‡ Vol. II., p. 760.

in the Church; in the Mysteries and Sacraments; and in visions of future glory.

The third volume of Mr. Digby's work treats of the seventh and the eighth beatitudes, those of *peace* and the *endurance of trial for the sake of justice* (righteousness). The subjects and topics embraced in it have been anticipated in the former volumes, but are treated in this with more expansion and enlargement, with all the author's affluence of learning and exhaustless fertility of detail. To trace the spirit and love of peace, through all the strifes, factions, wars, and butcheries of the Middle Ages, was a formidable task; and we must confess that the author finds more of it in their prayers and hymns and friendly letters, than the remains of the robber and feudal castles, and of ancient armories, and of dire battle-fields would lead us to expect. Under this beatitude the author discusses at length the monastic life, — its labors, duties, pleasures, and trials, its devotional tenor, and its abiding fruits in what it has contributed to the world. His enthusiasm passes all bounds except that of his learning. His descriptions are particular and detailed; he seldom admits abuses, and is ready with apology always. Nowhere can be found a more minute, elaborate, and interesting treatment of this theme than in his pages. He has been a visitor in many existing monasteries, and our only wonder is that he does not embrace the life which he so extols, and become and remain a monk now and for ever.

The last book, on the eighth beatitude, treats of martyrdom, of the ancient Pagan persecution of the Christians, of heretics, of slavery, invasions, pirates, and missionaries, of royal and social and domestic persecutions, of penal laws, and of the strife which attended the Reformation. Were we to undertake to criticize this last book, we should be in constant antagonism with our author. All that we can say of this whole volume is, that the romance is well sustained to the very end, and closes with the same fond dalliance with which it began.

The whole work is, indeed, a long epistle of love, extolling charms which exist only in the enamoured vision of the admirer, and tasking language to represent as a reality what lives only as a sweet imagination in the heart. The skill and devotion of the author, — we will not impugn it as cunning, — by which he has culled out from the enormous masses of ancient lore whatever is pure and praiseworthy in its testimonies,

is a sure guaranty of his own sincerity, and of his charity too, — that is, his charity toward the Roman Church.

And shall we ridicule the sweet and lovely imagery, the lineaments of visionary sanctity and happiness, with which he has drawn before us the vanished realities of the past? No! We must confess to having received a high religious benefit from the perusal of this work. Very often has it touched our heart. But there has been a constant protest of our understanding, a sense of violence done to the truth, and a frequent irritation of feeling, accompanying our undefined delight. Would that we could embrace all that was good and desirable in the whole Christian past, and combine it with the amendments of the present, and so concentrate blessings upon each future year and age of the world! But had those ages of the past been, as a whole, what our author would persuade us that they were, then they would have perpetuated themselves; they would have come down to us with the Gospel, if they had expressed the Gospel; they would have had an inherent power of vitality, and men would have clung to them in approval and love. No testimony would have come from them, such as now echoes with sad sounds through the Christian world, of alienated hearts, of sundered fellowship between cloistered scholars, of cankering outrages and iniquities, from which only a scarred and diseased body has escaped.

When we reflect that the Roman Church had a thousand years of almost triumphant ascendancy for the full trial of its experiments, in which to contrive devices, to adapt itself to human nature, and to employ all conceivable agencies and resources with which it might win and overawe and retain its disciples, it is not strange, that, in looking back upon it, we may find many tokens of its exquisite and adroit skill. No cultivated Protestant will refuse to admit the singular beauty and power of many of those fantasies, devices, and emblems which the Church has invented. The beautiful “functions” or exercises of the “month of Mary,” — the vesper hymn, — the holy water, the emblem of purification, and doubly hallowed when reverently kept in a household, either to be sprinkled upon a corpse, or to be rubbed in a smarting eye, — these, and a thousand other adaptations of use and beauty, declare how faithfully and how tenderly the Church sought to gird life with a zone of sanctity, and to make dumb symbols eloquent. Nor is it remarkable that religion should have stood for so much during the Middle Ages, and been so real, and in their records

apparently so engrossing. Religion was the only bond of union, the only object of common interest in those ages, which had so much of intrigue, war, and strife, and so little of commerce, science, or literature.

Yet, when we turn from the mere romance of sentiment with which one view of those ages is invested, and face the severe majesties of truth and fact, we cannot but realize that Mr. Digby's design is daring and rash, and involves an almost reckless effrontery. The most threatening perils of the present age in Europe are precisely the growth of some of those seeds of the past which were not plucked out; while the brighter signs of hope for society and humanity are developed from new influences, wholly unlike the peculiar elements of the Roman Church. Mr. Digby's learned and elaborate volumes may yet be answered at full length, and every general or specific statement in them be met with counter-testimony from the recondite stores of those ages; for a judicial Providence has so far made the monkish writings subservient to the ministry of truth, that, though written in the Church, they will testify against it; that is, so far as the right-minded Protestant would care to have them. How easy it would be to rebut the most positive statements of our author! Thus, he avers that the authority of the Church, and of its eminent disciples, was always directed against magic and astrology. Who, then, practised in those mysteries, when the Church embraced all students, and all the learning needed by them? A chain of testimonies might here be quoted against our author, beginning with that of St. Augustine, who says that divination and magic were very prevalent among Christians of his day, and confesses that he himself had intended to study judicial astrology, but was dissuaded, not by the Church, but by a Pagan physician.* This eminent saint of the Church was likewise the first severe accuser of the monks, and charged them with a dislike of honest industry.† Again, Mr. Digby affirms that the Church protected the Jews. Now Holy Week, throughout Western Europe, was a season for their general persecution, and many of its ceremonies involved insult and violence against them. At their peril did they appear in public during the three days before Easter. They were very numerous at Beziers, and there, on Palm Sunday, the bishop, from the pulpit, thus addressed the Christian congregation:

* Augustin. Confess. IV. 3.

† De Oper. Monach.

“ You have around you the descendants of the people that crucified Jesus Christ, whose passion we are now to celebrate. Faithful to the custom of your ancestors, arm yourselves with stones, and avenge, to the utmost of your power, the injuries and insults offered to your Redeemer.” His benediction followed, and the hearers proceeded to obey him. Pope John XXII. issued his bulls, also, commanding the Inquisitors in Languedoc to proceed vigorously against the Jews.* And how might the saintliness of worthy bishops in those ages be contrasted by ecclesiastical dignitaries eminent for their passions : such, for instance, as the Bishop of Bayeux, who, with a mailed hauberk over his priestly rochet, and mounted on a white war-horse, led on the cavalry of that ruffianly crew of Normans, under the Pope’s consecrated banner, for the invasion of England under William the Conqueror. Truly, the romantic idea or image, which rises before the mind as the expression of the holy and peaceful life of the Middle Ages, meets a rude shock, when we contrast it with the actual reality.

One signal delusion, into which, if Mr. Digby has not himself fallen, he would mislead his readers, is involved in his very plan and method. He represents the Roman Catholic system, in all its parts, as forming one perfect scheme, its parts being contemporaneous in their origin, and flourishing altogether in full and complete harmony and perfection, as one large and consistent whole, through the same time. Yet in no system are development, accretion, adaptation, politic adjustment, and successive devices for temporary ends and new emergencies more apparent than in that of the Church of Rome. Our author winks every thing of the kind out of sight. He gathers up thoughts, feelings, and institutions, which lie isolated and apart over the space of a thousand years, and makes them a whole, a living, present, and efficient system, through all those ages. Thus he secures the credit of whatever may have changed its value, or been adopted, or been thrown aside, by lapse of time or by circumstance. Now the decline of art is dated from the fourth century, and its restoration from the sixteenth ; so that, allowing the utmost to the high services and to the proud distinctions of the Roman Church in its patronage of art, the general fact is still undeniable, that, while the sway of the Church was un-

* Collection des Historiens de France, Vol. XII.

broken, the whole long period covers the night of art. Many of the institutions and agencies to which the Church was most largely indebted, and for which it deserves praise, were the productions of its more mature ages and of its waning strength, instead of being coeval with its rise, and continuous through its whole course.

As a specimen of a thousand conflicts between Popes and princes, by which the Papal power was built up, we give the following choice correspondence between Pope Boniface VIII. and King Philip the Fair, of France, at the close of the thirteenth century ; promising, that the bulls and the interdict of the Pope all fell harmless.

“Boniface, Pontiff, servant of the servants of God, to Philip, King of France : — Fear God and keep his commandments. Learn that you are subject to us both in spiritual and temporal matters. If you have the ward of any benefices by the death of the incumbent, you are bound to account for the proceeds to their successors. If you have conferred any benefices, we pronounce your grants null *de jure*, and we revoke them *de facto*. Those who entertain a contrary opinion shall be regarded as heretics.”

Now for the king's reply.

“Philip, by the grace of God King of the French, to Boniface, falsely calling himself Pope, little or no greeting.

“Let your great stupidity learn that we are not subject to any earthly power in temporal matters ; that the bestowing of benefices and vacant sees belongs to us by right of our crown ; that we dispose of the revenues of vacant churches in right of our royal prerogative ; that our gifts of sees are valid for the past and the future ; and that we will maintain with all our might those on whom we have conferred, and shall confer, benefices.

“Those who suppose the contrary will be regarded by us as dolts and idiots.”*

The Church, so far from having been the unchangeable thing which it is so often described as having been, was in fact a most pliable and accommodating thing, ready to receive modifications from all occasions and circumstances. Some of its institutions, to which it now owes the most, have grown up even since the Reformation. That spirit of historical

* The Revolutions, Insurrections, and Conspiracies of Europe. By W. C. Taylor, L. L. D., of Trinity College, Dublin. London. 1843. Vol. II. p. 220.

skepticism, which Heeren first raised for the trial of the legends of classic annals, would make sad havoc with the traditions of the Middle Ages. The grounds for believing that Alfred founded the University of Oxford are now undermined. Sir Francis Palgrave has questioned the authenticity of Ingulphus. Who would undertake to investigate and prove one of the thousand statements for which Mr. Digby claims our reverence, — as, for instance, whether St. Aderal of Troyes, in the tenth century, walked twelve times to Rome, bare-footed, in honor of the twelve Apostles? We are called by our author to admire the saintliness of pilgrims, roaming in every direction, carrying no food, clothing, or money. He says that monks and friars were compelled to travel two and two together. And a precious set many of them were. We know that they must have drawn upon the poor around them for sustenance, and have been troublesome vagrants.

The glorification of the Middle Ages at the expense of modern times and institutions is just one of those bold assumptions of partisan controversy which are to be met with an absolute, downright denial. It is not to be dallied with for a moment. The influence of the Roman ecclesiastical system, on a full trial through Christendom, and at present in its strongholds, when compared with the influence of Protestantism, tells a tale which no sophistry, no romance, no effusion of the gray hues of antiquity, no imaginative sentimentalism, can now mystify or dispute. The stained glass windows in the majestic, but unfinished, cathedral at Cologne are in part of ancient and in part of modern manufacture. Those on the north side of the edifice are old; they are stiff, uncouth, and clouded. Those on the south side are new; they are transparent and perfect. And if symbols can be made to serve truth, we have here a contrast, very expressive, between past and present times, as illustrated in what is called a lost art. The manufacture of stained glass may perhaps have lost something in richness of tint, for age always deepens what it does not cause to fade. But the drawing, the perspective, the fidelity to truth and nature, in modern art, are far superior to its ancient specimens, and the old richness of tint will yet be restored. The old Church was an architectural and scenical institution, and its excellence in that view cannot be disputed. But when we come to weigh the moral influence of the proud hierarchy, and are referred to a mass of pious and fictitious legends, then we approve no further.

In the words of the discreet and candid Hallam, "we have, unfortunately, to set against the saintly legends an enormous mass of better attested crimes, especially of oppression and cruelty." * What a monstrous assumption is involved in such descriptions as Mr. Digby gives us of the superiority of times past over times present! How false to history is such a theory, how inconsistent with true philosophy, how at war with the workings of Divine Providence, how disheartening to every high hope for our race! Does the world retrograde and degenerate as it grows older? Or is the highest influence that rules in each age right only in its own place, and ever tending to improve itself, and so to make the future better? Roman Catholics deprive their cause of its best claim upon Protestant charity, when they represent their system as not only perfect for the time when it was most powerful, but also as incapable of improvement, and as deserving perpetual authority and veneration. Romanism appears most pardonable and tolerable in its palmy days, if apologized for as only a temporary and imperfect system. During the long period of seeming acquiescence in that system, especially in England, some of the most keen and high-nerved expressions of mind, and some of the most heroic utterances of great spirits, declared an intense uneasiness under such thralldom. To those who affirm that the Papal *régime* nourished for a thousand years a race of the noblest stock and power on the earth, we have a fair reply. We may allow the truth of that assertion, but we may add to it, that the noblest specimens, and thoughts, and deeds, of some of the loftiest spirits of those ages were in continual distrust and denial of a mummary worship, a corrupting institution, and a sinful hierarchy.

Sincerely honest and intelligent men, who have studied with a candid diligence the public and private histories embraced in the Middle Ages, who have zealously sought for truth, and have brought no other feeling to the search but a deep love of truth, — such inquirers, and they have been many, after all attained to the painful result, that the Roman Church, as an exclusive hierarchical institution, is neither the spouse of Christ, nor the heavenly appointed ark of salvation, but a cunning and monstrous invention, a wonderful and com-

* Hallam's Supplementary Notes, No. 8.

plicated artifice, a most consummate fraud. Yet when this conviction has been so deeply impressed upon the mind that fire cannot efface it, it may still be difficult to state all the facts and arguments which have contributed to form it. We infer from our own experience, that very many, if not most others, who have made a study of the Roman system, and have been most strongly convinced of its usurpations and enormities, may feel themselves utterly incompetent to express in words or reasons the full strength of their convictions, with their proofs. Even Mr. Macaulay seems to have shared this feeling, in his splendid essay on the Church of Rome. Indeed, many of the most skilful disputants in the controversy, from the earliest to recent times, have expressed this feeling; none more strongly and quaintly than Tyndale. Tyndale says, in his "Prologues to the Five Books of Moses," where he is speaking of the Roman corruptions, — "Though thou feel in thy heart and art sure, how that all is false that they say, yet couldst thou not solve their subtle riddles." So ingeniously contrived, so adroitly defended, so cunningly accommodated to human pride and weakness both, are the resources of that marvellous ecclesiastical system. And yet, after all, the most bewitching hues and influences of that system come from its adjuncts, — from the moss, and ivy, and weather-stains, which formed no part of the original or the essential structure, but are the additions of time. Tourists stand and admire the old gray castles of ancient feudalism. But they once had another color to those who looked at their outside, and other associations to those who dwelt within. The tremendous issues which have been fairly opened in the last three centuries, in theology, religion, and social relations, are not to be decided by morsels of black-letter literature culled from the visions and dreams of ancient monks, nor by the unstable policy of an ancient hierarchy.*

* The following expression of the opinions of a matured and a profound mind, on the subject before us, we copy with all the more pleasure because it contains the judgment of a most candid writer on the work which we have reviewed at length.

"Beyond every doubt, the evils of superstition in the Middle Ages, though, separately considered, very serious, are not to be weighed against the benefits of the religion with which they were so mingled. The fashion of the eighteenth century, among Protestants especially, was to exaggerate the crimes and follies of mediæval ages; perhaps I have fallen into it a little too much [meaning in his "Middle Ages"]. In the present, we seem more in danger of extenuating them. We still want an inflexible impartiality in all that borders on ecclesiastical history, which, I believe, has never been displayed on an extensive scale. A

We have applied the epithet *romantic* to the view of the Church which Mr. Digby has presented, because his work is one sustained appeal to the fond and beguiling sentiments which rise in the heart when the past is decked in the colors of fancy, and the soft melancholy of a retrospect suggests that the former days may have been better than these. On the *artistic* influences and attractions of the Roman Church, volumes larger than those of Mr. Digby might easily be written. That Church has rendered the highest service to art, and has engaged all forms and conceptions of taste, and beauty, and skill, to impress the senses, and to win the hearts of human beings. It seems but right and reasonable, therefore, that the creations of art, which are inseparably associated with the Church, should in return serve her. There is a charm in the works of ecclesiastical art which all cultivated minds must feel, and which furnishes the Church with a powerful influence in the work of converting Protestants. If the Church denied the Scriptures to her children, she made no unworthy compromise in providing for them in her innumerable paintings an eloquent representation of every striking scene and incident in sacred history. She invented what is certainly the most impressive style of architecture, though it may reasonably be questioned whether her so-called Gothic style is most accordant with Christian views and uses.

We remember to have heard a strong appeal in behalf of the Church, on the ground of its religious use of artistic influences, in one of the sermons of Dr. Wiseman, to which we have referred on a previous page. With great force of language and description, and with a slight vein of satire, he contrasted Catholic and Protestant worship, with the attendant methods and offices of each respectively. So vividly did he draw the contrast, that the impression of it remains

more captivating book can hardly be named than the '*Mores Catholici*' of Mr. Digby; and it contains certainly a great deal of truth; but the general effect is that of a *mirage*, which confuses and deludes the sight. If those '*Ages of Faith*' were as noble, as pure, as full of human kindness, as he has delineated them, we have had a bad exchange in the centuries since the Reformation. And those who gaze at Mr. Digby's enchantments will do well to consider how they can better escape this consequence than he has done. Dr. Maitland's '*Letters on the Dark Ages*,' and a great deal more that comes from the pseudo-Anglican or Anglo-Catholic press, converge to the same end, a strong sympathy with the mediæval Church, a great indulgence to its errors, and, indeed, a reluctance to admit them, with a corresponding estrangement from all that has passed in the last three centuries."—Hallam's "*Supplementary Notes*" to his "*Europe during the Middle Ages*," No. 207.

distinct on our minds after a lapse of ten years. The gorgeous edifice in which he preached, which from its pavement to its dome was one blaze of glory and of beauty, helped the impression of the discourse. Schiller's description of the splendors of the Roman worship in his "Mary Stuart" was but faint in comparison with Dr. Wiseman's. Perhaps we cannot set forth the artistic claims of the Church more effectively than by a sketch of that sermon as it remains in our memory, though we will not answer for the effect which subsequent reading and observation may have had upon us in filling out his contrast, or in mingling other materials with it.

Dr. Wiseman asked his hearers to conceive of the idea of worship, — of Christian worship, and of the offices, and methods, and helps for its due observance, — which lived in the mind of the designer of one of the old European cathedrals. He bade us follow that idea as it suggested and wrought out the lavish glory of such a structure, with all its essential parts and its adornings. The cathedral was in the form of a Latin cross. The size of the structure expressed the lofty view of the comprehensiveness and compass of that faith for which it was reared. It was built for worship, not for preaching alone, and the question, whether the voice of a man might be heard over it distinctly, was not asked. The deep excavations into the bosom of the earth, which were afterwards covered from the sight, secured a safe foundation, though unseen when the structure was completed. The crypt beneath the pavement was divided between subterranean chapels and tombs for holy burials. The base of each lofty shaft within the edifice appeared to rest upon the pavement, but the real bases of these columns were buried even deeper than the foundations of the walls, and bore up the massive arches of the crypt, before they pierced the pavement. The choir, which answered to the head-piece of the cross, was set toward the east: it contained the holy vessels, the chancel, and the high altar. The lofty screen, surmounted by the rood, or cross, divided the choir from the nave; and amid its rich tabernacle-work, its niches and saintly images, was the solemn organ. The nave, which answered to the upright beam below the arms of the cross, was divided by columns and arches into three aisles, the central aisle far exceeding in height the two lateral ones. Here the priestly processions, with incense and candles, moved with

solemn tread to the music of their own chants. Two towers rose from the western end, the foot of the cross, and between them was the deep arched entrance, just within which stood the font, to signify by its place and symbol that baptism was the door into the Church, and the vase of holy water, that the washing of innocency might prepare the worshipper to "compass the altar," and the plate or box to receive alms for the poor. All hideous shapes of demons, dragons, and evil things were carved in stone and set in painful attitudes, and were thus made to do service *outside* of the church, by supporting buttresses, water-courses, and gutters. The central spire rose from the breast of the cross, where its beams intersected each other. Peals of bells sounded far over the blessed region, and put malignant spirits to flight. All the parts of the interior of the edifice were symbolical of sacred truths. Every image and emblem of loveliness, and beauty, and sanctity, and truth, every means of edification and impression, was engaged to reach the heart, to excite the conscience, to quicken devotion, to consecrate life, to prepare the soul for heaven. Along the spacious walls were many subordinate altars, dedicated to the various graces and virtues of the Christian faith. At either of those altars the worshipper might kneel, but he had help in making his choice. The name of the patron saint to which each altar was consecrated, and whose life, or martyrdom, spoke to the eye in painting or sculpture, was suggestive of some great Christian lesson; and the worshipper, who felt the chief need of that lesson to counsel or comfort him, would naturally choose the altar where his spirit was most refreshed. Every means for affecting the heart and the spirit through the senses was made to serve the Christian in that vast cathedral. Its spacious area admitted the funeral train, the bridal party, and the baptismal company, at the same moment, and the services of the Church for these differing groups might be simultaneously observed without interference with each other. Music, "that poetry of tones," woke the solemn echoes of the sanctuary. Sainly scenes and persons delineated on the stained glass windows were made to soften and hallow the light of heaven within the sacred walls. The monuments, on which the effigies of the dead reposed in calm silence, preached to the living. The fumes of incense filled the air with a holy aroma. The crucifix was the one great emblem, and all else within the church did reverence to its victim.

The temple was always open, and always holy. The peasant, passing to his toil or from it, could enter the church and kneel before his chosen altar, and the beggar was at liberty there to ask alms. No pews divided the sacred area. The rich and the poor there met together. The monarch knelt beside the peasant.

Such was the description of the house of worship in the Catholic fold, as Dr. Wiseman in the main has suggested its idea and description to our minds. We need not inform our readers how he heightened his contrast by describing a Puritan meeting-house, with its intentional ugliness ; its cheapness, poverty, and want of durability ; its pews ; its uses for pecuniary speculation ; its entire lack of solemnity ; its cock upon the spire ; its doors closed through the week ; its dependence on the presence of the minister to make it holy ; and the psalmody which pierced its rafters with discords.

We must leave to our readers to rectify this contrast, suggesting only that true worship may go up from a temple constructed after either of these patterns. We have thought that such a description as we have given would do full justice to the artistic influences of the Romish Church, while, even if we admit her preëminence in art, we by no means allow that art is religion. To every claim which she may advance for her patronage of men of high creative genius in the works of design, for her skilful adaptations of innocent means to win good effects, and for the rich treasures in stone, marble, jewels, and paintings, which she has gathered around her altars, we would yield a just recognition. An incidental question might, indeed, be raised as to the extent to which the Church has exercised an original invention in either art which she may have adopted and perfected. Her robes, mitres, incense, chants, and priestly processions come from Judaism. She has also "spoiled the Egyptians." Her *basilicas*, candles, exorcisms, patron saints and shrines, and her *viaticum*, come from Paganism. She has led thousands into idolatry, and has ever impeded the effect of simple Christian truths on the minds of the savages to whom she has sent her missionaries, by the charms which she has offered to their senses. Our own Indians were dazzled by the calicoes and trinkets which decked the movable altars set up in the wilderness by Fathers Marquet and Rasle, far more than they were edified by the preaching of those devoted laborers.

Much of the whole domain of art, which the Church claims

as exclusively her own, is the common property of civilized man; even the Chinese rival her in some of its creative conceptions. Christian art and symbolism belong not to the Roman Church alone, for Protestantism, as far as Protestantism approves, may share it with her. The star, the cross, the cup, and the candlestick, may serve with us as sacred emblems. Protestantism does, indeed, distribute the treasures of art in different places, and use them for other purposes than worship. It divides among museums, galleries, and private parlours the beautiful works which were once crowded into the churches. But Protestantism thinks that the presence of God, which could make the bush in the pasture holy, and the dreary mountain-top awful, is enough to consecrate the naked walls of the plainest temple which human hands have builded. Protestantism may minister too exclusively to the intellect. Instruction may occupy a greatly disproportionate share of the occasions when her disciples assemble for public worship. The sentiments, the emotions, the taste, may be comparatively neglected in the treatment of themes which task the mind. But when Protestantism is fully aware of any mistake of this kind which she may commit, she has the means of rectifying it. For all the help which the Roman Church will then afford her she will be grateful, and no scruple need hinder our use of it. The treasures of art which are collected in Italian churches and palaces, and the splendid ceremonies of Roman worship, are annually looked upon by multitudes of Protestants, doubtless to the improvement of their own taste. We might quote here, from recent writers, a great variety of testimonies as to the effect which these objects and spectacles have produced upon them. But it is enough to say, that not one observer in a thousand is converted by such means to the Roman communion. If the Roman Church condemns Protestantism for an excessive pursuit of science, and an inordinate ministration to the intellect, we may rebut the charge by reminding her of the possible idolatry of art. There was a terrible severity in the sentence which was pronounced by the late John Sterling, in a letter to Archdeacon Hare, after the former had witnessed in Rome the scenes whose effect on him he thus describes: "How the aspect of modern Rome, the churches, the ceremonies, and the Papal court, should produce any of the Romanizing appetite, is to me a puzzle. I have seen the Pope in all his pomp at St. Peter's, and he looked to me

like a mere lie in livery." What must be the aspect of that city now, when its Shechinah — if we may so apply a very sacred word to its pretended representative — is withdrawn, and Rome has no Pope ?

We have a word to say, in conclusion, concerning those to whom we referred in the beginning of our remarks as liable or ready to be converted to the Roman Church. The young members of Protestant societies owe it to themselves, to inform themselves of the world's history, and of those great ecclesiastical questions which have agitated Christendom for ages. They should know that such a gigantic institution as the Roman Church, one so skilfully devised, so wonderfully adapted to the ambition, the romantic tendencies, and the weaknesses of many hearts, has something to say for itself. They should be able to follow up its pleas, and to answer them. The fact, that, three centuries since, when Christendom groaned under its sway, and corruption and wretchedness were bred from it, some all-enduring heroes gave their sinews to the rack, and their bodies to the red blaze of martyrdom, to purchase for us a free and a pure faith, must never be forgotten. Let our Protestant youth remember the trials of their fathers, and be worthy of the stock. When they see a devotee convert to that communion perfectly entranced by it, let them be able to refer the fact to well-known principles of human nature, and not allow the painful lessons of the past to be falsified because now and then a young girl from a Protestant fold takes the black veil or kneels before a picture of the Virgin Mary. At least, let there be no indifference, no ignorance, among those who ought to be well informed and well guarded in this matter. Let not art and romance confound truth. Then, if converts are made at all, they will always be converts to the right, the wise, the holy, and the good. G. E. E.

ART. II.—FORTY DAYS IN THE DESERT.*

THE agreeable book, whose title we give below, is fresh from the London press, although it bears no date on the

* *Forty Days in the Desert, on the Track of the Israelites, or, a Journey from Cairo, by Wady Feiran, to Mount Sinai and Petra.* By the AUTHOR OF "WALKS AROUND JERUSALEM." London: 8vo.

title-page. The author's name is not added. But from the publishers' advertisement at the end of the volume, it appears to be the production of W. H. Bartlett. "The object of this volume is to give distinct and graphic pen and pencil sketches of the route of the Israelites from Egypt to Mount Sinai, dwelling particularly upon the beautiful oasis of Wady Feiran, and the neighbouring mountain, the Serbal, confidently pronounced by Lepsius and other *savans* to be the real Sinai."

The book is beautifully got up, in the style of the annuals, and is illustrated by "twenty-seven engravings on steel, from sketches taken on the route, a map, and numerous woodcuts."

The work, although it may make no material addition to what was known through the researches of those travellers who had preceded our author on the same hallowed ground, will yet be read with a lively interest by those who have often followed, in idea, "on the track of the Israelites," as it is described in the sacred Guide-Book, "through the great and terrible wilderness." The books are numerous that relate to the scenes and localities of which our author gives such pleasant "pen and pencil sketches." And we neither wonder at the number of such publications, nor are we easily fatigued by the repeated attempts to illustrate the amazing incidents of the Bible history. Our author commences his Preface by saying, — "He who has drunk of the Nile water, it is said, is always restless till he has tasted it again; and this may be taken as a figure of the strange longing which at times torments an old Oriental traveller, to seek for fresh adventures among lands through which he often wandered at the time in peril and privation." We are disposed to employ the same figure in regard to books descriptive of the East. The imagination is excited by every new report, and we are glad to accompany a fresh traveller to the same scenes of inexhaustible interest.

The Exodus of the Hebrews from Egypt, under the conduct of Moses, their sojourn in the wilderness for forty years, and their subsequent conquest and occupation of the Promised Land, form the grandest epic achievement that the world has known. History can furnish, from the monuments and records of past time, nothing to match it, for greatness of conception, for difficulty in the performance, or for complete success in the result. Nor has poetry, with all the marvels

of fiction at its command, and with all the resources of the most creative imagination to draw upon, been able to produce a fable so full of grand incidents as the simple narrative of the Bible, or to invent a character so perfectly human in the elements of which it is composed, so massive, without exaggeration, in the proportions of those elements, or so truly heroic and sublime in their combination, as the Moses of the Arabian Desert. The argument of the *Iliad*, or of the *Æneid*, dwindles into insignificance beside the argument of the *Exodus*. 'The ten years' siege of 'Troy will bear no comparison, as a test of fortitude and magnanimity, with the forty years' sojourn in the wilderness. The heroes of Homer's fiction, and the "pious *Æneas*" of Virgil, are not such colossal specimens of humanity, whether we look to the work they took in hand and accomplished, or estimate the qualities they evinced, as the Hebrew lawgiver and statesman. Use the pruning-knife of the rationalist as freely as any will, — cut off from the sacred story, as some are disposed to do, all that the Church has consented to regard as miraculous, or sink it into the machinery and drapery with which myths and legends surround and embellish the actions of a distant past, — leave only so much as a skeptical criticism is willing to allow to be the history of real transactions, — still there will remain an enterprise planned and completed, which, whether we judge it by the difficulties in the way of its inception and progress, or the length of time requisite for its execution, the unpromising materials to work with, or the absolute merits of the polity and civilization which were constructed from those materials, stands foremost, far in advance of all the acts and enterprises of the human race.

The scene of the *Exodus* remains unchanged. Those portions of the earth's surface where a fertile soil invites man to till the ground, to build towns and cities, and to dwell in permanent places of abode, lose their former aspect with the lapse of centuries. The hand of the spoiler is raised against the monuments of man's skill. Time causes the most solid materials, from which art fashions its choicest works, to crumble. Wars and revolutions wrench violently asunder the joints of the most compact political system. And the antiquary or musing traveller, who visits the reputed sites of fallen empires, is obliged to spell, out of the hieroglyphics of ruins and fragments, the story of the past. But

the wilderness is the same now that it was three thousand years ago. A well here or there may have disappeared in the sand, and new ones may now be resorted to by the caravans that cross the dreary waste. A peak more or less from Horeb's masses may have been cleft by the lightning, and tumbled down the sides of the mountain. But the main features of the scene are the same that Moses and his people looked upon in their journeyings. The peninsula of Mount Sinai is the most interesting part of the globe. It deserves to be placed before Palestine even, inasmuch as it is held sacred not by Jews and Christians alone, but by the followers of Mahomet also. The descendants of Isaac and of Ishmael, of Jacob and of Esau, unite in a common sentiment here.

It is a recommendation of the work before us, that its tone is serious and believing. The author feels the religion of the places over which he passes. He believes with the heart. He not only does not question the received Scripture account, but is moved and inspired by places and scenes that have been made sacred by that account. We agree with the remark, that "every man who expects to write a good book on Eastern affairs must be an enthusiast." It is not enough that the traveller respects the faith of others, he must be a believer himself. A person who should journey through the wilderness of Sinai, and should write an account of his travels in a matter-of-fact vein, giving merely the statistics of the place, would soon exhaust his subject, and would sooner still exhaust the patience of his readers. It jars sufficiently with one's cherished feelings, that a traveller should stand beneath the shadow of Horeb, and tax his ingenuity for some skeptical theory to explain away the supernatural portions of the sacred narrative. But to tread in the footsteps of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, — to visit the birth-place and sepulchre of Christ, — to look upon the scenes amidst which our religion had its origin, — and to write about all that one sees, in the gay, mocking, heartless style that might be tolerated in a tour to some fashionable watering-place, — this is the unpardonable sin in an Oriental traveller. This is what vitiates the brilliant book published with the title of "Eothen." There is an entire want of harmony between the subjects treated of in that book and the tone of the writer. His mind seems devoid of the sentiment appropriate to the places he visits. He tries, indeed, to get up something like senti-

ment on one occasion, (if we remember right, it was when describing his visit to Nazareth,) but it proved such a travesty of all natural feeling, that we cannot blame him for not repeating the attempt. He seems perfectly aware of the defect we are noticing. "There will often be found," he remarks, "in my narrative, a jarring discord between the associations properly belonging to interesting sites and the tone in which I speak of them." Whoever goes to the East should be carried thither by something of the Crusader's or of the Pilgrim's spirit. The East is the region of poetry and sentiment; and he who has no poetry in his composition, and who is ashamed to give expression to any thing like sentiment, may well spare himself the trouble of writing a book on Oriental scenes. The charm of Lamartine's "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land" is the enthusiasm that pervades the whole work.

To the traveller in the Desert, whose starting-point is Cairo, the first stage is Suez. This, as is well known, is now a place of some interest, in consequence of its being in the route established by the English government for the overland mail to the British possessions in India. One does not, till after passing Suez at the head of the western branch of the Red Sea, feel beyond the influences of civilization. The journey thus far serves as a sort of preparation for the complete isolation of desert life beyond. The British Mail Company has its stations at intervals of ten miles between Cairo and Suez, with the means of supplying the most urgent wants of man and beast. We can appreciate the author's patriotic feelings, expressed in the following passage. Indeed, the communication between opposite portions of the globe through this new route, or, more correctly, the old route reopened, to the "farthest Ind" is of universal interest.

"From an early hour we were anxiously looking out for the Red Sea; but, for a long time, the treacherous film of the mirage entirely bewildered the prospect. At length we obtained a first view of its memorable waters, running up, like a broad lake or river, between ranges of dull, dark mountains. . . . The steamer from Bombay was rapidly coming up the solitary gulf. What sight more common at home? Yet here, to see that swift-winged messenger, keeping, in defiance of wind and weather, 'her steady course both day and night,' with her freight of momentous interests, national and domestic, and binding hearts that beat in the green homes of England to those of distant relatives

in the burning East,—one of those links of civilization, those pioneers of Christianity, with which our beloved country is encircling the world,—might well awaken a thrill of proud and patriotic emotion. And as I toiled along, at two miles an hour, in patriarchal fashion, perched on the back of the old carrier of the desert, and saw, at the same time, that marvellous creation of modern skill cleaving the very waters of the miraculous passage, and casting anchor beyond the shoals of Suez, I seemed to realize at once the old world with its prodigies, and the new with its onward and gigantic movement, and to bridge the wide and troublous interval of ages and of revolutions by which they are divided.”—p. 14.

In this part of his book our author introduces an interesting paper furnished by Samuel Sharpe, Esq., describing what he supposes to have been the route of the Israelites when they left Egypt. An extract from this paper would not be intelligible to our readers without the accompanying map. The new theory, if it be new, so far as it relates to the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, is, that this arm of the Sea extended farther north than at present, and that Moses and his host entered at a point not far from where the town of Suez stands. “Since that time, the shifting sands of the desert have banked back the waters of the bay, and left that remarkable spot always dry; and every caravan from Cairo to Mecca passes over the spot where the Egyptian army was drowned.”

There is one portion of Mr. Sharpe’s theory that is not quite plain and consistent with the rest, to our mind. The author of it says, “Along this road, by Clysma and Heroöpolis, Abraham, and Joseph, and Jacob, no doubt, entered Egypt; and by the same road Moses led the Israelites out in safety.” We can understand how, by the help of a miracle, or a remarkable providence, a way might be opened, at the point where afterwards the Roman city of Clysma was built, for Moses and his host to pass out. But if the Red Sea formerly covered this place, as the theory supposes, we cannot understand how Abraham, and Joseph, and Jacob, provided they used the mode of travel common both in their time and at the present day, should have entered Egypt at this point. Indeed, the writer himself says, in another part of his paper, that “Serapium, which stands between the upper and lower lakes, was the natural way out of Egypt.”

We are now, with our traveller, on the Asiatic side of the

Sea. And the following remarks commend themselves to our mind, as giving the impressions made upon an intelligent person by the places and scenes with which the marvels of the Scripture history are associated.

“On the threshold of this theatre of wonders, a few remarks suggest themselves, derived from personal observation, and from the testimony of others. Some of those who admit the truth of the Biblical history of the Exodus have often, while retaining the miracles, appeared anxious, as I think uselessly, to give them a rationalist interpretation, as though the only difficulties were those connected with the admission of the *isolated* prodigies, which occur as exceptions in the course of the narrative. This is especially the case with writers at a distance from the actual scene; and thus it occurs, that, in popular histories of the Jews, their gathering on the borders of Egypt, and their march through the wilderness, are, although admitted to be extraordinary and Providential circumstances, yet considered as entirely within the pale of natural possibility. The impression on the mind of the visitor to the scene itself is, however, quite different; for when he comes to view with his own eyes this region of desolation, and personally to experience its perils and privations, the mere fact of such a multitude subsisting there for any lengthened period, or even hastily passing through it, as far exceeds the passage of the Red Sea, or any other of the recorded exhibitions of Divine power, as a continual miracle must surpass an occasional one. When we picture to ourselves a scattered multitude greater than the population of London, with its usual proportion of women and children, of weakness and superannuation, to have organized it on so short a notice, for any journey, and under the most favorable circumstances, could scarcely have come within the range of mortal power; and, unless the ‘wilderness’ of the Bible was widely different from the desert of our day, of which we have not the smallest proof, nothing less than a daily succession of miracles could have enabled them to accomplish it. Could they otherwise have braved the hot sands of the desert, or carried the booty collected from their oppressors, or the necessary stock of food for the *two months which elapsed before the first miraculous supply in the Desert of Sin?* To any one who realizes these difficulties on the spot, the Exodus of the Israelites must appear, from beginning to end, to require a succession of continual miracles, although mention is made of only a few. This merely *partial* allusion to supernatural interposition, made in the sacred history, is a difficulty, doubtless, more frequently felt than expressed by those travellers who uphold its Divine inspiration; while to an opposite class,

this apparent contradiction, or, more properly, omission, may, perhaps, tend to give it, apart from other difficulties, the character of a merely legendary narrative, founded on some slender basis of fact now difficult to trace. But if the confiding Christian will admit any hypothesis rather than this, and will recoil from the idea of rejecting that which is given because more is not given, the mere student of history will admit that all the information which has been of late years so abundantly derived from Egyptian monuments proves that the author of the *Pentateuch* was learned in all the wisdom of that nation, and that no more plausible theory has ever, as yet, been suggested, to explain the admitted forcible seizure and possession of Palestine by the children of Israel, than such an *Exodus* as is there detailed." — pp. 19–21.

Even in the heart of this terrible wilderness, the men of former periods have not failed to leave permanent memorials of themselves and of their doings. One who passes through these rugged scenes is astonished and delighted to find, on the faces of the rocks, characters inscribed by human hands many centuries ago. In the valley called Wady Maghara, are tablets containing Egyptian hieroglyphics, which have been noticed by former travellers. In the work before us, we have copies of these curious tablets. They represent victories gained by some monarch of ancient Egypt, and are near what is thought to have been the site of a mining colony of the Egyptians.

"Is it not almost too marvellous for belief, that these tablets existed before the *Exodus* of the Israelites, when Moses, with all his host, actually passed, beyond question, down the valley Mokatteb, or a short distance below, on his way towards Wady Feiran and Sinai? They must be regarded, I presume, as among the most ancient sculptures in the world; and yet it is evident, that, when they were executed, the arts were by no means in their infancy, but that centuries, at least, had elapsed since their unknown and remote origin." — p. 46.

A short distance beyond the place where these wonderful Egyptian characters are seen, the "largest collection of the Sinaitic writings is to be found; they occur, indeed, in very considerable quantity, and must have been the work of a large body of men." They consist of figures of various kinds of animals, rudely drawn on the rocks, "perfectly childish efforts, and widely different from the finished works of Egyptian art that we had just been inspecting." "It is but quite

lately that Professor Beer, of Leipsic, after laborious study, has been able to [decipher these writings]. He pronounces them to be of Christian origin, probably the work of pilgrims to Mount Sinai." Our author thus remarks upon these inscriptions : —

"The opinion of the Germans is now pretty generally embraced ; yet some recur to the old theory, that the inscriptions are in reality the work of the Israelites during their sojourn in the wilderness. The Rev. Mr. Forster, well known as the author of a work on the 'Arabians,' is, it is said, now engaged in an elaborate essay on the subject of this [these ?] and other obscure inscriptions throughout the world. He is *said to have translated more than a hundred of the inscriptions, — records of various incidents in the Exodus.* The one in this character, in the quarries of Zourd, near Cairo, whence the pyramids were built, alluded to by Robinson, but of which Lepsius seems to doubt the existence, is said to be a complaint of the Israelites during their cruel toils in Egypt. Wonderful indeed, if true!" — p. 49.

Every reader will be disposed to repeat the exclamation, "Wonderful indeed, if true!" The essay here alluded to will certainly be looked for with real interest in the literary world. Nothing is more likely to be true, than that, among the Hebrews, during their residence in Egypt, there were those who had learned something of the art of writing in hieroglyphic characters, which was practised in that land. They could not be expected to reach that degree of skill in the art which was evinced by the learned scribes of the country in which they toiled as bondmen. And accordingly, a marked difference is observed between the tablets already noticed, in the Wady Maghara, and the so-called Sinaitic inscriptions. But if we suppose that the Hebrews, while in the land of Pharaoh, learned the art of writing only imperfectly, what more natural or probable than that they should use their art to record, as they journeyed through and sojourned in the wilderness, the prominent events that befel them ? It will certainly be a marvellous and most interesting fact, if it can be satisfactorily made out, that a history, penned by themselves on the everlasting rocks of the desert, should have been preserved for three thousand years, to confirm the account in the Scriptures.

The next point of interest, in the desert, is the beautiful valley called Wady Feiran, in the neighbourhood of Mount Serbal.

"Here, in the heart of that terrible wilderness of rock and sand, of the stunted bush and nauseous scanty pool, I pitched my tent beneath a tall group of palms, which bent shelteringly over it: the spring, coming down the valley, and rippling among green sedges, formed a small transparent basin at the foot of a fragment of limestone rock, fallen from the mountain-wall above; a beautiful natural altar, as it were, decorated with the light pensile foliage of overhanging turfeh or 'manna' trees. The camels, relieved of their burdens, after drinking their fill, were scattered about the bowery thickets, cropping the thick blossom with avidity and unusual relish; whilst the Arabs spread among the shady trees, revelling in the choicest beauty of their desert home, the proverbial 'paradise of the Bedouins.'

"The palms beneath which I encamped were not the solitary ornament of a small oasis, but the outskirts of a dense grove, extending for miles far up the narrow valley. On stepping out of my tent I was at once in the midst of an almost tropical wilderness. In the palm-groves of Egypt, the stems are trimmed and straight, and placed generally at regular intervals; but here this most graceful of trees is half untended, its boughs spring direct from the earth, and form tufts, and avenues, and dense overarching thickets of the most luxuriant growth, through which the sunlight falls tremblingly upon the shaded turf. Among them, some few, shooting upright, lift high above the rest their lovely coronal of rustling fans and glowing bunches of dates; but the greater part assume that fantastic variety of form which only untended nature can originate; some, wildly throwing forth their branches, droop to the ground like heavy plumes, laden with a graceful burden of fan-like boughs, which almost kiss the turf; others, crossing and intertwined, form mazy alleys of exquisite verdure; the clear stream bubbles freshly on the edge of these arcades, and the deep solitude is vocal with the song of birds; the wind, sweeping down the rocks, plays over the rustling foliage with the gentlest murmur; and, shut in by two lofty walls of rock from the dreary desert without, the traveller, lulled in a dreamy and delicious repose, heightened by his past weariness, forgets awhile its perils and privations, and the long distance he has yet to accomplish across its drouthy sands."—pp. 52, 53.

Our author here examines, with candor, the theory which has been advocated by some learned men, and recently by Dr. Lepsius, "that the Serbal is indeed the 'Mount of God,' whence the Law was promulgated, with the awful accompanying phenomena described in the Exodus." The chief, indeed the only, argument in favor of this theory is, that in

the valley at the foot of this mountain are abundant supplies of water, wood, and provisions for the support of such a multitude, and that these advantages could not have been overlooked in selecting a spot for "a long sojourn for the purpose of compiling the Law." "The principal objection to this is on the following ground: that there is no open space, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Serbal, suitable for the encampment of the vast multitude, and from which they could *all of them at once* have had a view of the mountain, as is the case at the plain Er Rahab, at Mount Sinai, where Robinson supposes, principally for that reason, the Law to have been given." The reasoning in favor of Mount Serbal, on account of the fertility of the region at its foot, does not go far, in our view, towards settling the point in question. Serbal is about one day's journey distant from the traditional Mount Sinai. So large a host as the Israelites must, of course, have spread themselves out very much in the wilderness. We are not to imagine them continually in a compact mass. What forbids our supposing that they encamped in Wady Feiran, while Moses was engaged in "compiling the Law"? When he had completed his great work, and was ready to deliver it to the people, it was not far to move, for the host to collect about the base of Mount Sinai, which, by reason of the more rugged and desolate character of the country around, and of the extensive plain in front of the mountain, was the better fitted to be the scene where so august a ceremony should be conducted. We see no reason, therefore, why we should set aside tradition, and the argument drawn from the character of the ground in front of the mountain, for the sake of any new theory. But, whatever we may conclude on this point, our author's account of the Serbal is highly interesting. After surmounting the great difficulties attending the ascent, we are with him safely on the top. Who, from such a point of view, and with objects and scenes before him so full of historical and sacred interest, could fail to be an enthusiast?

"The appearance of the mountain itself was fearfully sublime, and the view from it, except where its intervening crags formed an impediment, all but boundless,—the whole peninsula lay at our feet. Though hazy, we could see very far up the Red Sea towards Suez, making out different points of our route; and we looked across it far into the Egyptian Desert. Tur and the coast downwards also appeared through a cleft. The stern and sterile mountains of the peninsula lay at our feet, an intricate labyrinth,

a confused sea of many-colored peaks, black, brown, red, and gray, with here and there a narrow valley of bright yellow sand peeping through, Wady es Sheik being the most conspicuous opening; beyond these arose irregularly the plateaux of the Great Desert, and the ranges of El Tih, which support it,—all fading away into a misty heat, but for which the hills of Palestine might perhaps have been seen in the remotest distance. The solitudes of Sinai, a darker and bolder congregation of wild peaks, lay to the right, stern and black, and awful in coloring, and cut off all view of the Gulf of Akaba in this direction.

“Nothing on the world’s surface could be more desolate than the vast region that floated in the scorching haze beneath us, from east to west, from north to south; mountains, plain, valley, and sea, formed by the slow abrasions and dispositions of countless ages, and then fractured and upheaved by the agency of fire, or protruded in molten masses through fissures thus created, seemed stamped by nature with eternal barrenness, as unfit for human habitation; no sign of living water, of woody hill or fertile valley, nothing save rock and sand, was visible throughout the wide circumference of the lonely expanse.

“After all, even at some risk, and with great toil, it was something grand to brood like the eagle from these all but inaccessible cliffs, over a region to which Biblical history has imparted a sublime interest, and to see, outspread like a map, the chief part of the great and terrible wilderness which entombed an entire generation of the Israelites,—to be able to trace their route almost from the hills of Marah and Elim, and the Desert of Shur, visible beyond the openings through the defile of Feiran, into the heart of these mountains, and to behold, far stretched out, almost to the borders of the Promised Land, that great central plateau, through which their allotted period of wandering must subsequently have led them.”—pp. 64, 65.

We should be glad, if we had space, to make an extract in relation to the Convent of Mount Sinai, but must pass on to Mount Hor, the burial-place of Aaron, in the neighbourhood of the rocky fastnesses of Edom, and within sight of the southern frontier hills of Palestine,—fit place for the repose of Israel’s High Priest. We are told by antiquaries, that the old Egyptian kings, before or at the time of Moses, built the Pyramids, at a prodigious sacrifice of treasure and life, as funeral monuments, to hold a “pinch of dust.” It was a more sublime conception that prompted the selection of one of these mountains in the desert, and the perpetual appropriation of it for a mausoleum to one of the princes of the Exo-

dus. Whether will endure longer, this monument of God's own rearing, or the art-mountains of the Nile, — the “desolate places” which “kings of the earth built for themselves”?

“Standing on this lone, lofty pinnacle, it is impossible not to figure to ourselves the important Biblical events connected with it. . . . But a short time before, the great lawgiver had buried, at Kadish, his sister Miriam, whose triumphant song had commemorated their first deliverance; and now Aaron, too, was called to his rest. The prophet-brothers ascend the lonely mount, and on its summit take the long and last farewell. Aaron is buried, and the aged Moses descends alone, and desolate in heart, to the tents of the mourning Israelites. So strongly marked are the features of this region, and so preserved by their sublime, unchanging barrenness, that, when we behold at once the defiles of Edom, the frontier hills of Palestine, the Arabah, and, far outstretched to the westward, the great sepulchral wilderness, the lapse of ages is forgotten, and these touching and solemn events rise up before the mind with an almost startling reality.” — p. 122.

The deserted city of Petra has been repeatedly described by modern visitors, and never but in terms of admiration. The long, narrow ravine by which it is approached, the faces of the rocks presenting every color to the eye, the ranges of tombs, dwellings, and temples cut out of the solid stone, the beautiful façades looking as if fresh from the hands of the builders, startle and bewilder the spectator with delight. The situation of Petra, between one branch of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, its seclusion and impregnable security, mark it as suited either for the stronghold of a predatory tribe, or as a point of transit, used by commercial nations, to receive the productions of the East, on their way to some western Jerusalem or Rome. We quote the following passage, that we may add a few remarks in relation to the interesting subject of which it treats.

“Unlike Jerusalem, whose many revolutions fill the page of history with their burden of glory and guilt, and whose final destiny is yet a subject of mysterious interest, with Petra are connected neither great events nor deathless names; her associations, like those of Tyre and Palmyra, are principally commercial, and like them, too, never again is she destined to arise from ruin. But were the book of Job, as some contend, a production of Edomite origin, depicting the civilization of that land at a period when Jerusalem was not yet founded, what a halo would not this cast over desolate Idumea and her perished capital, a monument

of her past genius and greatness, nobler than the proudest of her rock-hewn temples, and lasting as the eternal hills themselves! And whatever may be the conflicting opinions of the commentators, — assigning the poem, as they do, to different authors and periods, from Moses to Isaiah, — the best critics have, at least, admitted that there is about some portions of it a breadth and simplicity of style which breathes the very air of the infancy of the world, which seems like the unstudied and majestic utterance of the first inspired fathers of mankind. If we are thus to regard it, its incidental notices of the arts, wealth, and refinement of the people among whom it was composed point to a state of civilization almost equalling at the same period that of the Egyptians themselves, — in regard to their ideas of the nature and attributes of the Almighty, indeed, far higher.” — p. 141.

To a person standing, as our author stood, on Mount Hor, and surveying the rocky hills which were the strongholds of the “dukes of Edom,” it would be, doubtless, a pleasant thought that he saw before him the source from which proceeded that venerable and sublime composition, the Book of Job. But we know no good reason for assigning to it such an origin. Without going fully into the argument, for which we have not space, it is decisive to our mind, that the book in question is included in the canon of the Hebrew Scriptures, where it never would have been found, in all probability, had it been the production of a foreign country, especially had it come from a writer of Edom, — a country and race against which the Hebrew writings exhibit a marked aversion, an hereditary antipathy. The rivalry of the two people that sprung severally from Esau and Jacob began early, and seems never to have ceased. In the account, in the sacred record, of the meeting of the two brothers, we see the extreme caution with which the patriarch Jacob advances, having sent forward valuable presents to secure the favor of his powerful brother. Moreover, the original rivalry was aggravated by the hostile refusal, on the part of the Edomites, to allow the Israelites to pass through their territory to the land of Canaan. A feeling of injury seems ever to have rankled in the breasts of the Hebrew people, and the writings of their Prophets furnish frequent instances of strong denunciation against Edom. The Prophet Joel joins Edom with Egypt in his threatenings: “Egypt shall be a desolation, and Edom shall be a desolate wilderness, for the violence against the children of Judah, because they have shed innocent blood in

their land." Such being their feelings against the Edomites, it would seem to be the least likely occurrence imaginable, that a nation so exclusive as the Hebrews were should fetch wisdom from their enemies, and should tolerate among their sacred books a production of a people of whom it was said, "I will destroy the wise men from Edom, and understanding from the mount of Esau."

Thus we may reason on the supposition that the Edomites could have produced such a work as the poem of Job. But this is too much to take for granted. From what we know of their character, it is fair to conclude that they never had a literature, and that they were unable either to create or to appreciate any literary composition. In the absence of all history of this people, which circumstance is itself a presumption against their claims to a high civilization, we have a right to judge what they were from the character of Esau, to whom they trace their origin, and from the wild Bedouin of the desert, who still hovers about the rocks where Edom "exalted himself as the eagle, and set his nest among the stars." Esau is described in the Scriptures as "a cunning hunter," a reckless, improvident man, who sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage. "By thy sword shalt thou live" was the expressive sentence in which his father foretold his destiny. And this wild, roving, predatory, warlike disposition is characteristic of the tribes that still linger near the seats of Edom's former power. The Edomites were then, as we must infer, essentially and exclusively a military people. Mount Seir was made the seat of a line of "dukes," who issued forth from their stronghold on warlike excursions against the neighbouring tribes. Their dwellings were excavated from the rock in the simplest manner. In the turbulent scenes with which they were familiar, and from the violent passions which were native to their minds, and which only alternated with a sluggish and vacant condition of mind, there could be no possibility of such a composition as the Job proceeding, — a work of art, which must have been the fruit of calm, long-continued, sublime meditation. We can look for no literary record and monument of a people who sought to make their mark on the earth's surface with the sword, and not on the world's memory with the pen.

Of course, the finished works of art that delight the modern traveller in the city of Petra, the façades of temples beautifully wrought upon the face of the rock, the amphitheatre with

its rows of ascending seats, the tombs, the remains of water-pipes, and other evidences of a high and refined civilization, are to be ascribed to an origin long subsequent to the overthrow of Edom's power. The Jews, in the time of Solomon, had their Ezion-geber, a commercial *dépôt* near to Petra, on the eastern branch of the Red Sea; and the Romans afterwards made this the channel of their communication with the East. To the skill and taste of the last-named people we must refer much, it may be the most, of what now remains to surprise and charm the traveller. Only the very rudest of these works can be assigned to the distant period of the Edomites. It is not unlikely, that, at or before the time when Esau seized upon Mount Seir, the original inhabitants whom he drove out might have been engaged in the commerce which has always flowed through this passage from the fragrant and golden East. And Duke Esau and his men of war may have been the pirates of the desert, who spoiled the carriers of this rich traffic. But it seems improbable to us that they engaged in the commerce themselves, and so grew to be a wealthy, civilized, refined nation, or that they were ever any better than freebooters. To Jacob belongs, as was promised, the blessing. All history, every thing that remains to help form a conjecture concerning these two distinct branches of a common stock, proves that they stood in direct contrast to each other. The arts of peace were cultivated by Jacob and his descendants; the arts of war by Esau and his. The consequence has been, that they who "took the sword have perished by the sword." They "died, and made no sign" by which the memory of the world should note their existence. They live in the thoughts of men only through the records and monuments of the wiser, more humane, more powerful race of Jacob. They are immortalized by the denunciations of Israel's prophets. It would seem preposterous to ascribe a finished and sublime composition like the Job to such a race. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" The vision seen by the Prophet who asks this question—and this is all we are permitted to see—is not the spirit of a lofty wisdom, wrapped in the mantle of poetry, going forth from Edom, with benignant mien, to enlighten and bless the world, but an avenger of the Almighty, "glorious in his apparel," stained with the blood of unrighteous men whom he had been sent to trample to the earth.

After quitting Petra, our author's course lay from Akaba, across the high desert, to Cairo. The only incident of special interest, on this return-journey, was meeting the great caravan on its way to Mecca, of which his book furnishes a lively and picturesque description.

W. P. L.

ART. III. — WAYLAND'S SERMONS. — TERMS OF
ACCEPTANCE WITH GOD.*

DR. WAYLAND's volume of Sermons recently issued well sustains his reputation as a thinker and a preacher. They are characterized by the analytical power, the clearness and force of statement, and, in general, by the soundness of logic, which we are accustomed to expect from him. Though the topics are suited to any pulpit, they are often treated in a manner peculiarly adapted to a university pulpit. The preacher does not forget the character of the audience before him, and avails himself of every fair opportunity of applying the doctrine he discusses to what may be supposed to be their condition and wants. His discourses consist of serious and earnest expositions of his views of Christian truth, and could not fail to be impressive and edifying, especially to those who concurred with him in opinion. It is well that the head of a university should thus occupy the highest place of instruction in it, and to the authority of his office add that of a spiritual guide. The first twelve of the discourses are a compendious body of practical divinity. We have read them with much interest. We find much to which we entirely assent, and when we differ from the author, his clear and definite mode of statement enables us to see distinctly the grounds of our difference. After discussing, in the first two discourses, the fundamental doctrine of all religion, — the existence of God, in its twofold aspect as a speculative and a practical truth, — he proceeds, in the three following, to discuss the moral character of man, beginning with a definition of his position.

“We desire,” says he, “to deal not with names, but with

* *University Sermons. Sermons delivered in the Chapel of Brown University.* By FRANCIS WAYLAND, President of the University. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1849. 12mo. pp. 328.

things, — not with words, but with matters of fact. It has sometimes, for instance, been the custom to designate the moral corruption of man by the term, total depravity. Definitions, I know, may be given of this phrase, which would render it not inconsistent with what I suppose to be the revealed truth; still I think that this truth might be expressed by more fitly chosen words. When we modify an adjective by the epithet ‘total,’ we mean, I think, to declare that the quality pervades the subject without admixture or alleviation. That thing is not *totally* black which presents any intermingling of colors. If *depraved* mean sinful, *totally depraved* would seem to mean sinful in such a sense as to exclude the existence of virtue. Now I do not perceive that such a character is ascribed to man in the Scriptures. If, on the other hand, this expression indicates, that, though there may be virtue in human action irrespective of Divine grace, yet that in no case it fulfils the conditions of the laws of God, this may be true; but the truth might, as I think, be expressed by more appropriate terms.

“Ruined and helpless as the moral condition of man is represented to be in the Scriptures, they do not assert that there is in his nature none of the elements of goodness. So far as we can discover, they nowhere assert that filial or parental affection, patriotism, generosity, or benevolence, are [is] either vicious, or to be classed with the instinctive and therefore morally neutral impulses of brutes. The principles of ethics would teach us that such a view was erroneous. The intentional fulfilment of a moral obligation must, as it seems to me, be virtuous. It may not be as virtuous as it ought to be. It may be wanting in some of the elements necessary to a perfect moral action, and therefore it may *come short of* the praise of God. So far, however, as it is the intentional fulfilment of a moral obligation, it is virtuous, and I think that all men correctly honor it as such. There are surely gradations in moral character irrespective of the transforming influences of the grace of God. When the young ruler came to inquire of Christ, there was much that was wanting to render him acceptable to God, yet the Saviour looked upon him and loved him. Our Lord clearly beheld in him a character very different from that of the Scribes and Pharisees who surrounded him.” — pp. 35, 36.

In the discussions that ensue, respecting the moral condition of man, the means of his restoration to holiness, and the terms on which he may seek acceptance with God, the principal propositions maintained are briefly these:—that the true standard by which the moral condition of man is to be tried is the Evangelical requisition of supreme love to

God and disinterested love to man ; that this is the original law of man's moral and spiritual nature ; that man was from the beginning physically capable of perfectly obeying it, and consequently was justly responsible for such an obedience ; that all men have come short of the demands of this law, — that is, have failed of fulfilling the conditions of eternal life ; that, from Adam to Christ, the human race, instead of improving, had continually grown more corrupt ; that, at the time of our Saviour's advent, it gave no indications of self-recovery ; that its condition seemed hopeless without Divine help ; that this deterioration of the race was connected with the first sin of the first man, — not that the guilt of that transgression was imputed to his posterity, but that, in consequence of that first great example of sin, his children commenced their moral probation under more unfavorable circumstances, and that all the evil influences accumulated upon each generation, by all the sins of those that preceded it, may be traced to the first sin committed in the world ; that, in this condition of the race, no individual is capable of justifying himself before God by the righteousness of his own life ; that the Saviour was sent to remedy this condition of mankind ; that his mediatorial work, besides his ministry as a teacher and example of righteousness, consisted in his perfect obedience, by which that honor was rendered to the Divine law which should have been paid by the obedience of the whole human race, and in his death, which in some mysterious sense, which the author does not undertake to explain, was a sacrifice for sin ; that, by faith in him, the believer is forgiven for his past sin, receives a new element of spiritual life, and is placed under a dispensation of grace, by which his subsequent obedience, which, imperfect as it must be, will now proceed from the right principle, will be accepted.

The limits assigned us in these pages forbid the attempt to review this series of fruitful topics. We select the chief one, — that for the sake of which all the rest are discussed, — the terms on which the repenting sinner finds acceptance with God. What are those terms ? This is a most important question. It lies at the foundation of all practical religion. It is answered by the Scriptures in various expressions ; all, however, conveying the same general meaning. We are told, “ If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.” “ He that doeth the will of my Father who

is in heaven" shall enter into his kingdom. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself. This do, and thou shalt live." If these conditions were generally, or frequently, or ever fulfilled, this whole subject would be one of the greatest simplicity. But all God's commandments, all the expressions of his will, all the declarations of the conditions of eternal life, describe perfection and require unqualified obedience, and no one, not the best of men, is rendering such an obedience. What, then, — the question is one of deep personal concern to every individual, — what is any man's ground of hope that he will be accepted? Every system of religion that tends to produce the moral perfection of its recipients, and at the same time is addressed to weak, erring, imperfect creatures, must have some answer to give to this question, — must have some provision for the acceptance of imperfect obedience. What is the doctrine of the Gospel on this subject?

We hear it sometimes said, in a rather loose and superficial way, that "God is merciful and gracious; he is acquainted with our weakness, and does not expect of us perfect obedience; he will not, therefore, be strict to mark iniquity. If we mean to do right, and do as well as we can, he will overlook our delinquencies and occasional transgressions, and graciously accept us." All this may be very true, and yet the application of it by an individual to his own case may be very false. A certain state of heart is necessary in order to make that truth applicable, and to make it a source of genuine peace and hope; and unless that state of heart exist, the thought of God's grace may only encourage a man to persevere in sin, or to entertain low views, and satisfy himself with a careless performance of duty. Indeed, this ground of confidence may be shaken by simply repeating to one who assumes it without title his own words, — "We have only to do as well as we can." Who is fulfilling that condition? Who can truly give that reason for the hope that is in him?

This is a way of speaking into which a man will be likely to fall, who looks upon this question from without, as a matter of theoretical speculation, without any deep personal feeling of its importance. He does not perceive all the difficulties of the question, and is therefore satisfied with the answer he gives. But there is a state of heart which that answer by no means satisfies. Let a man consider justly

how great a thing it is to possess the approbation and favor of the holy and heart-searching God, — how broad and deep are the requisitions of his law, extending over the whole conduct and life, and going down into the deepest recesses of the spirit ; let him, in connection with this perfect law, consider the imperfection of his own character, his manifold sins and neglects of duty, his past waste of time and opportunity, his present spiritual weakness, and the improbability of his hereafter rendering any but an imperfect obedience, — then the question, on what terms he can find acceptance with God, assumes a very serious importance. It necessarily fills his soul with anxiety. He refuses to be put off with a light and trivial answer. He is not satisfied with being told that he has only to do as well as he can. He has no inclination to rely on his own merits. Indeed, we cannot conceive of any truly religious person relying on his own merits as an ultimate ground of confidence. That a frail, imperfect creature, forgetting all that he has left undone, and all that he has failed of becoming, should stand up before God, with the Pharisaic language upon his lips, “Lo, these good deeds have I done, this measure of excellence have I attained,” would be an instance of presumption that might rather deserve the name of blasphemy. No man could truly feel the Divine presence, and be deeply conscious of what he himself is, without being impelled rather to adopt the prayer of the publican. Good works have, indeed, a great importance and value, — we would not be understood to disparage them, — but not this importance and value.

What, then, are the terms of acceptance ? Dr. Wayland, in the volume before us, as we understand him, and most of the popular systems of theology, answer, in substance, that the claims of the Divine law have been satisfied by the blood of Christ ; that his death was an expiatory sacrifice for the sins of men ; that any individual, who will, may have recourse to this sacrifice and apply its efficacy to himself personally, and obtain through it free forgiveness of his past sins ; that thus the majesty of the Divine law is vindicated, the justice and the mercy of God are reconciled, and it becomes possible that God should be just and yet forgive sin. Some of those systems also speak, or used to speak, of the righteousness of Christ being in some way imputed to believers in him, so that they may plead at the bar of God, instead of their own righteousness, the perfect merits of their Saviour.

The whole instruction of the New Testament on the subject seems to us to contradict this view of the reconciliation by Christ. We cannot regard his death as an expiation, in the sense of its being the means of appeasing the Divine wrath, or of making possible the forgiveness of sin, which was before impossible. We do not think there ever was a conflict between the justice and the mercy of God. We believe that our Heavenly Father has ever stood ready, before as well as since the death of Christ, and without reference to that event, freely to forgive and receive his repenting and returning child. We hold that the pardoning mercy of God was not purchased, but revealed, declared, set forth to the heart of the world, in the most touching and powerful manner, by the agony and death of the beloved Son. We do not state these views for the purpose of defending them. They have been abundantly defended and illustrated in the writings of Unitarian Christians. We have expressed them as preliminary to showing with what views respecting the conditions of our acceptance with God they harmonize. Indeed, we feel the less disposed to give in the present connection our reasons for dissenting from the popular opinions on this subject, because, while we believe these opinions to be erroneous, and not warranted by a sound interpretation of Scripture, we also believe, that, respecting the great facts of personal religious experience, which our fellow-Christians describe in language suggested by those opinions, we have no important difference with them.

It is, undoubtedly, the honest opinion of many, that there is no ground of reliance, except either our own merits or the satisfaction supposed to have been made by Christ; and hence we frequently hear it asserted of those who hold the opinions we have now professed, that they expect to be saved by their own merits. It becomes us, therefore, to be explicit on this subject. We are bound to show what ground of hope and confidence our views of Gospel truth furnish, — what answer we have to give, in accordance with our faith, to the anxious inquiry, “*Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?*” We ought distinctly to describe the act we must perform, or the state of heart in which we must place ourselves, after which we can enjoy an humble assurance of God’s pardon of our past sins, and gracious acceptance of our subsequent imperfect obedience, and, at the same time, be secure against any evil consequences arising from the concession that imperfect obedience will be accepted.

We would say, then, that the act of the soul that would reconcile it to God, give it peace, and assure it of pardon and acceptance, is simply the surrender of itself, without reserve, to God. The sinner, burdened with a consciousness of ill desert, must go to Him immediately ; not waiting till he can do something with which to appear before Him more worthily, — that would be a vain thought, — but now, and just as he is, in all his helplessness ; contrite for his past delinquencies and sins ; feeling that he can do nothing to cancel them, but casting himself entirely on God's pardoning mercy, with full faith that it will be freely granted. This act necessarily implies the purpose of forsaking sin, and a desire of thenceforth living an obedient life. And the same faith that assures him of forgiveness of the past assures him also of blessing and help for the future. The state of heart with which he may confidently come before God may be briefly described as a filial state, — the state of heart proper to a child who has been disobedient towards a perfectly good parent, in whose love he fully believes. Such a child will be filled with sorrow and shame that he has sinned against his parent ; he will entertain no doubt that his contrition has procured his pardon ; he will earnestly desire to approve himself thenceforth a dutiful child, and he will entertain an humble and affectionate trust, that, in striving to become so, he will enjoy the favor and aid of his reconciled father. Repentance, faith, and submission to God, then, compose the state of heart which will meet the Divine favor. These, we conceive, constitute what the Scriptures call *justifying faith*. He who will place himself in this attitude before God will be received, forgiven, and blessed, without works, — that is, previously to works, before the right spirit within has had time to manifest itself in right deeds. He immediately becomes an object of God's complacent regard. To place ourselves in this state is the first act of a decidedly religious life. But it is not peculiar to that crisis. It is not to be performed once only for our whole lives. Whenever we review the ground of our hope, — whenever we look forward to meeting our Judge, and backward upon our imperfect lives, — we have occasion to repeat that act, to cast ourselves anew on the pardoning mercy of God, to make a fresh appropriation to ourselves of his gracious promises, to reassure ourselves that we possess the spirit that can alone enable us to rely on those promises.

This view of the subject appears to us to be strongly confirmed, and beautifully illustrated, by the parable of the Prodigal. Want of faith in his father kept him for a while from returning ; but when at length that sentiment arose in his heart, it melted him at once into contrition and a resolution to return and submit himself to his father. He went and threw himself unreservedly on his mercy. We hear from him no attempt to excuse or palliate his guilt. His words breathe only humility and contrition. How was he received ? He was immediately and freely forgiven. We hear no demands for insulted parental authority ; nor did the father wait till the son had proved the sincerity of his repentance by years of virtuous conduct ; but the unquestionable indications he gave of a return to a right state of heart were sufficient, and he was immediately received back to all the privileges and blessings of the filial relation.

If, then, we are asked to give a reason for the hope that is in us, our answer is ready. That reason is twofold, or rather it consists of two elements, both of which are absolutely necessary to constitute a sufficient ground of hope ; namely, faith in the infinite goodness of God declared to us through Christ, and a consciousness that we have placed ourselves before God in that state of heart which makes us fit subjects of his pardoning mercy. It is evident that both these elements are essential. Without faith in God's promises, we could certainly have no hope ; and unless our hearts bear us witness that we have truly come to God, we cannot feel that those promises are addressed to us.

It will be perceived that this account of man's reconciliation with God ascribes to Christ a different kind of agency in that work from that ascribed to him by the popular creed. We think that it ascribes to him a more glorious agency ; but it is not for us to measure, according to our own views, the glory of the Messiah's mediatorial office, but to accept that view of it which we honestly believe that the New Testament reveals. We regard Christ as the great Mediator in the work of reconciliation. It is on the boundless love of the Father, whom he came to show us, that we rely. It is by the appeals which he addresses to our hearts, that they are melted into that humble contrition and trust which make us fit subjects of the Divine compassion. He takes us by the hand and leads us to God. He is himself the living way. We regard the Cross as the central point in the Gospel

scheme. The ministry of Jesus was a ministry of reconciliation. Reconciliation is the end to which all the means of grace contained in his Gospel and life tend ; but in his death, God's desire to be reconciled to men is expressed with a power beyond the reach of words, by an astonishing and most affecting fact, suited to make the deepest impression on the heart of man, to subdue its stubbornness and pride, and dissolve it into tenderness, compunction, and love. In the shame, agony, and cruel death of that sinless being, we see at how great a cost the Father was willing that his wandering children should be brought back to him. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

Many of the objections adduced against the views of Divine forgiveness we have now exhibited are founded on analogies drawn from human government. No government, it is said, could be maintained, that constantly held out a free pardon for penitent criminals. Why could it not? On account of imperfections which cannot for a moment be imagined to exist in the Divine government; because it cannot look into the hearts of its subjects, and ascertain the sincerity of repentance, and discern when punishment has had its desired effect, and the offender has been reformed by it, and is prepared to become a virtuous member of society. If it could do so with unerring certainty, would it be right to retain him in confinement a single day after that effect had been thoroughly produced, merely to vindicate the majesty of the violated law? Shall we argue from the imperfection of human government to the government of Him who perfectly knows every creature he has made? But the title of "Father," by which Jesus most commonly spoke of God, and taught his followers to call upon him, leads us to form our conceptions of the Divine government from that of the family, rather than of the state. The government of the parent is capable of being made much more perfect than that of the civil ruler. It may be adapted with much more exactness to the conditions of its individual subjects. The ruler cannot know all his subjects, or legislate for particular cases. He must enact general laws, and inflict one unvarying penalty whenever they have been violated by an outward act, without reference to the circumstances which may make the same act less criminal in one than in another, and without making a distinction between the hardened offender and one who is already filled with sorrow

for his crime. The parent may know the characters, dispositions, and moral wants of all his children, and can exactly adapt his punishments to the state of each ; he can continue the infliction till he sees that it has produced its desired effect, and stop at that point ; or he can remit it altogether, if he is assured that it has been made unnecessary by a quick repentance. It is neither desirable nor possible that the family should be ruled with that rigid adherence to law which characterizes civil government. The government of God must be regarded as absolutely perfect, in all these particulars in which domestic excels civil government. We need only, in this connection, refer once more to the parable of the Prodigal. We cannot but understand that parable as telling the whole story of the repenting sinner's acceptance with God. Dr. Wayland, indeed, says, (not in reference to this passage, to which we do not remember an allusion throughout his discussion of the grounds of forgiveness,) that, in all passages in which a free pardon is promised, a tacit reference to the sacrifice of Christ is to be understood. But, to say nothing of this principle considered as a general law of interpretation, we apprehend that the obvious meaning of this beautiful parable is not to be so avoided. Is not the picture presented in it complete in itself ? Was it not meant by our Lord as a perfect ideal of fatherly love ? Did not he approve the conduct he ascribed to the father ? Or shall we suppose that he intended it as a picture of parental weakness, and put his own sentiments into the mouth of the elder brother ? Would this picture have been improved, if the father's forgiveness had been less free and unhesitating, — if he had demanded some sort of satisfaction for his son's delinquencies ? If we could read this parable with the tacit reference for which Dr. Wayland contends, its effect would be greatly impaired ; and we should be led to the unavoidable conclusion, that the love of God is less perfect than our own highest idea of love.

But the assertion of God's readiness to pardon sin should never be understood as implying that his pardon is unconditional. It is never so. He does not forgive men's sins without their feeling the need of forgiveness, or desiring it, or asking for it, or caring whether it is extended to them or not. There is a condition annexed to pardon by the very necessity of our moral nature, and one which cannot, without a miracle, be separated from it, — the condition of repentance and reformation. From the light and apparently indifferent

tone in which we sometimes hear men say, "I know I have sinned, but God is merciful, and I trust I shall be forgiven," it would seem as if they had an impression that they have nothing to do about it. But that condition is never remitted, and is never a light one. In some cases, repentance is an agony, and reformation a desperate struggle. In all cases, the one is shame and sorrow, and the other is toil and difficulty. The Prodigal, notwithstanding the hearty forgiveness with which he was welcomed home, paid this penalty. He suffered long and deeply before he went to his father; and after his return, though no doubt of his father's love may ever have overclouded him, and though he may have received all the comfort and aid that parental affection could impart, how long and arduous must have been his conflict with depraved tastes and sinful habits, before he could enjoy the settled peace of habitual purity! The terms of acceptance that have been described hold out no encouragement to continue in sin. They are not addressed to the impenitent. But they hold out every encouragement to those who have become conscious of their sins and desirous of forsaking them, and have therefore no disposition or propensity to abuse the free grace of God.

We have already alluded to another abuse, a liability to which is not, indeed, peculiar to the views we have maintained, but belongs equally to all provisions for the acceptance of imperfect obedience. Such provisions, it may be said, take from the law all its authority, since, if any remission of its requirements is allowed, the question arises, How much? and as it is impossible to return a general answer to this question, the measure of every man's duty seems to be left to his own determination, and a way is opened for any degree of laxity in practice. We answer, that the view we have given of the terms of acceptance, rightly understood in all its parts, leaves no room for this abuse. A person who is disposed to ask how little is absolutely necessary to be done is not in that state of heart which has been described as constituting the ground of acceptance. That state of heart necessarily implies an abhorrence of all sin, and an earnest desire of all holiness. Instead of inquiring what is the smallest service that can possibly be expected, it is desirous of entertaining the largest views of duty, that it may render the most perfect obedience, and make the largest attainments in excellence. A new principle of spiritual life has entered that

heart, the natural and necessary manifestation of which is holy living. To a somewhat similar objection to this which we are considering, — namely, that the grace of God might be abused as an encouragement to sin, — Paul answers, “God forbid! how shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?” And the Apostle John says, “He that is born of God cannot sin,” — that is, so long as a man is in the exercise of a filial spirit towards God, he will feel no inclination to transgress his law; he will be disposed to obey to the whole extent of his understanding and his power.

Of the remaining sermons of this volume, two on the Church, three on the Duty of Obedience to the Civil Magistrate, and two on the Recent Revolutions in Europe, invite a more extended notice than we have now space to give to them. Of these, the discourses on obedience to government appear to us the most important and interesting. They contain a very clear and thorough discussion of the subject, and convey lessons which were especially needed by the citizens of this country in some late passages of our history, and which will ever continue to be needed. After showing the obligation to obey (in things not inconsistent with the law of God) the existing government, as the actual representative of civil order and social organization, Dr. Wayland proceeds to show that all government is necessarily limited in its objects and powers, and cannot justly claim obedience beyond its appropriate bounds; that the primary object of government is to protect the individual against all injuries from his fellow-citizens, and from foreigners; that, for this purpose, it has a right to employ force, and that it is the duty of every citizen to assist in promoting this end of government; that it is also the duty of the citizen to afford, not merely a constrained, but a cheerful and conscientious support to other beneficial purposes of government, such as the maintenance of schools, roads, and the like; and that it is not merely the right, but the duty, of every citizen, to vote in the election of all public officers. But though government, whilst it keeps within its appropriate limits, may thus challenge the obedience of its subjects, all its acts are a proper subject of examination, that it may be ascertained both that it does not transgress its prescribed bounds, and that its operations within them are just and right. On this point Dr. Wayland speaks so strongly, that we prefer giving his own words.

“The magistrate may not only do wrong himself, but he may

command me to do wrong. How shall I regard this command? I will regard it as I do any other command to do wrong,—I will not obey it. I will look the magistracy calmly and respectfully in the face, and declare to it that in this matter I owe it no allegiance. I will have nothing to do with its wrong-doing. I will separate myself, as far as possible, from the act and its consequences, whether they be prosperous or adverse. It is wickedness; it has the curse of God inwrought into it, and I will have nothing to do with it. From the beginning to the end, I will eschew it, and the rewards that it offers. The magistracy may punish me; I cannot help that. I will not resist, but I will not do wrong, nor will I be a party to wrong, let the magistracy or aught else command me.

“In saying this, I hope that I arrogate to myself nothing in the least peculiar. I am only in the plainest and simplest manner stating the rights and obligations of an intelligent moral being, accountable to God for his actions, and bound to reverence his Creator above all else in the universe. Created under such a responsibility, can I transfer the allegiance which I owe to God to legislative assemblies, to political caucuses, to mass meetings, to packed or unpacked conventions representing or pretending to represent the assumed omnipotence of public opinion? My whole moral nature with loathing forbids it. I could not do it without feeling that I had become a despicable slave. I could not do it without knowing that I had exchanged the glorious and incorruptible God for an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things, and worshipped the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed forever. My fellow-citizens must not ask this of me; I will surrender, for my country, my possessions, my labor, my life, but I will not sacrifice my integrity; and that is unworthy of being the country of a good man, which shall ask it.”—pp. 267, 268.

Dr. Wayland maintains, that the waging of an offensive war clearly transcends the legitimate ends for which government was established, and that, consequently, no government has a moral right to engage in such a war, and that every citizen is a partaker in the wrong-doing of the government under which he lives, unless he not only abstains from all actual participation in it, but uses all the means in his hands to prevent it. These means are, a free expression of his opinion, voting for public officers who are opposed to the wrong-doing, and refraining, so far as his social condition renders it possible, from coöperation in the evil. The Christian will refuse to arm privateers to plunder his fellow-men of another nation, though his own government may have declared them

to be his enemies ; or to lend his capital, however advantageous the terms offered, to aid in the prosecution of an unjust war; or to enter into contracts, however profitable, by which he may share in the gains of iniquity. We conclude our remarks with Dr. Wayland's estimate of the value of a strongly expressed moral sentiment, under a government like ours.

“And here I may add, that, in a free government like our own, this manly avowal of our adherence to right and our opposition to evil would commonly render a resort to other measures comparatively needless. The good men among us — and under this term I mean to include all men of virtuous sentiments, whether they profess themselves the disciples of Christ or not — have it perfectly in their power, by the calm and decided expression of their moral convictions, to direct the destinies of this nation. There never has existed, and there never can exist, either an administration or a political party that would dare to trifle with the *uttered* sentiments of the men of principle in the United States. Were such an act done but once, there would be small temptation to repeat the insult. If you ask me why it is, then, that public wrongs are so frequently done, and the doers of them held scathless, I answer, it is because those sentiments *are not uttered*. There exists among us a fear of avowing our *moral* sentiments upon political questions, which seems to me as servile as it is unaccountable. It envelops society like a poisoned atmosphere. It is invisible and intangible ; but every virtuous sentiment that breathes it grows torpid, loses consciousness, gasps feebly, and dies. To this result every man contributes, who withholds the expression of his honest indignation on every occasion of public wrong-doing.” — pp. 287, 288.

C. P.

ART. IV. — LÜCKE'S DISSERTATION ON THE LOGOS.

(*Concluded from the last Number.*)

IV. With Philo closes the Alexandrian development of the Jewish doctrine relating to the wisdom and the word of God, as far as it belongs to the historical premises, or argumental *data*, for determining the meaning of John's prologue. But Philo represents not only the Alexandrian, but, in general, the Hellenistic Jewish gnosis of his time. Alex-

andria was the literary emporium of Hellenistic Judaism. Striking examples of the spread of the Alexandrian Jewish gnosis among the Hellenists of this age are afforded in Apollos and Cerinthus. Both appeared in Ephesus ; the first, as Luke (Acts xviii. 24) clearly intimates, coming from Alexandria, and spreading the Alexandrian wisdom in Ephesus among the Jews. Of the second, it is related by a later writer,* but with great probability, that, before he came to Ephesus, he had been in Egypt, and had there received his philosophical culture.

Hence it would seem as if we could immediately proceed to an exact comparison of the Logos doctrine of the Apostle of Ephesus with that of Philo. But it cannot be proved that John drew immediately and originally from the Alexandrian gnosis. This prologue, as has appeared in our Introduction,† presupposes the rise and development of a Christian doctrine of the Logos before John.

Already the Apostle Paul had thought and taught concerning Christ in the Jewish-gnostic manner. His doctrine concerning the first and second Adam belongs to the Jewish gnosis. But Paul received his Jewish-gnostic culture in the schools of Palestine. There can be no doubt, therefore, that there was a Jewish gnosis in Palestine, which had found admission into Christianity before John wrote.

Notwithstanding all the endeavours to exclude every thing foreign, after the times of Nehemiah and the Maccabees, Palestinian Judaism could not divest itself of the various impressions of Chaldaism brought with it from the exile, nor, in spite of its indestructible nationality, could it, in the dispersion, escape the influence of Alexandrianism, or, in general, of Hellenism.

Both of the Chaldee paraphrases—that of Onkelos on the Pentateuch, and the somewhat later one of Jonathan Ben Uzziel on the Prophets—belong to the age of the Apostles. In both is manifested, in the same way as in the Alexandrian translation, a gnostic tendency to conceive of all the Divine agency, and all the presence in the world of the God who is in himself hidden, as taking place through the medium of Divine powers. How much the whole of Judaism, even that which was heretical, partook of this gnostic tendency, is evident from the gnostic elements in the Samaritan theol-

* Theodoret, *Hær. Fab.* 2, 3.

† § 13.

ogy,* and from the reception which, according to Acts viii. 9, 10, Simon the sorcerer met with in Samaria.

These phenomena are to be explained by the progressive influence of Chaldaism. But there are not wanting indications and evidence of the introduction and diffusion of the Alexandrian Jewish gnosis among the Jews of Palestine. The connection of the Essenes of Palestine with the Egyptian Therapeutæ is undeniable. Herein, then, is to be seen a distinct influence of the Alexandrian gnosis upon Palestinian Judaism. It is also worthy of remark, that, from the middle of the second century before Christ, complaints are made of the influence of Grecian wisdom in Palestine. The Rabbins mention Gamaliel, the teacher of the Apostle Paul, as the chief promoter of the Grecian wisdom in the schools of Palestine. It appears from Acts vi. 9, that there was in Jerusalem a synagogue of the Alexandrian and Cyrenian Jews. The influence of these foreigners was inevitable. Josephus himself could not escape the Alexandrian influence.

In proportion, now, as the gnostic mode of thinking was diffused through the whole of Judaism in and out of Palestine, it was impossible that Christianity should escape its influence among educated Jews. It is true, that, in the origin of the Gospel, in Christ himself, we find no trace of it. Christ and his doctrine rest, it is true, upon the preparation of the whole ancient world for Christian salvation; to this preparation belongs also the gnostic tendency of Judaism. But Christianity and the Jewish gnosis are in their nature too different to admit of the possible derivation of the former from the latter. Christianity, as it is the complete satisfaction of the religious craving which is deeply hidden in the gnosis, is also the destruction of the gnosis by virtue of a principle which it opposes to it. But as soon as the systematic development of Christianity among the Jews commenced, the influence of the Jewish gnosis was inevitable. The Apostle Paul very soon apprehended the distinctive features of Christianity through the principle of Christian life. But it is evident that his system arose under the influence of the Palestinian gnosis.

If now we compare, with special reference to the prologue of John, the Alexandrian, especially the Philonian, doctrine of the Word of God with that of Palestine, we

* See Gesenius, *Comment. de Samaritanorum Theologia, etc.*, pp. 12, *et seq.*

have no documents immediately relating to it, except the two Chaldee paraphrases above mentioned. In these we find, however, that, wherever the revelation or manifestation and the presence of God in the world are in the Old Testament represented as more or less visible, either in figurative or plain language, there the writers, for the name or person of God, substitute "the angel of the Lord," or "the glory of the Lord" (אֱלֹהִים), or "the Shechinah" (שְׁכִינָה), or, finally, "the word of the Lord" (דְּבַר יְהוָה). This occurs often in so awkward and remarkable a manner, that it must have its foundation in some dogmatical necessity. Especially is the "Memra" so strongly personified, that the Paraphrasts undoubtedly understood by it, as by the Shechinah, a Divine hypostasis,* or emanation, after the manner of the Logos of Philo.

The more distinct formation and prevalence of the hypostasis doctrine in the Jewish Cabbala is well known. But it is not merely the fault of our historical sources, that in the Palestinian gnosis of the time of Christ we do not find the doctrine concerning "the word of God" developed in so distinct and clear a manner as in the Alexandrian. In general, the tendency to systematize in the Palestinian gnosis seems to have been of later origin, and to have been developed under the reacting influence of Christianity. Thus we cannot distinctly prove, whether or how far the Palestinian theology at the time of Jesus had applied the doctrine of the hypostatized word of God to the idea of the Messiah. We perceive among the Jews in the time of Jesus two views of the Messiah: the one more popular, — the political-theocratical; the other more learned, — the ideal view.† Certainly, the Apostle Paul, as a Jew, held the latter view. But, if we may judge from Paul, the Palestinian gnosis seems to have conceived of the ante-historical in the being of the Messiah more in the form of the Son of God, or the second heavenly Adam, than in that of Philo's idea of the Divine word. Paul certainly, like the rest of the Apostles, came first through faith in the historical Christ to the full Christian idea of the eternal Son of God, of which the Jewish schools of the time afforded only preparatory and fragmentary elements. But the proper metaphysical theorem concerning the person

* It is extremely doubtful whether "the word of Jehovah" is hypostatized by the Chaldee Paraphrasts. See *Chr. Exam.* for May, 1836, p. 233. — Tr.

† See Bertholdt, *Christol. Jud.* § 9.

of Christ was not originally contained in the religious faith of Christians. When Paul says (Col. i. 16, 17) that God created the world by his Son, the representation evidently partakes of the existing gnostic doctrine of the Divine creating word. But if Paul and his teacher Gamaliel had already defined the idea of the Logos, and really connected it with the idea of the Messianic Son of God, then it must, in Paul, have arrived at John's formula, that the original Logos became man in Jesus Christ. How near did he come to it in Philip. ii. 6, etc.?

If now we follow the traces of the connection of the Jewish-gnostic doctrine of the Logos with the doctrine concerning the person of Christ in the New Testament, exclusively of John and before his time, the Epistle to the Hebrews seems to demand our special attention. Even if Apollos should not be regarded as its author, it certainly bears most manifest traces of the Alexandrian culture and gnosis. In this Epistle, the doctrine of the word of God is connected with the idea of the Messiah as the Son of God in the ante-historic sense more clearly than in Paul, but in a different manner from that in which it occurs in John. God, says the author, (ch. 1. 2, 3,) has created the world by his Son, the image of his person, the reflection of his glory, and this preëxistent Son upholds all things through the word of his (i. e. the Son's) power. Here the Son, inasmuch as he upholds the world, has the word (*ῥῆμα*) of the Divine power, the creative word, ascribed to him as instrument; but he is not himself called, as in John, the original personal Logos. Thus the author of the Epistle is still remote from the formula of John (*ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο*), and consequently cannot have drawn his representation from Philo's doctrine of the Logos. He must rather have written in accordance with the Palestinian mode of thinking.

From the idea of the preëxisting, world-creating Son of God, which we find in Paul and in the Epistle to the Hebrews, it may be understood how John, in the further development of the Christian gnosis, could arrive at the conclusion, that the only-begotten Son of God was the original personal Logos incarnate, or become man. John, like Paul and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, conceived of an only-begotten, preëxistent Son of God. In the historical part of his Gospel, he uses no other representation. The Son of God, according to him, was sent from the Father, came down from

heaven, existed from the beginning of the world with the Father in Divine glory. But as it is extremely perplexing and difficult to conceive of the Son of God as an historical person, and, at the same time, as existing before the world, it must be regarded as an essential progress of Christian thought in its connection with the Jewish gnosis, that John represents the ante-mundane Son of God as the world-creating, and world-upholding and enlightening, personal Logos, and as being born the historical Son of God through the incarnation.

If now this development of thought (*gedankenbildung*) took in any degree a natural direction, it is impossible not to perceive the immediate historical connection of John's doctrine with the more developed Alexandrian doctrine of the Logos, as it appears in Philo. No earlier and no other view of the Logos gives so much light and connection to the propositions of John as that of Philo. The resemblance of the latter, especially in relation to the first five propositions of the prologue, is obvious, and extends in part even to the expression. It does not, however, oblige us to suppose an immediate use of Philo on the part of John. We must, then, since Philo's representation can scarcely be said to be original, suppose that the matured Alexandrian gnostic doctrine of the Logos was at that time already established in certain fundamental propositions and expressions, which were used in essentially the same way by all.

If now, in view of these closer definitions, we would explain John's idea of the Logos from the doctrine of Philo, we must, in the first place, regard it as an established historical *datum*, that John, like Philo, understood by the Logos the personal hypostasis of the Divine word, which, being in its essence one with substantial wisdom, or including this in itself as the light of the world, is the Divine power, by which God, who is in himself hidden (John i. 18), reveals himself in the world, as creating, upholding, and enlightening it.

Of this Logos John asserts, that he did not first originate with the historical Christ, as the temporal word of God which Christ spake upon earth, and that he did not proceed from the created world; but that he was in the beginning, before the world, with God (*πρὸς τὸν Θεόν*), and was God (*Θεὸς ᾧν ὁ λόγος*). This proposition, notwithstanding its brevity, has distinct reference to the more complete course of thought in Philo, according to which the Logos, though, on the one hand, a different person from the Divine *μονάς*, (*ὁ Θεός*), and having

an independent existence out of God, as a different person, stands, nevertheless, on the other hand, in such intimate fellowship with the Divine Being, that, as the pure image, the perfect glory, of God, he may in a certain sense (*ἐν καταχώρει*) be called the Divine Logos, the second God (*Θεὸς λόγος, ὁ δεύτερος Θεός*).

Like Philo, John views the Logos especially in his revealing activity in the world. So also, in verse third, he represents the creation of the world in the same manner as Philo, making the Logos the mediating instrument (*διὰ*) of the same. Finally, what Philo expressly says of the Logos as the fountain of all life in the world, as the dispenser of light, wisdom, and virtue among men, John brings together briefly, in verse fourth, in the words, "In him was life, and the life was the light of men" (*Ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων*).

But John's view of the Logos is an essentially Christian doctrine, and is so far different from that of Philo. The latter is, in its root, dualistic; that of John, monotheistic. According to Philo, the personality of God first commenced with the Logos. The God hidden in himself is a predicateless and nameless (pantheistic?) substance. But John throughout conceives of God as eternal personal love. Thus the hypostasis of the Logos has in him a different signification from that which it has in Philo. Of this more below.

Even in verse third, an important difference is discernible. When John with great emphasis declares that without the Logos nothing was made which was made, he appears to set himself against the Jewish gnosis, which excepted the *ἔλῃ*, the matter, from the Divine creation, and ascribed to it an existence before the creation of the world. Now I believe that Philo could not have admitted the proposition of John, unless he had at the same time said that the *ἔλῃ* was nothing made or created. But against this, on the other hand, John would have protested. If, now, there is contained in this verse an element peculiar to positive Biblical revelation, which includes the principle of the creation of the world out of nothing, then may we also say that John goes back to the purer doctrine of the Old Testament respecting the creation of the world by the word and the wisdom of God.

With this, perhaps, is connected another difference, which appears in verse fifth. Here the darkness, which did not receive the light, is a pure ethical conception; while, in Philo,

the contrast between light and darkness has a physical basis, and consequently has its necessity in the opposition between the light-essence of God and the dark *ύλη*. The idea, that the Logos was not known by the world simply on account of the fault of men, is foreign to Philo.

The most important difference, however, appears in the circumstance, that John, while he maintains that the real Word of God became man in Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, and truly lived among men, excludes the Docetic principle of Philo's gnosis, and directs the doctrine of the Logos into the path of Christian faith in the real connection between the Divine and the human, — in the immediate Divine likeness of the whole man. Such an application of the idea of the Logos was, as has been already remarked, impossible to Philo, and to all who received the Docetic principle of the Alexandrian gnosis. When Philo calls the Logos *ὁ ἀληθής* or *ἀληθινὸς ἄνθρωπος*, *ὁ πρὸς ἀλήθειαν ἄνθρωπος*, or *ὁ κατ' εἰκόνα ἄνθρωπος*, *ἄνθρωπος Θεοῦ* or *οὐράνιος*, this conception is to such a degree different from the proposition of John, *ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο*, that Philo says expressly, *ὁ οὐράνιος [ἄνθρωπος] ἅτε κατ' εἰκόνα Θεοῦ γεγονώς, φθαρτῆς καὶ συνόλης γεώδους οὐσίας ἀμέτοχος*.* Thus, according to Philo, there is no immediate likeness of God in the man of the race of Adam, while, according to John, the Logos came to a true manifestation in actual earthly human nature. Manifestations of the Logos in history occur, it is true, in Philo; but in reality only as a symbolized idea, in visions and dreams, in transient, changing, now angelic, now human, forms. These differences between John and Philo flow, of course, from the principles of the Christian faith. That John sets them forth so distinctly is, as we have seen in the Introduction, owing to the anti-*gnostic* tendency of his whole Gospel. This, however, is to be referred immediately, not to Philo and the Jewish-Alexandrian gnosis of the time, but, as we have already shown, to the false *gnostic* tendencies in the Christian community.

Let us now turn to the special interpretation of the prologue, and see how far John has solved his problem, that of making the unity of the eternal† with the temporal personality of the Son of God conceivable in the form of the Alexandrian

* Allegor. I. 49.

† The author does not appear to use the word *eternal* in a strict sense, that is, in the sense of *timeless*. On the contrary, he says, in page 295 of his Commentary, that the doctrine of an eternal personal Logos, in the sense of *timeless* (*zeitlose*), arose in the Church after the time of John. — TR.

doctrine of the Logos without the Alexandrian emanatism and dualism.

[The author then proceeds to explain ch. i. 1–18, verse by verse. Of this explanation I shall translate only what relates to verse first, in a form somewhat abridged, and then proceed to his *excursus* on the prologue. — TR.]

As if he intended to describe the creation anew, John says, verse first, according to the expression in Gen. i. 1, *Ἐν ἀρχῇ* (אֲרָחָא), “In the beginning.” In this reference to the Mosaic history of the creation, the expression is to be understood in the same sense, that is, as denoting “the beginning of things.” From the connection of the prologue, especially in verse third, it more distinctly appears that this expression conveys the idea of “ante-mundane,” the *πρὸ τοῦ τὸν κόσμον εἶναι* of ch. xvii. 5. A comparison of the verse with Prov. viii. 22–25, Jesus Sirach xxiv. 9, and with the analogous representation of the Logos in Philo, confirms this supposition. The verb ἦν, “was,” is designed to express the idea, that John, from the historical stand-point of the “Word manifested in the flesh,” sets forth, in verses first and second, his existence before this manifestation, namely, before the world; and in verses third and fourth, the activity of the λόγος in relation to the world, and in it. Whether, and how far, John regarded the Logos as ἀγέννητος, or as πρωτότοκος πάσης κτίσεως, like Paul, (Col. i. 16,) does not appear from this passage.

After John has asserted the primitive ante-mundane existence of the Logos, he adds, as a closer designation of the same, “καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν Θεόν.” If we go back to the analogous passages in Prov. xiii. 30, where wisdom says, ἡμην παρ’ αὐτῷ, וְאִנִּי אֵצֶק, that in Sirach i. 1, καὶ μετ’ αὐτοῦ ἐστὶν εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα, and in the Book of Wisdom ix. 4, where σοφία is represented as the πάρεδρος of the Divine throne, and finally in Philo, where the Logos is called the ὁπαδὸς Θεοῦ and the οἶκος Θεοῦ, it must be supposed, from the historical connection of the expression, that John intended to convey the idea of the most intimate immediate fellowship of the Logos with God, — the being near him, present with him. If the phrase “ἦν παρὰ τῷ Θεῷ,” or “πρὸς τῷ Θεῷ,” had been used, there could be no doubt in the case. But that “πρὸς τὸν Θεόν” can also, according to classical usage, have the same meaning, seems to be established by the observations of Fritsche*

* Comment. ad Marc. vi. 3. Winer's Gram. § 53. h.

and Winer. As to New Testament usage, Mark vi. 3 ; Matt. xiii. 56 ; Mark ix. 19 ; Matt. xxvi. 55 ; 1 Cor. xvi. 6, 7 ; Gal. i. 1, 18, and iv. 18, — afford sufficient confirmation of such a meaning. The same thought is more plainly expressed in i. 18, “Ὁ ὢν εἰς τὸν κόλπον τοῦ πατρὸς,” and in xvii. 5, “παρὰ σοί.” It is evident from the expression, that John had not in mind the immanent Logos, but the λόγος προφορικός.

. Of the last proposition in the verse, “Καὶ Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος,” ὁ λόγος being regarded as the subject of the proposition, there are two possible explanations.

The first is, that John, by the assertion of the unity of the Logos with God (καὶ Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος), designs to guard against the idea of such a difference between the Logos and God being implied in the expression, “and the Logos was *with* God” (πρὸς τὸν Θεόν), as would cause this expression to be understood in a sense more or less polytheistical. In this case, the proposition “and the Logos was God” would mean that the hypostatical Logos was no other than God himself, or the immanent Logos.

The second explanation is, that John designs by καὶ Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος to define more closely the idea of the fellowship, or the immediate relation, of the Logos with God, which is implied in πρὸς τὸν Θεόν, so that it may not be understood in too wide or loose a sense.

The first explanation is that of the ancients. It lies at the foundation of the Church doctrine of the Trinity. But, with all its plausibility, I must reject it, on the following grounds : First, why has not John more definitely expressed the supposed antithesis by a δέ or an ἀλλά? The particle καὶ is too feeble and ambiguous to express the meaning above mentioned. Secondly, why does he not, in the second verse, which has so close a connection with the first, resume the entirely new thought which the words, according to this explanation, would contain? Further, if he had intended to express the personal unity, or unity of being, of the Logos with Θεός, then the expression ὁ Θεός, that is, Θεός with the article, might have been expected to be used. On account of the possible ambiguity of Θεός without the article, the latter should not have been omitted. Finally, what obliges us, with Theodore of Mopsuestia, to press the idea of the *ἕτερον*, the *ἑτερότης*, of the Logos, which is, it is true, implied in πρὸς τὸν Θεόν, so closely as to be compelled to regard the following proposition, καὶ

Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος, as a monotheistic qualification or removal of it? In fact, the personal difference of the Logos would in this way be not merely limited, but altogether annihilated. But this could not have been the design of John, who in a special manner proceeds on the idea of the λόγος προφορικός.

The second explanation is, on the contrary, justified by the connection, as well as by the phraseology. John intends to say that the ante-mundane Logos is πρὸς τὸν Θεόν, that is, in such fellowship with God, stands in such a relation to him, that he may be called God. If now there is any historical, though it may be a mediate, connection between the representation of John and Philo, then is Θεός to be taken in the same sense in which Philo, in order to distinguish the Logos from the absolute God, (ὁ Θεός,) calls him simply Θεός,* without the article, and even ὁ δεύτερος Θεός, the second God, but with the express addition that this last expression is used only figuratively (ἐν καταχρήσει). If, as we have seen, John understood by the Logos a real Divine person, and yet, as a Christian apostle, certainly adhered to the monotheistic idea of God in a higher and far purer degree (xvii. 3, 1 John v. 20) than Philo, then must he, not less than Philo, have understood the Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος, "the word was God," in a figurative sense (ἐν καταχρήσει). Thus the meaning of Θεός would be nearly the same as that of Θεῖος, "Divine." But this [that is, the exact equivalence of Θεῖος and Θεός] is not allowed by New Testament usage. We must, then, take Θεός without the article, in the indefinite sense of a Divine nature or a Divine being, as distinguished from the definite absolute God, ὁ Θεός, the αὐτόθεος of Origen. Thus the Θεός of John answers to the image of God (εἰκὼν τοῦ Θεοῦ) of Paul, Col. i. 15.

This agreement of the doctrine with that of Paul is no mean historical confirmation of our interpretation, although, in the dogmatical analysis of it, there is the disadvantage of being obliged to regard the λόγος in a subordinate relation to God. Still, however, the idea of unity of nature is implied in the representation of John.

Having now finished our grammatical explanation of the prologue of John, we are able to answer the question, whether and how far John has succeeded in the object proposed to

* De Somniis I. 599. Comp. Origen. Comment. in Ev. Joan. Tom. II. § 1-3.

himself, — that of expressing, in the form of the Alexandrian doctrine of the Logos, the unity of the ante-mundane and eternal with the historical personality of Christ, that is, his personal preëxistence ; a doctrine which the Evangelist has plainly expressed in ch. viii. 58, and xvii. 5.

The question is two-fold. The first claim to a satisfactory solution of it belonged to the first readers of the Gospel. Did John give an explanation of the subject satisfactory to those readers, and to those who were at the same stand-point of Christian philosophy with them ? This purely historical question undoubtedly lies within the limits of an exegetical commentary.

Another question, however, remains, namely, how far the doctrinal representation of the prologue is satisfactory at the present day, at our present stand-point of Christian philosophy. If the Gospel be a truly apostolical and canonical writing, this question is theologically necessary. It is a question, however, which belongs to the province of dogmatic and systematic theology, and the discussion of it belongs to an excursus rather than to a commentary on the Gospel of John. But since a comparison of the earlier and more modern modes of thinking, and of the essential idea with its forms of manifestation, must essentially contribute to a full understanding of the prologue of John, such an excursus would seem to be fully justified.

I. When John says, that Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, was the Logos made man, and that the Logos was an ante-mundane, eternal, ever active, revealing hypostasis (*offenbarungs-hypostase*), and as such, a different hypostasis from God himself, a personal, self-conscious Divine being, it appears plain, how, according to the prevalent philosophy, or gnosis, of the times, Christ could assert that he existed before Abraham, yea, before the foundation of the world. The conception of the Logos in this sense, and in this application, was admitted and intelligible. But John says, moreover, that the Logos "*became flesh*." This was the peculiarly Christian word of the problem, and in this sense the conception was foreign to the Alexandrian philosophy, and in itself attended with difficulty. The greater importance John attributes to it, the more exactly, one would think, should he have defined so enigmatical a proposition. But this he has not done. When, in another part of the prologue, he speaks of the coming of the Logos "into the world," and "to his

own," this presupposes the "*σὰρξ ἐγένετο*," but does not explain it. In the Gospel, we find also the figurative representation of the coming down of Christ from heaven (ch. iii. 12, etc.); but this is only a metaphorical expression for the *ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο*, — not an explanation, — not a more exact definition of it. This will be the more evident, when we consider that the representation of the descent of Christ from heaven, his ascent into it, and his continual residence in heaven, seems almost to confound the difference between the historical and ante-historical person of Christ.

More definite and clear is the representation of the *sending* of the Son by the Father. But here the question arises, whether this sending is to be conceived of as analogous to a prophetic call, (Comp. i. 6; Matt. iii. 1; Hagg. i. 13,) or to the mission of an angel. Only the last conception, which implies a superhuman person as sent, would express the *λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο*. But still the peculiar enigma remains unexplained, how we are to conceive of the proper human birth of the preëxistent personal Logos into the historic person of Jesus Christ, without confounding the Divine and human form of being. That John, by the terms *ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο*, intended to express a proper human birth of the Logos, admits of no doubt. The expression, *ἐρχεσθαι ἐν σαρκί*, (1 John iv. 2,) also implies actual birth in human form. If, however, an angel could not, according to any Biblical mode of representation, be conceived of as being born in a truly human manner, it follows that the proposition, *ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο*, could not be made intelligible to the Jews by a representation borrowed from the mission of angels into the world. Now it must be assumed that John, by this expression, "the word became flesh," could not have meant to utter a conception that would be unintelligible to the readers of his time. As he has said nothing for the purpose of explaining it, he must have supposed that the proposition, with all its singularity and mysteriousness, was not too difficult to be apprehended by his contemporaries. The most expressive analogy relating to it was afforded by the Platonic doctrine of the preëxistence of human souls. So peculiar and mysterious a fact as the incarnation of the Logos could be made conceivable only by analogy. That this doctrine of the preëxistence of human souls was prevalent among the Jews of Alexandria before the time of Philo is evident from the Wisdom of Solomon viii. 19, 20. Philo also expressly

asserts it, in the book *De Gigant.* (Mang. I. 263, etc.) If, according to Philo, the rational human soul existed before its manifestation in the body as a real person, and even as an image of the absolute, original Logos, then the proposition of John, *ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο*, though it may have continued to be incomprehensible to the idealistic Philo, must, to the Christian thinker, who had faith in the historical Son of God, have been conceivable by reason of the fact that it was analogous to the corporeal birth of the preëxistent human soul. It is true that no distinct traces of this mode of explaining the matter are to be found in the Apostolic age. But since this view distinctly appears afterwards in the Alexandrian Fathers, especially in Origen, it must be supposed, that, though undeveloped and unexpressed, it was the view which lay at the foundation of the Apostle's conception of the incarnation of the Logos.

Under these suppositions, John has, by his representation of *the word becoming man*, succeeded in making intelligible, to his contemporaries at least, the unity of the ante-mundane and eternal with the historical and temporal personality in the consciousness of Christ.

But Christian faith in the only-begotten Son of God has in the proposition of John, *ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο*, not only the original explanation of his problem, but, so far as this explanation proceeded from the genuine Apostolic spirit, the permanent rule for its explanation in the Christian Church. The whole development of the Christian doctrine respecting the person of Christ rests in a preëminent manner on the prologue of John. We can plainly perceive in history how the most diverse and free modes of thinking have found their true position and have been united in this canon or form. But while John may have explained the great problem of the Christian faith according to the philosophy or mode of thinking prevalent among Christians of his age, he did, by his proposition, *ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο*, tie a new knot in relation to modes of thinking which were to prevail among Christians in later times. The history of doctrines authorizes the conclusion, that, the more this proposition has been taken in its original historical sense, the greater difficulty has been found in the dogmatical exposition of it.

If we regard it as an established point, that John understood by the Logos, the absolute, eternal, revealing hypostasis of God, not a mere relation of God in himself, or to the

world, but a personal conscious being out of God, exalted above all angels, but having the same personality as angels, then it is impossible to explain the proposition, "the Logos became man," without the aid of Origen's doctrine of pre-existence.* If all the real personality of Christ was already included in the eternal [that is, the preëxistent] Logos, then no truly human personality can be conceived of as existing in his historical incarnation. For if by human personality we understand not merely an individual human body, but a proper conscious human mind, then this conscious human mind, being, notwithstanding all its resemblance to God, essentially different from the conscious personal Logos, could, in the incarnation, neither have been active as the law of the human nature, nor have existed as a concrete manifestation. For, in this case, Christ must have had a double, and essentially different, consciousness, namely, the Logos consciousness, and the human consciousness. But, as John could not have conceived of such a double personal Christ, it follows that the Divine consciousness of the Logos must have absorbed the proper human consciousness, as being different from it, and inferior to it. How, then, would men have conceived of it? As a sort of transubstantiation of the human personality into the Divine, the eternal attributes of the former being retained? In this case, the incarnation of the Logos would be nothing more than the mere embodying of it, the clothing of it with the mere outward form of a man. This would evidently be semi-Docetism, if not Docetism itself, in manifest contradiction to John and to the rest of the New Testament. If, then, with John, we are obliged to suppose the entire humanity of Christ, and thus his full consciousness of human personality as existing in the incarnated Logos, and yet regard the Logos as an eternal [or preëxistent] personal being, then do we again fall into the danger of attributing a double personality to Christ.

If now we attempt to elude this danger by the supposition

* Origen held the opinion, that the absolute Logos became man before the birth of Christ; and that there was a union of the preëxistent human soul of Christ with the Divine Logos, as a necessary medium of the incarnation of God in the human body, which was otherwise inconceivable. "Non enim possibile erat, Dei naturam corpori sine mediatore misceri." (De Princip. 2, 6. 4, 31.) But, from the manner in which Origen expresses this idea, it is evident, that, in the same degree in which the preëxistent human soul of Christ was conceived of as living and personal, the Logos must have been regarded as an impersonal power or attribute of God.

of a mysterious personal union, or *communicatio naturarum et idiomatum*, there still remains the difficulty of explaining the relation of such a personal Logos to the Supreme Being in consistency with the doctrine of the unity of God. In the system of Philo, such a Logos presented no difficulty. In Philo, the Logos is, after all, only God become personal through the revelation of himself; differing, indeed, from the God hidden in himself, without attributes, but differing only in so far as the personal subjectivity differs from its general substance. But, in my opinion, every breath of the view, according to which God is not conceived of as absolutely personal, as eternal love and wisdom, before any revelation, or rather without any revelation, in the world, obscures the pure mirror of the spirit of the New Testament. If, according to John, God is in himself the only true God, then every real person out of him, though ever so exalted, and how long soever existing before the material world, must still be subordinate and created. This appears to me to be the truth contained in Arianism. Even the hypothesis of Origen concerning the eternal generation of the Logos will not remove this relation of subordination, any more than the supposition of an eternal creation of the world would remove the dependence of the world. But the Catholic Church* development has with reason protested against this theory. According to it, the Christian doctrine of the Divine unity is not maintained in its purity, nor is the incarnation of the Logos explained, without a transmutation of an ante-mundane into a human person.

If now it should be maintained that the Logos must be an eternal person, or personality in God himself, I will not again attempt* to unfold the difficulties which attend this view, but only insist on the fact, that, in the prologue of John, no such view is expressed, or even intimated. On the contrary, every thing in it shows that John thought of no other Logos than the *λόγος προφορικός*. This is the sure result of exegetical criticism. But so long as the hypostatical character of

* Dr. Lücke here refers to a Letter of his on the doctrine of the Trinity in the German Journal, "Studien und Kritiken," for 1840, Vol. I. p. 63, in which he has ably refuted the attempts of Billroth, Twisten, and others, to defend and explain an immanent or real Trinity; i. e. the orthodox doctrine of the Church. In this letter, he maintains that neither the prologue of John, nor any other part of Scripture, gives the least support to an immanent or ontological Trinity. Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, in his view, refer only to the modes in which one God, in one person, makes himself known to the world; the Trinity thus being, to use his own expression, a holy prism, through which God is seen by men. — Tr.

this λόγος προφορικός of John is borne in mind, that is, that a real person is denoted by it, the Arian view of the subject is inevitable. If, on the other hand, we understand by the Logos of John, not a real person, but only an objectively real, revealing relation, (*objective-reale, offenbarungs-relation*, etc.) power, or action of the personal God, then will not only the doctrine of the Divine unity be preserved in its purity, but the ante-mundane existence of the Logos, his indwelling in the world, and the human origin of Christ, will be made clearly conceivable. But then the difficulty will be to explain the phraseology of John, in his prologue, in consistency with this view. For this phraseology seems to indicate clearly a pre-existent personal Logos. There appears to me, therefore, to be no other escape from the difficulties which embarrass the subject, than, now that we have finished the historical interpretation, to make a careful distinction, with a view to the dogmatical analysis, between the essential thought contained in the prologue and the form of representation belonging to the time. In this view, it will be necessary to examine more particularly the real import and dogmatical value of the conception of a personal Logos in the religious philosophy of the times.

From our historical examination of the idea of the Logos, it has appeared, that the hypostatizing of the wisdom and word of God into a real and proper person is not found in the canonical development of the Old Testament revelation. In the Old Testament, the wisdom of God appears only as an attribute, and the word of God only as the revealing action (*offenbarungs-action*) of the personal God, which creates the world, and acts in the world. Both the wisdom and the word of God are personified; but this is only a mode of representation, a matter of language. Both are conceived of as essentially necessary, and in full reality in the world as well as in God, but without any hypostatic or proper personality.

Since now the proper personality of the Divine word has not its origin in the Old Testament, and is not necessary in the Old Testament, but made its first appearance in the Alexandrian philosophy, and arose from the Platonic mode of thinking at the time, we have a right, in my opinion, to conclude that the hypostatizing of the Logos into an actual person belongs not to what is to be regarded as essential Divine revelation in the Gospel of John, but only to the means of representation which the gnosis or philosophy of the times afforded.

If this be the case, we have only to inquire how that gnostic form of thought or representation is to be understood. Ritter * has said, "The object of the ideal theory of Plato was not to demonstrate the reality and absolute subsistence of individual things, or even of their several species and genera, but merely to establish the reality of certain ideas in the soul and the reason, which are susceptible of distinction, and may and ought to be the objects of science. This is what is meant by the reality of ideas in the Platonic theory. They are not separate, self-subsisting things, energies, or substances, but merely certain determinations in the Divine reason, admitting of distinction, according to which the True, in the phenomena of the world and in science, is ordered and arranged; they are so far real and actual as, being copied in every individual soul after the measure of its intelligence, they have corresponding to them a real determination in the reason of God, which is the true law of all modes of existence in the world. They are said to subsist absolutely in and for themselves, because they must severally be conceived each with a determinate difference, and every entity corresponding to them with a determinate difference from every other entity, in and by itself."

Looking at the subject from this point of view, it is necessary to distinguish the *hypostatizing* of the Logos from the permanent hypostatic personality of the same. According to the use of language † in philosophic discourse, *ὑπόστασις* primarily expresses only the reality, the real existence, of an idea, in contradistinction from mere *ἐμφασις* ‡ (appearance); hence, also, it denotes independent existence, *ὑπόστασιν ἰδίαν*, in contradistinction from that which is derived or mediate. Philo does not use the word in connection with the Logos, though it occurs elsewhere in his writings. But we may say with truth, that he hypostatizes the Logos, that is, he ascribes to it, in a strict sense, a real existence, and, indeed, a necessary Divine existence, in contradistinction from mere *ἐμφασις*, *φαντασία*, *ἐπίνοια*. The hypostatizing of the *λόγος* in this sense presents in general, and to our apprehensions in modern times, no difficulty. But by the gnosis, or prevailing philosophy, of that time, the Logos was conceived of as a personal

* History of Philosophy, Vol. II. p. 361. Eng. Trans., p. 372 of the original.

† On the use of *ὑπόστασις*, see Bleek's Commentar zu Hebr. i. 3.

‡ See Aristot. de Mundo, c. 4. § 19.

hypostasis, as a real and proper person, out of God. This was, in that age, the immediate, appropriate expression of the thought. But, on this very account, it is not the necessary thought itself, significant for all minds in every age. If, in the connection of Christian thought, we in this age are unable to form or realize the conception of a real, absolute, Divine, personal Logos, then may the representation of such a Logos be regarded by us as only a temporary form of thought, the enunciation of a real Christian truth expressed in a form suited to the times, which was rather intimated than immediately expressed in the language used.

The idea of the hypostatic personality of the Logos arose in its time out of the tendency of the ancients, especially the Hebrews, harmless in itself, to personify abstract ideas. Another source of it, however, as is manifest in Philo, was the polytheistic and demonologicistic mode of thinking of the times. The unconscious power of the truth may be implied in the tendency to conceive of all spirit-life in the world as personal. But it is one thing to conceive of an angel, and quite another to conceive of the absolute personality of the Logos as different from the absolute personality of God. If, now, Philo himself could not otherwise complete this last conception than by comparing the absolute Logos with an archangel, or a second God, (still being unable, as a monotheist, to concede truth to this last representation,) — if it be found also, that, notwithstanding the emphasis which he appears to place upon the personality of the Logos, the more general conception of hypostasis, in the sense of Plato's "idea," will yet sometimes show itself in his writings, — then may we well maintain that the hypostatic personality of the Logos was in his time only the clearest and strongest expression of the truth, that the Logos, both in God and in the world, was not mere *ἐμφανσις*, or *ἐπίνοια*, but a true hypostasis, a necessary entity in the idea of God; and that it was, though not of the world, yet the world-creating, eternal, revealing power, or revealing action, of the personal God. The more all action, every attribute, and all power of the personal God is personal, — that is, independent of the world, in itself free, — the more, in order to express this, might the Logos be conceived of as a personal hypostasis, or an hypostatic personality in this sense, no clear distinction being made between personification and real personality.*

* I omit here a page or two of remarks on a peculiar theory of Weisse.
— Tr.

In this explanation of John's representation of the Logos, we have a twofold advantage: first, that the phrase *ὁ λόγος σαρκὶ ἐγένετο* becomes intelligible without any Docetic transmutation of a Divine person into a human one, and without giving up the immediate creative and revealing power of God, the incarnation of the Logos; secondly, that the conception of the Logos, freed from the gnostic form which it assumed in the time of John, is brought back to its true Old Testament ground and import, and consequently, to its permanent, dogmatic, that is, its essential, religious value. It is true, that, in the expressions of Christ concerning his personal pre-existence (John viii. 57, xvii. 5) there may appear to be an insuperable objection to the view which has been given. For how, it may be asked, can these expressions be reconciled with our view of the Logos, without abandoning their original signification? It would seem to be becoming in a Christian theologian to leave the Logos of John, in its original expression, as an inexplicable mystery, rather than, by a forced interpretation, to weaken the meaning of the words of Christ. But the question is, whether John's mode of understanding those words, conformed as it is to the prevailing doctrine of the Logos in his day, was the original sense in which Christ understood them. If we have no right to assume that Jesus spoke in conformity with the prevailing doctrine of the Logos, then we are allowed to distinguish the sense in which John understood those expressions from that in which Christ used them. But we are not allowed to suppose that Jesus uttered any thing essentially different from what John has recorded. If, then, we trace back those expressions of Christ to the Old Testament ground on which he stood, and remember that there was in him a perfect human consciousness, we may understand the essential meaning of them to be, that Jesus, in the full consciousness of the Divine glory of the only-begotten, which dwelt in him from his birth, conceived of it in its eternal reality in the past, as well as in the future and present (comp. iii. 13); or rather, that, although existing in a human, and of course a finite, temporal* personality, he was yet conscious of being a perfect organ, or a perfect possessor, not only of the light and life, but of the eternal revealing power of God. If Christ could not have meant that he eternally pre-existed as the historical Son of God, then he

* That is, not existing as a person before his birth. — TR.

could have understood his eternal preëxistence only in an ideal sense, that is, in reference to the eternal word, as this phrase is used in the Old Testament.

I acknowledge the difficulties which attend this interpretation of the passage ; but they vanish before the impossibility of conceiving of a double real personality in Christ, — the one eternal and Divine, and the other finite and human, — whether regarded as distinct, or as fused into each other without distinction. This supposition makes a specific difference of nature between Christ and us his brethren, which renders not only the true Son of man, but the truly redeeming Son of God, inconceivable to me.

I fear not the Church, but love and honor it from my heart. But I love and honor it, because it is the Church, not of the letter and form, but of Christian truth and regulated freedom. In this it is implied that she has a certain and sure word of God in the Scriptures, and that she has also well-founded laws of human thought and language. But to understand the former in its fulness, and to apply the latter with correctness in their living freedom, is an infinite problem, to the solution of which unremitted labor is necessary. In this consideration is my justification and defence, not indeed for taking away any permanent truth from the prologue of John, but for departing in its explanation from the formularies of the Church.

G. R. N., TR.

ART. V. — BRAZER'S SERMONS.*

WE gladly welcome another valuable addition to the many volumes of sermons which the affection and veneration of surviving relatives and friends for the memory of their authors have given to the public, — urged, usually, by the request of grateful parishioners, and the expressed wishes of others, who were occasional hearers and admirers of the living utterances of the men whose voices have ceased to be heard in the pulpits they occupied, and whom we no longer meet in the places that have known them, and that are to know them

* *Sermons*, by JOHN BRAZER, D. D. Boston : Crosby & Nichols. 1849. 12mo. pp. 367.

no more. However we may rejoice over these *spolia opima*, these rich trophies, which follow in the train, and in a measure console us for the triumphs, of the universal conqueror, we cannot look back without a painful sense of bereavement upon the ravages which, within a few years, have been made in the ranks of our ministerial brotherhood, who have been the expounders, defenders, and ornaments of "the faith once delivered to the saints," as we have learned it from the teachings, example, and spirit of its Divine "author and finisher," as transmitted to us in the Gospel records and epistles. Within these few years have been called to their heavenly rest and reward most of those who stood in the front rank of reformers of the popular faith, and who had to make their defence against a host of assailants that began the controversy which, some thirty or forty years since, gave occasion for the assumption, or acceptance, by the assailed, of the name of Unitarians, and for "a statement of reasons" for rejecting the Trinitarian and kindred dogmas, as held and taught by Calvinists, or the so-called Orthodox. Freeman, Kirkland, Channing, Greenwood, the Wares, father and son, the Whitmans, and, near to each other, Peabody of Springfield and Brazer of Salem, with many others, in no long interval from the present, have left us; who, by their public ministries and writings during their lives, and in the volumes, like that at the head of this article, published by their friends after their decease, have, in conjunction with many living brethren, — long may they live! — given form and definite expression to the catholic and heart-cheering faith justly cherished and held most precious by a large, and everywhere increasing, community of believers.

In the writings of these men may be found, expressed with clearness and power, both the negative and positive aspects of the Unitarian faith, and the doctrinal views they entertained, with their practical application to the government of the heart and life, or to the formation of the Christian character; defended, urged, and enforced with equal strength and fairness of reasoning, with fervid and persuasive eloquence, with a broad and comprehensive charity, a serious, devout, and earnest spirit, a Christ-like compassion and love to the souls of men, a fearless fidelity of warning and tenderness of entreaty to the sinful, and "beseeching" of all men to be reconciled to God, with a uniform reference to the Divine authority of Christ, and a resting of all they teach or require upon

“ the truth as it is in Jesus,” carefully and reverently gathered from his words and deeds, his life, death, resurrection, and ascension to the Father, who sent him. These writings, sufficiently doctrinal, but eminently practical and devotional, may challenge comparison with the writings upon similar topics of any like number of the clergy of any denomination or church since the Reformation. They collectively constitute a respectable religious library, containing an ample exposition of the principles or doctrines, and practical requisitions, the devout and philanthropic, the holy and benignant, spirit of Liberal Christianity.

The Sermons of Dr. Brazer may claim, and will find, a conspicuous place in this library. We owe their publication to a sentiment that does equal honor to the author and the editor. The affection and veneration of the son for the memory of the father evince the love and faithful care of the father in the wise and affectionate training of the son. It is always beautiful, — this reciprocated affection of parent and child ; it is preëminently so, when it hallows to the child, and enshrines in his heart, the memory of the deceased parent. While parental love rarely fails to cherish and lavish its cares and tenderness upon the child, the child, it has been remarked, does not always or often cherish the memory of the parent with the enduring and deep affection with which a parent fondly broods over that of a child. The son could not possibly erect a more fitting monument to his father's name than by the publication of these Sermons. It is not often that a posthumous publication of sermons does justice to their author. Whatever may be the scholarship and tact of the editor, it is in most cases scarcely possible that the manuscripts, left without any idea that they were ever to be printed, should be as correct as the author would have made them, had he intended and prepared them for the press. In the case before us, it is well known that Dr. Brazer composed with the utmost care and finish whatever he delivered from the pulpit. His son, we presume, found the manuscripts in a state requiring very little alteration for the press.

Dr. Brazer stood high among the eminent and eloquent preachers of our denomination. He early earned and sustained a distinguished reputation for scholarship, for classical elegance of style, for refined taste, a wide range of reading, a large and critical acquaintance with modern literature. During a ministry of more than a quarter of a century, he was a

diligent student ; and while he gave more time and laborious thought than most of his brethren to the composition of his sermons, and to a careful preparation for the devotional exercises of the pulpit, he was at the same time a faithful pastor, ready at every call to counsel or advise in private, to visit and comfort the mourner, the sick, and the aged, and to minister to the necessities of the poor of his charge by his own bounty or as almoner of the rich and charitable members of his congregation. We have in the brief memoir, prefixed to the Sermons by his son, a succinct account of his birth, education, and uneventful career, to his sudden decease, at the residence of a friend in a distant State, whither he had journeyed with his son for the recovery of his impaired health. Born in Worcester, (September 21, 1789,) where he received a common school education, his parents wishing him to be fitted for a mercantile life, he passed several years of his minority in a counting-room in Boston. His inclinations and tastes were in another direction ; and having prepared himself in the brief space of nine months for entering Harvard College, he was admitted a member of the class that was graduated in 1813. "By the middle of his Freshman year," says a friend and classmate, "he had taken his position, and was decidedly the first scholar of his class." He held this position through his collegiate course. He continued a resident graduate in the University from 1815 to 1820, and held successively the offices of Greek and Latin Tutor, and College Professor of Latin. At the close of the academic year 1819-20, he resigned his office of Latin Professor, and commenced preaching, as a candidate for the ministry. He very soon received and accepted an invitation from the North Society in Salem to become their pastor, and was ordained November 14, 1820. He retained his connection with this society till his decease, on the 24th of February, 1846, — a period of twenty-six years and some months.

The tenor of his days during his ministry was not marked by any signal outward vicissitudes till towards its close. It resembled that of any other happily settled, popular clergyman, and cherished pastor of a wealthy, united, intelligent, not to say fashionable, society in our cities. An occasional journey, as an invited companion with some opulent individual or family of his congregation, and now and then a temporary absence and respite from his labors in summer, varied the ordinary course of his ministerial life. His health was sensi-

bly impaired in his latter years ; and the sudden death, in 1843, of his excellent wife, "who," says the memoir, "had shared his joys and his sorrows, who had always consoled him in the dark hours of perplexity and trial, — though it left him prostrate and crushed, and seemed to sever the principal tie that bound him to society, — concentrated his efforts more entirely upon his pastoral duties, and made his study, the sick-room, and the abode of death, places in which the energies of his body were occupied and exhausted." He never but very partially recovered from the effects of the blow that thus "prostrated and crushed" him.

Dr. Brazer, on his entrance upon the duties of his ministry, brought with him from the University a reputation for talents, scholarship, fine writing, and eloquence, which it would have tasked powers of the highest order to sustain. As the Apostle charged the young preacher Timothy, he "gave himself wholly to his ministry." His brilliant performances in the pulpit were admired and applauded. His congregation comprised a large portion of cultivated intellect and refined literary taste. It is next to impossible that a preacher should not prepare his sermons with a view to satisfy this generally very influential class of his hearers. What attracts and pleases these usually becomes most attractive and agreeable to the rest. Thus a sort of taste for fine preaching is generated, and pervades the congregation. The hearers go to church not so much to worship as to admire and be delighted with the preaching. They become in this way a congregation of critics, and they listen to a sermon as to an oration or secular lecture, or to the performance of an actor, — to judge of its merits or defects, according to their tastes, or as it meets or comes short of their ideas of what preaching should be. They assemble rather to be judges than to learn how they are to be doers of the word, or to be told what they must be and do to inherit eternal life. "If thou judge the law," says St. James, "thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge." Have there not been, are there not yet, city congregations, ay, and humble imitators of them in the country, to whom this reproach belongs ? Although Dr. Brazer, as we have said, neglected no pastoral duty, or ever denied himself to any that called on him for any purpose or object that came within the province of his official oversight and functions, his time was occupied chiefly in the composition of his sermons, in writing for this and other periodicals, in

replenishing his mind with new acquisitions of theological, religious, and moral science, and general knowledge, by study and reading, that, like the well-instructed scribe, he might bring forth out of his treasury things new and old to enrich and diversify his instructions from the pulpit. His ministry in this respect contrasts strongly with that of a recently deceased brother,* noticed on another page, who was most of his time occupied with out-door activities, visiting and assisting widows and orphans in their afflictions, physician and caterer to his sick poor, helping many in many ways, — for help was always needed by many of his flock, — in short, habitually going about from house to house doing good. Dr. Brazer, having comparatively few in his parish that were in need of such offices and helps, was much less abroad among his people, and confined himself much more to his study. He who commences his ministry with more than an ordinary degree of popularity, as a preacher, has to task his faculties severely to prevent its decline. Incessant toil of the brain, and frequent consumption of the midnight oil, will be requisite, to keep alive the interest he has excited. This he may do for a time, if health and brain do not falter. This did Dr. Brazer, whose sermons bore marks of intense mental effort, of unsparing labor of the file, and were in a style to satisfy the most fastidious and exacting literary taste.

The tone and complexion of most of the sermons in the collection before us partake much of the sombre and solemn. As a fair specimen of the style, and with more of a cheerful sense of the Divine benignity in doing us good without the appended demand of something to be done by us in payment, we give the following passage from the sermon entitled, “*Presence of the Invisible God in his Works and Ways.*”

“The presence of Him who is invisible, in the first place, will be apparent in all those circumstances by which happiness in this life is promoted or secured. I cannot stop to enumerate particulars here. Nor is it necessary. The devotional spirit will understand that I refer to all the grateful circumstances by which the pilgrimage of life is gladdened. Such a spirit will regard these circumstances, not in themselves alone, — not merely as events which fill up our individual history, — but as indications of kindness from on high, as tokens of Divine favor, in a word, as manifestations of Him who is invisible, which, while they speak of unearthly goodness, call us, in a language of unearthly

* Rev. Mr. Bartlett.

force and impressiveness, to the duty and the privilege of gratitude and praise. Thus, in tracing every enjoyment to the primal Source of all happiness, — thus, in realizing his close relation to that goodness whence all goodness proceeds, — he [the man of a devotional spirit] gives to every enjoyment a blessing not its own. Without this grateful reference of the gift to the bounteous Giver, he feels that his highest blessing would want its highest charm. With it, the smallest token of Divine beneficence has some relishes of heavenly blessedness, some antepasts of that Divine presence, the nearer communion with which we hope for in a beatified state.” — p. 137.

We take a still more delightful recognition of the Divine goodness from one of the most pleasant sermons in the volume, entitled “Value of a Day.”

“We find, on the opening day, that God’s goodness has not been limited to the material universe. It has been more richly extended to us, his rational offspring. Wearied with cares and labors, and exhausted in body and in mind, we lately sank into repose. We lay helpless, and, so far as any agency of ours was concerned, completely exposed to ten thousand accidents. . . . But though thus helpless and exposed, we were not forgotten in the goodness of our God. It is an affecting thought, that his ministering care was around us while we of ourselves were helpless. We were lost in forgetfulness, but were remembered by Him. He watched over us; He preserved us; He kept every hurtful thing from us; and He it is, and only He, who has now awoken us to life and consciousness again. But more than this, this temporary oblivion has been the means of new life and vigor. Our faculties have been refreshed, as well as preserved; inspired with new energy, as well as kept from destruction. These minds, which a few hours before were weak and incapable of exertion, have been recovered to new consciousness of power, and this, too, without any agency of ours. We are now prepared to take up with more efficient earnestness those trains of thought which, a little while since, we laid down in weariness, and which no effort of our will could retain. We now have a strong hold again on the purposes of life, which then vanished from our grasp like dreams. We are again the centres and sources of kind affections. In a word, life, renovated life, life endowed with new capacities, has taken the place of temporary death. Temporary death! But why was it temporary? Why was it not final? Why was not the sleep an eternal one? It was wholly owing to His gracious care. It was His adorable love that helped us in our helplessness, and through the silent and gracious ministry of sleep awoke us to new life and energy. And if we have hearts

within us, and those hearts are not wholly hardened by indifference, selfishness, and worldly cares, we shall view this restoration from this temporary death of sleep with feelings of devout thankfulness, similar to those with which we anticipate our final resurrection from the grave." — pp. 121, 122.

Another extract, of a different character, may awaken a sense of our responsibilities, and of the fearful consequences of not heeding and acting up to them in our daily life. It is from the sermon entitled "Human Responsibility."

"Another year has fulfilled the mission of its destiny; the balance of its good or evil, in respect to all of us, has just been struck, and has been recorded in the book of God's remembrance. Do any think this subject has been now overstated or urged too far? Let them not satisfy themselves with vague thought or vague talk upon the subject, but look at it just as it is, just as it has been written upon human bosoms by the hand of God, just as it has been taught by his Son, just as it is continually authenticated in the history of human life. They will then find that it stands high above this feeble attempt to reach it, that it spreads out far beyond this humble effort to grasp it. And if, in connection with it, they will seriously think of life, of its brevity, of its uncertainty, — especially think of its religious opportunities, of the capacity of men to rise into a likeness with God himself, and to be happy with Him forever, — and, on the other hand, of their liability to fail in all this, and to turn all these means of improvement into instruments of their own condemnation, — it will appear to them, as it really is, a very solemn thing to live, simply to exist, in a world like this.

"The text on which these remarks are founded allows no escape, no excuse, no palliation from the legitimate effects of our own conduct. What is its language? 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' 'Whatsoever,' — this is the term; the very thing, that precise act, thought, feeling, which is in your mind at this moment, — this, this is the seed whose fruit you must reap; and it is a fruit that will answer precisely to the seed you sow, and the harvest, therefore, will be one of weal or woe, as every conscious moment is well or ill employed. This is a solemn retribution indeed, and one before which the common ideas on this subject, horrible as they are, fade into insignificance." — pp. 13, 14.

These specimens give a good idea of Dr. Brazer's style and manner of sermonizing.

Ministries the most happy have their days of darkness and occurrences that depress the most buoyant spirits. Pastors

the most approved and cherished have to experience many painful vicissitudes and to pass through many tribulations. Not least among these trying mutations is the waning of the popular preacher's popularity, the diminishing interest of his hearers in his public services. This is an inevitable consequence of being made much of, — perhaps too much, — at first. As novelty gives place to familiarity, and as the topics are exhausted which admit of the kind of treatment and embellishment that make a preacher popular, a change comes over his hearers with their perception of a change in the matter and style of the preacher. This often happens from no other cause than that he becomes more conscientious and more deeply in earnest, and impressed with the duty of preaching “not as pleasing men, but God, who trieth the heart.” Brilliancy is exchanged for solidity; catering to the taste and imagination gives place to searching appeals to the conscience. The momentous themes of repentance, conversion, newness of life, preparation for judgment and eternity, with kindred topics, constitute the staple of his sermons. Hearers who go to church to be pleased with fine preaching are no longer interested. Their admiration has subsided into decent respect. Half a day's attendance suffices. In short, the minister has become only an humble, hard-working, devout and devoted, health-and-comfort-sacrificing servant of God, laboring on under many discouragements, striving so to fulfil his ministry that he may save himself, and as many as he can persuade to live the life they live in the body by faith in the Son of God, — the faith that makes holy and overcomes the world. Thus has it often happened, that, the more earnestly the pastor labors to promote the spiritual interests of his people, the less attached the majority become to him.

It is certainly among the most discouraging prospects for the utility and happiness of the ministry, that the pastoral relation has for a long time been of very uncertain, and, in most of our parishes, of brief continuance. We cannot but think that “the former days,” in this respect, “were better than these” days of strange and frequent divorce in this sacred connection.

“Pastor and flock, erewhiles, like man and wife,
When once together joined, were joined for life.
No light occasion could dissolve the tie;
His heart was with his charge to live and die,

To train them up for heaven and meet them there ;
And they repaid with love his faithful care.
No lure of fame or lust of gold removed
The watchful shepherd from the flock he loved.
A change has since come o'er the pastoral tie,
Its love and sanctity are things gone by."

Where the relation continues, the advancing years of the minister are saddened by the apprehension of failing strength and of failing support at the last. Worn down with labor and anxiety, broken in health, and wellnigh hopeless of relief, he either travels South to try the effect of a change of climate, where, like the subject of this notice, he lies down to die, "glad to have reached the end of a long and wearisome journey, and to be at rest ;" or he survives his strength to labor, a superannuated incumbent of his pulpit, — which is a synonym with *incumbrance* in the vocabulary of many of his people, — to whom a stinted and reluctant support is voted ; or he is turned over to the cold charity of a subscription, or of relatives, if he have them, or to the colder charity of an alms-house. This is no fiction, as the experience of many a faithful pastor, outliving his usefulness, has proved. Will not the opulent and humane of our cherished faith contribute of their abundance to the fund proposed to be established for the relief and aid of ministers who survive their strength to labor, and who have saved nothing from their usually inadequate means of support during the days of their strength ?

The Sermons of Dr. Brazer will be prized and read with interest and delight by the intellectual, and by all serious persons of a cultivated literary taste, who enjoy clear and logical argument, or lucid and definite statements of religious truth and duty. They abound in awakening and awe-inspiring appeals to the conscience. They speak less of a loving and trusting heart than of the strict obedience, the watchfulness and self-denial, necessary to the saving of the soul. Human responsibility, as it is often stated in its rigorous application and extent, is fitted to startle and terrify rather than to incite and encourage to an earnest and cheerful endeavour to grow in love and filial obedience to God, in fraternal love and doing good to men, in which, after all, consists the true Christian life. Reiterating and dwelling ever upon the stern law of duty repels and discourages, — certainly is not calculated to win souls to Christ. If it do not recall to mind "the dreadful phantom of a Deity hostile to mankind, from which horror," according to Fichte, "the pres-

ent age has been delivered by Christianity," it is apt to produce an impression that we live under the government of an exacting God, jealous of his authority and rights, extreme to mark iniquities, instead of a gracious Father, who is love, and who requires of his children only to do what is best and happiest for them, and to avoid being or doing what is hurtful to themselves or others. God's love and Christ's love to us are not so often made the ground of appeal and motive of loving obedience in return, as the fearful retributions which await the negligent and disobedient.

Dr. Peabody's sermons, recently noticed in this journal, leave no such painful impression upon the mind of the reader. Yet they are not deficient in showing men their duties and their transgressions, and the consequences of living a selfish and worldly life. But with "pointed rebuke" there is "kind encouragement." The poetical element, so living and salient in him, had but faint existence in the friend whose sermons are now under our notice. In the one, faith, hope, and charity, especially the greatest of the three, while they shone out in the life and character, were the main source of the beauty and attractiveness of his discourses. We doubt not they dwelt richly in the inmost heart of the other; but they did not enter so largely into his preaching, nor, if these are taken in proof, did they impart so much of their cheerful light to his views of life, of human character and destiny. Appeals to the conscience and the heart, to those natural sentiments which are universal and eternal, when uttered in simple and natural phrase, and in tones of true brotherly kindness, never fail to awaken a response in the heart of the hearer or reader. The appropriate imagery and illustrations, as well as the originality and beauty of the thoughts, are strong attractions in whatever Dr. Peabody has written. Dr. Brazer speaks more to the intellect than to the heart, its generous sympathies, and that natural love of the right, the true, and the beautiful, inherent in all souls, though often dormant, and waiting only the fitting speech to awaken and call it forth. He deals much in argument, in the logic of duty and the sins of disobedience, — more in the ethical and didactic than in the spontaneous, the devotional, and spiritual. He addresses his exhortations rather to the reason than to the feelings. He would enforce persuasion by demonstration. He accumulates particulars, but seldom generalizes. He says all that he can find to say upon his topics, and

leaves little to be supplied by the imagination or reflection of the reader. He says well what has been said by thousands before him. He is never obscure, neither is he ever profound. He urges with earnestness and solemnity the necessity of repentance, of a heart right with God, of living for duty, for virtue, not for pleasure or enjoyment, — sternly rebukes vice, worldliness, and frivolity, and shows strongly the inevitable issues to which they lead. No one can read these Sermons, we think, without deriving from them the most salutary impressions and powerful incitements to a sober, righteous, and godly life.

J. F.

ART. VI. — HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.*

HOME ! How many associations of life and joy are there in that one word ! How dear to the human heart the place which it designates ! How stronger than all else the hold which it has on human affections ! How, when the mind of the absent muses in solitude, does it turn, with a fondness which no other theme awakens, to this ! How do thought and memory overleap all barriers of time and space, of months and years, of mountains and seas, to reach it, to range over it, to bring it near, though but in imagination, to bring it up in all its wonted endearments and attractions, and enshrine it anew in the heart ! The traveller who climbs the pyramids, or is storing his mind with images of wonder, magnificence, and beauty among the broken columns and falling arches of Greece and Rome, breaks away from his classic raptures with a deeper and diviner glow of feeling than they inspire, to think of the humble spot in which all that is dearest in life is embraced ; and would gladly sacrifice all their thrilling visions for one glimpse of home. He who, full of sincerest devotion, has gone to the far-off Holy Land of his faith, to tread the soil which was once pressed by the feet of the Saviour, and visit the scenes hallowed by the special presence and revelations of God in days gone by, — even he turns back with intense longing to the land he has

* *Household Education.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU, Author of "Eastern Life," etc. Philadelphia : Lea & Blanchard. 1849. 12mo. pp. 212.

left, to the home and the hearth where his wife and children are following him with their prayers. And when faith shall have been changed into sight, and "this corruptible shall have put on incorruption," how know we but the spirit will even then revert in memory to its earthly home, and find its heavenly happiness enlarged and enriched by the remembrance?

So dear is home, — so strong its hold on the heart. We are speaking, of course, of the subject in a general view. We know that there are exceptions. We know, and deeply lament, that there are cases in the sad history of the race, where none of these deep and blessed emotions are felt or are excited by the thought of home. We know, and lament, that there are those who leave their homes with no sorrow, and turn back upon them no look of joy, and drown in other scenes and in distant places all memory of what they seem glad to forget. But who does not feel that this is unnatural? Who is not ready to say that there must be some cause for this, which a more reverent regard for duty, and a truer love of God, and a firmer religious faith, and a more consistent Christian principle, early infused and faithfully cherished, would have prevented? Who is not prompted to say that what the Creator has made it so natural to love must have been made an object of disgust or hate, if such it be, by perverting the privileges which belong to it, by neglecting the essential conditions on which it can be enjoyed, by losing sight of the high and blessed ends for which "God setteth the solitary in families," and has established the relations of home?

These thoughts have been excited by reading Miss Martineau's book on *Household Education*. We have read it with unfeigned pleasure. The subject was enough to engage at first sight our attention, and our interest in the perusal never flagged. The book is sufficiently systematic. It abounds in excellent suggestions and striking illustrations. It is pervaded by a most kind and genial spirit. There is no silly or affected sentimentalism; all is straight-forward and direct to the end. No parent can help receiving benefit from its study, and we heartily thank the author for giving it to the world.

And yet we confess that we have felt one want. We wished to see the importance, the indispensableness, of religion to domestic life more distinctly recognized, and the

prominent place, therefore, which it should hold in every Christian home more distinctly assigned. That religion, that Christianity, that God, the great object of all religion, and Christ, its great teacher and exemplar, are in sundry parts of the book seen to be great and precious realities to the writer, we admit. But this is implied, not stated, not deliberately set forth, not made prominent, not urged as deserving or requiring special notice and regard in its relations to, or bearings upon, the main subject. We thought within ourselves, as we closed the book, How could a Christian writer, especially a Christian woman, write more than twenty chapters upon household education, and not devote one, at least, to the subject of religious culture? Even in those chapters in which she treats of the training of the higher "powers" of our nature, such as love, veneration, truthfulness, conscientiousness, we missed what seems to us the due and distinct recognition of the loftiest uses and ends of these powers, and of the spirit and the sanctions in and by which they are most sure to be unfolded, ennobled, and made mighty for the goodness and joy of the possessor. With these qualifications, — and we do not wish them to be regarded as unimportant, — we cordially commend the book to parents, as fitted in many and valuable respects to aid them in the momentous work of domestic education.

We propose, not indeed to fill up the chasm which we think Miss Martineau has left, but to lead our readers to consider the important and interesting bearings which religion should have, which we believe God designed that it should have, upon the relations of home, upon home itself. When we contemplate men with reference to their earthly condition, in what relations do they or can they present themselves, so touching, so important, as these? what that have so direct, so unquestionable an influence upon their virtue, usefulness, or happiness? And when the mind extends its view to the eternal future, what present relations, more than these, if so much, may affect our welfare beyond the grave? So absorbing in interest, of such solemnity and importance, do they seem to us, that we are specially anxious to awaken thought on the subject, and to lead our readers so to regard it, that henceforth, peradventure from this perusal, they may find in home a new and unwonted value, the field of more weighty responsibilities than have before been felt, the means of a more thorough self-discipline, the

sphere of a loftier and more complete goodness, and, if they are parents, of a more direct and efficient — however affectionate and gentle — religious influence upon their offspring.

Just in proportion as religion becomes domesticated, enters like a familiar friend into the family and family relations, does it reveal in home a new and unwonted value. In the estimation of multitudes of its inmates, however, what is the chief value which belongs to home? With how many, should we carefully analyze the community, would it be found that its chief value consists in the mere provisions or conveniences which it secures for their animal life, and that they accordingly see in those who share with them its relations only the instruments or tools of their own pleasures, caprices, passions, or needs! Suppose we strike somewhat higher in the scale, how many others should we find who prize it chiefly for the quiet retreat which it affords from the turmoil and perplexities of business, — the resting-place into which no others have a right to intrude, — the one spot, if there be no other, where peace may be had by command, if not by sympathy! Yet higher and better still, how many should we find who prize it only or chiefly for the interchange which it allows of the kindlier affections of our nature, that may there have free play, — for the ardent, devoted love which is there ever called forth, and kept bright and unchanged, — for the generous spirit of mutual sacrifice of self, by which each yields to another some personal gratification or some chosen good, — for the strong ties which bind all together in works and offices of tenderness! Now are we extravagant in saying that no one of all these classes — not even the last, which, so far as described, is admirable, and which we might well hope embraces a larger number than the others — understands the true, the highest worth of home?

No one who takes the Gospel of Jesus Christ as his guide, or has drunk any considerable portion of its spirit, can on reflection believe that God setteth us in families merely to give the natural affections that development and exercise which we need for present gratification. That Gospel teaches a different and far higher lesson. The development and exercise of the natural affections is quite below the great end of this Providential institution. Every thing in this life was designed by our Creator to have a more or less direct bearing upon the future life; and therefore the devel-

opment and exercise of the natural affections of the human heart, so far from being the great end for which home and the relations of home are instituted, were to be only among the means, though among the most efficient means, by which immortal souls should be trained for holiness, and made fit for the bliss of heaven. By the intimate union in which home binds beings of different ages, dispositions, capacities, the supreme worth of the soul, and the unspeakably important influences which can be mutually exerted by one upon another, were to be made clear. The joy and happiness which result from the exercise and interchange of affectionate emotions and offices were to furnish a new motive to each and all to perform God's will, that ties thus begun and strengthened might be perpetuated for ever. Thus home was to be the nursery of immortal spirits. There was to be laid the foundation of immortal glory for all who shared it. There was to be sown seed which should spring up and bear fruit unto everlasting life. Infancy, innocent as an angel's dream, was there to engage the attention and attract the care of more advanced minds ; not as the trifle of an hour, but as the first waking, into a deathless life, of an accountable being. Childhood — artless, playful, affectionate, overflowing with animal spirits, rapidly unfolding one after another its various powers by the mere force of circumstances, to say nothing of education — was there to speak to those around of the ever active soul within, now first fledging its wings for a heavenward flight. Youth — bold, daring, confident, full of airy castles, heedless of danger or difficulty, courting the trial, ready for the conflict of life — was there to call forth the wise counsels, the watchful protection, the generous aid, the matured strength, the devout prayers, the holy example of its elders, that they might point it to better ends than the wealth, pleasure, or glory of the world, — lead it to a higher aim than any belonging merely to the earth, — nerve it for a worthier struggle than any to which the world could call it, — introduce it to a course whose goal is heaven. Manhood and womanhood were to be found there, not with hearts engrossed by the vanities of a world which, ere they had reached this period of life, they must have sufficiently tested ; not setting examples of frivolity, worldliness, irreligion, to those yet younger ; not blighting by their own follies, or their mere carelessness and neglect, the opening rose-buds of childhood and youth ; but by prudence, fidelity, serious purposes of useful-

ness, lives of consistent goodness, aiding to unfold them in all their fragrance and beauty ; becoming, indeed, the guides and guardians of those whom God has intrusted to their care, to lead them to himself. And there were to be the aged, not hoary with vice as well as years, not feeble in virtue as in body, not waning in goodness as in strength ; but with mellowed and ripened characters, with affections weaned from earth, with spirits just ready and fitted for their departure, to shed around them the blessed influences of long lives well spent, of a refreshing piety, of single-hearted devotedness to God and Christ, of unwavering, long-tried faith.

Hence it may be seen that religion teaches that the true value of home consists in this great fact, — that it is an assemblage of immortal spirits, brought together into the tenderest and most blessed relations, to teach and to learn the momentous ends for which life was given ; to enter together on a career of virtue and happiness never to end ; to sanctify their affections by the influences of faith and piety ; to aid one another to prepare for that more advanced state of being which is to succeed this, and into which separation, and sorrow, and sin, and death, cannot come. And this, the great, the true value of home, will be the better perceived, and the more regarded, the more familiarly religion is permitted and encouraged to dwell there.

So religion shows home, and the relations of home, to be the field of more weighty responsibilities than, without it, could have been felt. We do not say that it increases those responsibilities, or makes them of more solemnity than they were before ; but that it reveals their actual existence, their actual solemnity. Let us not shrink from this view of the subject. One of our chief moral dangers is that of failing to see, or trying to keep out of sight, the real responsibility under which we are placed, in the various relations which we providentially sustain. In those of home, men are very apt to content themselves with discharging some of the most obvious and the least difficult of their duties. If they obey the plainest dictates of mere natural affection, if they are kind to one another merely with reference to the present occasion, or according to the present impulse, without regard to any further or remote consequences, they deem it enough. Parents attend to the physical wants and comforts of their children with perhaps superfluous care and bounty, — and to their education, so far as that regards human learning or worldly ac-

accomplishments, with a lavish expenditure, aiming only or chiefly at what is called their advancement in life ; forgetful, or possibly careless, all the while, that they are made for a higher life than this, and for a purer happiness and a loftier virtue than this either gives or contemplates. Now religion, — and by religion we mean the spirit of Christ's blessed Gospel, — religion comes in to rebuke all this ; so far, at least, as concerns the habit of regarding the present world as the chief sphere of man. Religion comes in, with a calm and sober remonstrance against that eager, excessive, misplaced solicitude which sees nothing before man beyond what the great arenas of human ambition can offer. She enters the domestic circle to speak, — what though it be in a voice and tone of solemnity ? such of right belongs to her, and well would it be for all were it better heeded, — to speak to each one there, who is old enough to understand her language, of a God, omnipresent, heart-searching, heart-judging, who will require of each, in an hour of trial which none can escape, a strict account of time and talent, of opportunities and privileges, of means furnished, of duties prescribed. She comes to remind them that they have entered on an endless existence ; and that the world without, great as we are apt to think it, which is perpetually striving for so large a share of human devotion and effort, is but the school in which character is to be formed for another world, before the infinite importance of which this fades into dimness. She comes to show them that home is not merely to bind them in affection to one another, but to consecrate and sanctify that affection by enlarging its embrace, by waking up their sympathies for their fellow-beings abroad, by lifting it in all its fulness and fervor to God ; to nourish and strengthen qualities of heart and mind which shall make them blessings everywhere ; to inspire and impart principles of thought, reasoning, and action, which shall prove the safeguards of their present virtue, and, under God, the earnest of eternal felicity. Thus would religion bring all the members of the same household to know and to feel their true, their highest responsibilities. It would lead parents to regard their children, not as a merely interesting, but as a most solemn charge, committed to them by the universal Father, to be trained up for himself and for eternity, instead of the vain honors and perishing riches of a rapidly passing world. It would lead children to see in their parents the instruments by which a heavenly Parent blesses

them, and to love them with a purer love and give them a more cheerful obedience than a relation having no higher sanctions than those of the world could rightfully claim. Into every relation beneath the domestic roof religion would breathe a new element of life, and keep the mind of each member of the family awake to a more binding and solemn responsibility than any thing besides can suggest.

And is it not well, is it not most desirable, that it should be so? Shall we, gathered into the dear embrace of the family, prefer to regard each other only as destined to strive and struggle together for what this life and this world can give? Or rather, shall we not open wide our hearts to welcome that angel of heaven's own love for us, which points us higher, though it be through a harder strife and a more momentous struggle, because not with outward, but with inward foes, — which demands of us to aid each other to gain, not simply emolument and glory here, but eternal life, — and all this under our responsibility, not to man's judgment, but to God, the Judge of all? How are the relations of home, how is home itself, exalted, glorified, made holy in our estimation, when the light of religion reveals it as the school of the soul, in which it is to be prepared for eternity!

But there is another result of the domestication of religion to which we intended to refer; and that is, that it makes home the sphere of a more thorough self-discipline, of a loftier, more vigorous, more complete goodness. Banish or keep out religion, religious principle, and the religious spirit from the home, and passions which in the intercourse with the world without may have been checked or kept down by the fear of superior physical power, or the pressure of the courtesies of society, or the dread of human ridicule and contempt, will, in the comparative retirement of domestic life, riot at large. Here, confident of the indulgence of partial affection, which will overlook so much and forbear so greatly, they may give themselves reins with a lawless freedom from control, which, in its reckless career, will lay waste and desolate this fair field of the gentlest and dearest affections. Many a man, who, before his fellow-beings, in the ordinary intercourse of life, passes, perhaps, for a good husband, father, brother, when he has reëntered the sacred inclosure of home, shows himself ready to trifle with the tenderest love by his violent caprices, — to check or to wither its approaches by his overbearing and exacting selfishness, — to make himself

loathed or dreaded by those who would ever meet him with the most trustful affection, but are too sure, alas, of a repulse ! What does that man need so much as to feel, though the world to which he is ever ready to do homage knows nothing of this, that there is always upon him one eye which marks all, which is never withdrawn, from which no walls or darkness can screen him, — one all-present Witness and Judge, from whom there is no escape ? O, how much does he need to feel those most merciful restraints which religion would lay upon his passions, that blessed guidance she would give them !

But if this be true in a single case, it is true universally. Home, where it is the most attractive and admirable, where it approaches nearest to all that home should be, never does so by reason of any arbitrary appointment of the Creator. As in every other sphere of life, so there, human beings are left to make their own happiness, or discomfort, or positive misery, by the manner in which they regard and use the means with which He has furnished them. Let bad passions be smothered abroad, but let them have free vent at home, and most miserable, most repulsive, will home be made. Keep away from it the influences of religion and piety, — keep out of it all thought of God, all regard to Christ, all reference to eternity, — and hours and seasons sooner or later will come in abundance, when in vain, even in the fullest warmth of mere natural affection, will be sought that which can give the needed comfort and strength. But let religion become the fireside companion, entering and hallowing every domestic joy and trial, taking each member of the household by the hand, and binding all in her embrace, — the unavoidable differences of opinion, the graver questions of conscience, the apparent clashings of duty, will all be promptly settled and harmonized. An impulse within, full of mighty energy, will be felt, helping each to master himself that he may bless others ; mutual affection will render required sacrifices easy ; disinterestedness and generosity will take the place of selfishness ; and the love of God and of Christ, the welfare not for time, but for eternity, of those there associated most closely in life, will animate the thoughts and deeds of all.

We look upon home, and the relations of home, as providentially established for the highest and most glorious purposes. We believe that religion alone, the religion which Christ taught, reveals these purposes. We dread the effect

of those tremendous influences which, through the materializing tendencies of our age and of society, especially in our larger towns and cities, are so strongly and increasingly at work to exclude religion from home, — to diminish its power by banishing its presence from domestic life, — to tempt parents to forego the high priesthood to which God has consecrated them, and leave the religious culture of their children too much to other hands, — to break down or leave no place for the family altar. We know no questions more important just now for the members of the *religious community*, so called, very seriously to consider, each for himself, than these : — What is the state of our families ? What is the character of our homes ? Are they religious homes ? Has piety, has devotion, her chosen seat there ? Is the presence of religion welcome there ? Is the voice of praise and prayer heard there ? Is the domestic altar raised there, that around it may be gathered day by day the objects dearest to our hearts, together to acknowledge, adore, and bless our Father in heaven ? Can we, do we, delight to turn away from the follies and vanities of the world, its perplexing cares and jading rivalries, its comparatively paltry, yet wearing and harassing pursuits, its disappointments, reverses, trials, and find there the serene trust, the sweet peace and calm, which the spirit of true piety breathes, wherever it rests ? Do we, inmates of the same home, when we are gathered there, accustom ourselves to feel that we have made God our portion, and Christ in very deed our Saviour, and heaven only our higher home ? Are we there engaged as becomes the aspirants for that higher home, in our thoughts, conversation, recreations, reading, general intercourse, — improving and improved, blessing and blessed ? If these questions can be affirmatively answered by any who share the same home, most happy are they. But if, on the contrary, husbands and wives, parents and children, never join heart and voice in thanksgiving and petition to Him who made and blesses them, — if there be in the home no higher themes of communion than those which are wholly “of the earth, earthy,” — if its members regard and treat each other only as creatures of sense, only as inhabitants of this world, only as beings of time, — if they seek together no other or better bliss than what this present imperfect state can give, — alas for them ! Alas for parents who flatter themselves that they are doing all they are required to do for their children by having them educated for this world alone, when the

blight of disease may already be on them, and the arrow of death already winged, and a judgment to come awaiting themselves ! Alas for husbands and wives, if, in this holiest relation to which the heart can pledge itself, they are faithful only to what this world demands of them, — giving each other no aid in their preparation for the world to come, — nay, as sometimes seems the case, retarding, hindering each other in that great work ! Alas for any for whom home has no higher charm, no holier influences, no more precious blessing, than what, without religion, without eternity, without Christ, without God, may be there !

F. A. F.

ART. VII. — BUSHNELL'S DISCOURSES.*

THE main strength of this book is expended on the doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement ; and more in explaining what they are than in direct arguments to support them. We shall therefore confine our remarks principally to these two subjects ; not by way of controversy, for that is not the spirit in which the work has been prepared, but reviewing the whole matter calmly, and with the purpose of amending whatever we may find defective in our own views or position.

But lest we should have no other opportunity to do it, we would here say, that, if in respect to the Trinity and the Atonement the work should be found not to accomplish what it proposes, there are other ways in which it may prove both interesting and useful. There is a freedom and freshness of thought, a generous enthusiasm, an exemption from every species of theological rancor, which always indicate an honest purpose and a consciousness of strength. Old theories are upset with an ease which seems more like "play" than "work." An incidental paragraph sometimes brushes away an elaborate system of philosophy, as on the human will (p. 62), and on Brown's theory of cause and effect (p. 66). Valuable suggestions are constantly meeting us, and seeds of thought are scattered profusely on every side. We think

* *God in Christ. Three Discourses, delivered in New Haven, Cambridge, and Andover, with a Preliminary Dissertation on Language.* By HORACE BUSHNELL. Hartford: Brown & Parsons. 1849. 12mo. pp. 356.

Dr. Bushnell much more rich in furnishing materials for thought than skilful in elaborating them. The work is evidently, so far as the author is concerned, an original one. Every important idea in it may possibly be found elsewhere, but we see in their coloring and the attitude under which they present themselves unquestionable evidence that they are his, and not another's. The action of his mind in bringing them out, the freshness of his language, the joy with which he welcomes them, and the strong features which they bear of his mind and the experience through which he has passed, afford proof enough of their paternity.

We should be glad to make a few remarks on the style, which in most respects is clear and vigorous, and often exhibits rare felicity of expression, but is marked by some peculiarities that we should be sorry to have adopted by minds of less power. Such expressions as the following give us a sensation of discomfort, sufficient to draw us for a moment from the subject:—"That any one need be alarmed or *stumbled* by them" (p. 11). "Our two *unlanguaged* men" (p. 19). "To understand or *conceive* the man" (p. 10). "Were there no other cause to *differ* our piety from that of the Apostles" (p. 349). "A mere *logicker*" (p. 50). "Speculating, *logicking* use" (p. 64). "*Unfructifying logicker*" (p. 57). Some authority may, possibly, be given for these and similar forms of expression, or perhaps Dr. Bushnell claims the right to use such words as he pleases; but we must say that they clog us in our way through a book, and really annoy us when used by a Christian scholar.

Another criticism we must be permitted to make. On page 82, we find this passage:—

"So far from suffering even the least consciousness of constraint or oppression under any creed, I have been readier to accept as great a number as fell in my way; for when they are subjected to the deepest chemistry of thought, that which descends to the point of relationship between the form of the truth and its interior formless nature, they become, thereupon, so elastic, and run so freely into each other, that one seldom need have any difficulty in accepting as many as are offered him. He may regard them as only a kind of battledooring of words, blow answering to blow, while the reality of the play, viz. *exercise*, is the same, whichever side of the room is taken, and whether the stroke is given by the right hand or the left."

We cannot but think that there is some moral danger in

this exceeding ingenuity, when applied to the most solemn matters of faith. We cannot conceive, for example, how Dr. Bushnell could seriously assent to the Athanasian creed, of which the second article is as follows : " Which faith except one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly."

But we shall stop here only long enough to express our hearty and grateful appreciation of the Christian tone that pervades the work. Whatever may be said of it in other respects, it evidently is the offspring of a devout and catholic mind. The signet of the Master is there. Even when the writer refers, as on p. 110, to " a new liberal theology, the last fruit of reason, a completed model of — inefficiency, perhaps time will say," we are more inclined to smile with him than to be angry. For if he mean us, we have felt too deeply the power of our faith, and have seen it triumph too often in suffering and death, to be disturbed by such an expression. The religion from which such fruits of holy living and dying as we have witnessed spring must be a living branch of the true vine. And he would probably admit this, even while speaking so lightly of our theology.

The leading idea of the book may be inadequately, but perhaps intelligibly, expressed in few words. Language, except in relation to a few abstract ideas, is made up of terms borrowed from objects of sense. There are, except in these cases, no words which stand directly for intellectual or spiritual ideas, no words which directly " carry or transfer a thought "; " they only offer hints or symbols, to put others on generating a thought." This power of language borrowed from material things, to express spiritual ideas, arises from some mysterious correspondence between the outward world and the soul. The idea of God, like all other spiritual ideas, must come to us by means of something external. Language can reveal him only by virtue of something external, which may serve to awaken the idea in us. If, therefore, he would express himself to us at all, he must do it through something outward. The creation and the incarnation are in this way manifestations of God. The atonement, in like manner, is an objective expression of the Divine mercy and forgiveness, as employed for the redemption of a sinful world. These things, the creation, the incarnation, and the atonement, (which is but one phase of the incarnation,) are to be regarded, not so much as ultimate facts, revealing the essence of the Divine

nature, as expressions indicating God's disposition towards us and his will in regard to us. Again, since language is so inadequate an instrument for the communication of spiritual truth, no articles of faith can be a true representation of Christianity. The spirit, which is the essential element of our religion, cannot thus be imparted or preserved.

This is the general statement, which we find drawn out in full, illustrated and made alive, with unusual richness of sentiment and power of thought. There is an exceeding subtilty of analysis, divergent distinctions running off from the main trunk at almost every point, a sentence or paragraph sometimes opening a subject of vast extent, a suggestion flashing upon us as if it would clear up a whole region of disputed territory, and then we are brought back to the main subject, half bewildered for the time by the distinctions through which we have been led.

The book opens with a preliminary treatise on language, very able, and deserving to be most carefully studied, even if it should be found in some respects not satisfactory. This is followed by a discourse on the Divinity, or proper Deity, of Christ, in which Dr. Bushnell first states the argument for this doctrine, and then explains what he understands by it. We shall take the liberty to invert the order, and to consider first his view of the nature of Christ, and then the support which it derives from the Scriptures.

God, the infinite and eternal, as existing in his essence, simply is in his own unapproachable beatitude. If he is to be known at all, it must be either by the direct intuition of the soul or through some outward medium. Perhaps at first, while man was perfectly pure, he was through his intuitions conscious of God's presence in the soul, and, at the same time, living in perfect harmony with his laws, saw in the outward universe a direct revelation of the Creator. But neither by direct intuition, nor through the works of his creation, could God reveal himself as the one infinite and absolute Being, since no finite mind could thus comprehend, or finite object thus reflect him; that is, in strict philosophy, God, the infinite and absolute, could not at once manifest the whole of his being to a finite mind, or through a finite form. Every revelation of himself that we can conceive of must be subject to limitations, and therefore cannot bring to us the whole absolute being of the Almighty.

Through his word, or the power of expression residing in

his nature, he created the worlds, and thus revealed himself to man. In other ways this same word, or power of expression in the Divine nature, came to our race. But man by his wickedness had so changed the light that was in him into darkness, that he was no longer conscious of God's presence in the soul, nor saw him amidst his works. Through his moral debasement he was cut off from the knowledge of God. The word, the power of expression, came to its own, was manifesting itself as before, but its own received it not. The light shined in darkness, but the darkness comprehended it not.

"Truth has no longer any living unblemished manifestation in the world; the beauty of goodness lives and smiles no more. Sin, prejudice, passion,—stains of every color—so deface and mar the race, that the face of God, the real glory of the Divine, is visible no longer. Now, therefore, God will reclaim this last type of Himself, possess it with His own life and feeling, and through that, live Himself into the acquaintance and biographic history of the world. 'And the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and we beheld his glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.' 'The only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared Him.'" — p. 147.

A new mode of communication, adapted to a fallen race, is adopted. The word became flesh. God is manifest in the flesh.

So far we all agree. But how did the word become flesh? Did God personally assume a human form in such a sense, that Jesus Christ, apparently a man, was really God? or did God, through a being miraculously endowed for that purpose, reveal himself by an entire union with him, though without destroying his separate personality? This, we think, is the point at issue between Dr. Bushnell and ourselves.

We can discern no metaphysical absurdity in either supposition. That God sustains every particle of matter, and is, at one and the same moment, in the wholeness of his undivided intelligence and will, present with each of his creatures through his ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, is what we all admit. Nor can we positively deny that God may create a human form, animate it with his life, and by his own act manifest through it his intelligence and his will, he being himself the living personality that fills it out. We can, as a possible thing, conceive of God under a human form man-

ifesting himself to the world, and through the senses bringing himself into connection with the race ; or rather, we cannot see through the subject so far as to deny the possibility of such a thing. But how does this view of Christ harmonize with what is revealed in the Scriptures ? In the absence of other evidence, we must be guided entirely by that.

In the first place, many expressions used by our Saviour, — as, “ I am the resurrection and the life,” “ Come to me ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest,” “ Call no man Master on earth, for one is your Master, even Christ,” “ Baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,” — these and other like expressions, which certainly set Jesus apart from other men, harmonize with Dr. Bushnell's theory, though they do not necessarily require it. So, also, the accounts we have of his manner of working miracles, as if by his own power, would seem to favor the same theory of his nature, were it not for the extreme care which he has taken to show that it is not he, but the Father that dwelleth in him, who “ doeth the works.”

We come now to another class of texts, in which Jesus is represented as subject to human weaknesses, hungering, enduring pain, wearied by his journey. Again, we find him moved with indignation and pity, weeping and “ exceeding sorrowful,” and we read of angels who came to assist him in the wilderness and the garden. Could this be, if he were himself God ? Without presuming so far to understand the possibilities of the Divine existence as to answer this question, we must say that this whole class of passages, viewed in themselves, furnish a strong presumption against Dr. Bushnell's theory.

Next, the act of praying, of retiring often that he might spend the night in prayer, and his uniform mode of speaking of God, — “ My Father and your Father, my God and your God,” “ The Father loveth the Son, and *hath given* all things into his hand,” “ I can of mine own self do nothing,” “ The Son can do nothing of himself but what he seeth the Father do,” “ All power *is given* to me in heaven and earth,” “ For as the Father hath life in himself, so hath he *given* to the Son to have life in himself,” — these expressions, and others of the same kind, though often used by Jesus in reference to his highest attributes, declare, as strongly as language can, a derived authority, which is incon-

sistent with the fact of his being himself the Everlasting and Almighty God. Still more decisive, if possible, is the declaration, "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent," — where as clear a distinction as language can show is made between himself and the only true God.

Again, on Dr. Bushnell's supposition, what shall we do with the temptation? "But was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." "God cannot be tempted with evil."

But the one passage, which seems to us to close all controversy on this point, is in Mark xiii. 32: "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, *neither the Son*, but the Father." If Christ be really God,—if, as Dr. Bushnell says (p. 177), there is in the Godhead no such thing as "three distinct consciousnesses, wills, and understandings,"—he could not have uttered these words without a palpable falsehood. The matter is brought to such a point that no room is left for mystery. If Jesus really spoke those words, he cannot be God, unless in some inferior and modified sense, which Dr. Bushnell does not admit.

For these reasons, drawn wholly from the Scriptures, we cannot accept Dr. Bushnell's view of Christ. It does not answer the conditions implied in the Gospel narratives, and not only is inconsistent with, but directly and palpably contradicts, at least one positive assertion of our Lord. But because this particular theory is overthrown, it does not follow that the doctrine of Christ's Divinity, in some sense, may not be established. This Dr. Bushnell has attempted to do, though he does not indeed place his principal stress on this point. But as, under ten distinct heads, he has "catalogued a few of the proofs," we have a right to assume that they are the proofs most satisfactory to his mind. The first eight are drawn entirely from the Scriptures,* and we may admit all

* We give a few of Dr. Bushnell's strongest proof-texts, subjoining to each what we regard as a corresponding form of expression:—"In whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." "That ye may be filled with all the fulness of God."—"The image of the invisible God." "Let us make man in our image."—"The glory which I had with thee before the world was." "Which was given *us* in Christ Jesus before the world began."—"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." "He that receiveth you receiveth me."—"When he [Christ] says, 'My Father is greater than I,' how preposterous for any mere human being of our race to be gravely telling the world that God is greater than he is!" (p. 125). But St. John says (1 John iii. 20), "God is greater than our hearts." Is that preposterous?

that he claims in each particular case, and yet admit only that Christ was something more than a mere man, which we most certainly do admit and maintain. Under the ninth head, Dr. Bushnell leaves the Scriptures and argues from the wants of our nature. "We want Jesus," he says (pp. 126, 127), "as Divine, not as human. . . . It is God that we want, — to know Him, to be near Him, to have His feeling unbosomed to us."

All that is said here of our want of nearness to God we gratefully accept. "Let us have the Divine, the Deific itself, — the very feeling of God, — God's own beauty, truth, and love, God, revealed through man, — that we may see His heart, and hide our guilty nature in the bosom of His love." We feel this in our soul, and believe that we have it all in Christ, as we hope soon to show. But we cannot admit the conclusiveness of this sort of argument. We are conscious of a want, and that is evidence, perhaps, that God will do something to supply it; but precisely how he shall supply it, — that is a matter which we must leave entirely to Him. The patient may be conscious of his disease, and know that he needs something that will give relief; but what that something may be must be left for the physician to determine, — especially when that physician is the Omniscient Mind. We are diseased, and cannot cure ourselves. God has interposed in our behalf, and, because he has interposed, we know that he has furnished all needful help. And he has left us the means of discovering, so far as needful to us, what that help is. By going to the record, which in his providence has been preserved to us, we shall learn all that is essential for us to know.

We can allow no metaphysical theory of human want or of the Divine nature here to stand in our way. All that we can learn of the nature of Christ, and of the Divine manifestation through him, is to be found in the Scriptures. We have studied the question for months, with no teachers, no commentators, but simply with the Greek text of the New Testament, carefully noting all the passages which had any bearing on the subject, and placing them side by side, that they might help to interpret one another. We were entirely ready to admit the Deity of Christ, if we could only find evidence of it. But the Scriptures furnished no proof on which we could build such an article of faith. After the lapse of years, we came to the work before us, ready to reëxamine

the whole subject, and to adopt its view of Christ's nature, if consistent with the Scriptures. But that essential condition is wanting. Dr. Bushnell throws down old theories of the Trinity with wonderful dexterity, and has brought forward a new one to take their place. But we cannot receive it, solely because it is not sustained by what we find in the Scriptures; and for the same reason we cannot receive in any general sense the doctrine that Christ is God.

How, then, was the word made flesh? How was God in Christ reconciling the world to himself? The very expression, "God in Christ," which stands as the title of Dr. Bushnell's book, sufficiently indicates the essential fact. God *in* Christ, not God *as* Christ, reconciling the world to himself. How God is in him is what we cannot hope precisely to explain. But the impression respecting Jesus which we carry with us in reading the Gospels, and which makes them full of life and intelligence, is substantially this. We can set no limits either to the intellectual or the moral powers of man, and therefore cannot say how almost infinitely they may be expanded and refined under the most propitious circumstances of birth and development. Indeed, the loftiest conception we can form of God is only that of a mind like ours, infinitely advanced in holiness, love, wisdom, power. God, therefore, may miraculously create, under a human form, and with only the mental and moral faculties of which we have the germs in our nature, a being who shall be immeasurably beyond all that has ever, under the ordinary circumstances of our existence, been known or possible in man. With original endowments so favorable to every species of moral and spiritual development, he may, through his own free agency, by an exact conformity always to the highest laws of his being, find himself gifted with a depth of spiritual insight, through which he is able by direct intuition to behold the laws and the inhabitants of God's spiritual kingdom, and the influences proceeding thence, as we behold what is going on around us in the outer world. Corresponding to this depth and clearness of spiritual insight, we can imagine him • gifted by God, in his miraculous birth, with the germs of a power by which, as it is unfolded, he may heal diseases, still the tempests, raise the dead, directly, by an act of volition, as easily, and to him as naturally, as we raise an arm or lift a stone. He may go on in perfect obedience to the will of God, till the spontaneous motions of his spirit, his outward

acts and inmost desires, shall all be as perfectly in harmony with the Divine will as if directly prompted by the spirit of God. And with this holy one, entirely submissive to the Divine will, God may in some peculiar sense connect himself, and through him, without controlling his freedom or destroying his personality, communicate to man his truth, love, mercy, justice, life, — in short, all of himself that it is possible for man to receive. And this august being, so miraculously endowed, so Divinely living, so filled with all the fulness of God, in every word, thought, desire, act, so perfectly expressing the Divine mind, and conscious, moreover, of this perfect union with God, who hath given to him all power, even “to have life in himself,” — he, who, in this twofold sense, is entirely united with God, may surely say, “I and my Father are one,” “He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.” As we look on him, the one Mediator between God and men, and see the most endearing attributes of God, his grace, mercy, love, and truth, shining through him upon a dark and sinful world, while he imparts to that world the life which God hath given him to have in himself, — when we see him, by his own voluntary act, always thus the representative of God, who dwells in him, and manifests himself through him, — may we not say of him, that he is “the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person”? Does he not stand immeasurably above every other created being ever revealed to us? Is it by any forced language that he says, “I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live”? And in the solemn formula of baptism, which is Dr. Bushnell’s tenth and most decisive argument for the Deity of Christ, — in that formula which is appointed for the consecration of the soul to God, — may we not, with devout joy and gratitude, be baptized, not only into the name of the Father and his sanctifying spirit, but also into the name of him whose Divine mission it is to reveal to us the Father in himself, and who, by the regeneration, the newness of life, which he has caused in us, has prepared us to receive the holy spirit, a sanctifying presence, into our hearts? How can God, through any human form, more nearly come home to us, to our dearest sympathies and affections? Even if suffering be needful, — if a sacrifice, in which God himself takes part, be essential to the grand scheme of redemption, (of which we have no proof,) — it is as easy to suppose it in his intimate personal

union with the soul of Jesus as with a human body. In Christ, under this view of his nature, we recognize, in Dr. Bushnell's strong language (p. 150), "Emanuel, God with us, — the Word made flesh, — God manifest in the flesh, — the express image of his person, — the Life that was manifested, — the glass in which we look to behold the glory of the Lord, — the fulness of God revealed bodily, — the power of God, — the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, — the image of the invisible God."

We know that Dr. Bushnell alludes to this view of Christ's nature almost with contempt, but evidently without quite understanding it, when he speaks of it as "the human acted wholly by the Divine, so as to have no action of its own, save in pretence." By the very supposition, Jesus, with all his miraculous endowments, is left to grow up according to the laws of a nature so Divinely gifted, but in perfect freedom. And because, when so created in the form or image of God that he might, without derogating from the Divine nature, appear as the representative of God, instead of, or as God, he nevertheless "took upon him the form of a servant, and, being in the likeness of men, became obedient even unto the death of the cross," — because he voluntarily submitted to all this, — God in a peculiar sense united himself with him, and "highly exalted him, giving him a name which is above every name." * With this view of the subject, what a meaning is there in the little that is told us of the childhood of Jesus, and in the account of the temptation, when, with the opening consciousness of his wonderful endowments, and a full view of the ignominy and suffering that lay in the path of perfect obedience, he nevertheless repelled the tempter, and presented himself as the light of the world, though as a man of sorrows ! All the passages, which, under Dr. Bushnell's view of the subject, we have found so difficult to be understood, and sometimes so contradictory to the theory in question, are now perfectly easy, while, as we have already indicated in regard to some of the strongest of them, the passages in which the highest attributes are ascribed to Christ may find their fitting

* No passage more strongly asserts the dependence of Christ on God than this (Phil. ii. 7, 8, 9) ; nor, when rightly translated, is there any thing in it showing his preëxistence. Being in the likeness of men, and found in fashion as a man, though so Divinely endowed, he took on himself the form of a servant ; and *because* of his obedience, God hath exalted him. "*Was made,*" in the seventh verse, is interpolated by the translators.

application in the Divine elements of his nature, and the fulness of God, morally and personally residing in him, and manifesting himself through him.

“The reality of Christ,” says Dr. Bushnell (p. 156), “is what he expresses of God, not what he is in his physical conditions, or under his human limitations. He is here to express the Absolute Being, especially His feeling, His love to man, His placableness, conversableness, and His real union to the race ; in a word, to communicate His own Life to the race, and graft Himself historically into it.” — “God certainly [p. 157] is able to assume the human, to become incarnate in it, so far as to express His union to it, and set Himself as Eternal Life in historic and real connection with it.” — “It is [p. 163] certainly competent for God to work out the expression of His own feeling, and His union to the race, in what way most approves itself to Him.” Again, Dr. Bushnell says (p. 161), “The mystery of the Divine-human must remain a mystery. I cannot fathom it. Reason itself will justify me in no such attempt.” We accord with these remarks, but do they not apply to Christ’s nature with as much force on our view as on his ? We should be glad to show, by numerous illustrations, how the view we have taken of Christ’s nature fulfils all the important purposes for which, according to the work before us, the word became flesh ; and more particularly, how it harmonizes with the Gospel narratives, and the references to Christ in the Epistles. But we have not space here for so extended a discussion. There is, we readily admit, no subject which is to us so full of difficulties as this. Christ’s *character* spreads itself out, heaven beyond heaven, in beautiful transparency, and with a Divine consistency, and whosoever will come to him with profound humility may partake of his fulness. So with his revelation of truths, and his practical precepts. But we know so little of the springs of life, even in a human being, — we are so little able to analyze our own nature, body and soul, — that it should be to us no matter of surprise, if we cannot frame a theory of Christ’s *nature* which shall entirely satisfy us. How he may have been left to unfold freely the laws of his own being, while he was, at the same time, so personally united with God that, in a most important sense, they were one, is no more mysterious than some of the facts relating to the manner of our own existence, and our spiritual life. But, to carry out our conceptions of Christ’s nature, and show

how, in its loftiest manifestations, it accords with the highest terms which the Scriptures apply to him, requires in us a breadth of thought, an elevation of moral and religious feeling, a depth and clearness of spiritual intuition, which shall bear some proportion to the life that was in him ; and that is what no human mind may hope to reach. All that we can say is, that, while to us every other view that we have examined is diametrically opposed to some express declaration of Scripture, this manifestly answers to a large portion of the sacred texts, and does not directly contradict any of them, when interpreted by the light of other and similar passages. The main thing, as Dr. Bushnell has so forcibly said in many ways, is not the metaphysical theory that lies underneath, but the manifestation of the Divine life through Christ. So that he bring God down to us, giving to us a sense of his infinite nearness, his mercy, and his love, and lifting us up in lowliness of heart, to partake of the eternal life that was in him, we care comparatively little what theory is maintained, provided it be not made a test of discipleship. The best Christians, thousands of them, have received of that life and rejoiced in its blessedness and peace, without having had any theory on the subject. It was enough for them to go to Jesus as the Son of God, who has "the words of eternal life," and in him, living in the light and dying in the hopes which he has brought, to find "the resurrection and the life." It is comparatively of little consequence, whether, taking the Divine personality as the basis of Christ's nature, they see God manifesting himself through a human being, or, taking the human personality as a basis, they behold, in that, God reconciling the world to himself.

We come now to the Discourse on the Atonement, which follows that on the Deity of Christ. The early part of it is taken up with a bold and eminently successful confutation of the common Orthodox views upon the subject,—views which we cannot but regard as among the most pernicious speculative errors ever adopted. Dr. Bushnell passes from them to his own view of the Atonement. He regards Christ, first, as having come "to renovate character ; to quicken by the infusion of the Divine life"; in one word, "to be a Saviour, as saving his people from their sins"; and, secondly, "as a propitiation, a sacrifice, as bearing our sins, bearing the curse for us, obtaining remission of sin by his blood." (p. 191.) The main object—that which gives its peculiar interest to the

discourse — is the attempt to show that this latter view is the objective form under which Christ may most effectually present himself to us in order to renovate the character, infuse into us a Divine life, and save us from our sins.

The first part of this double view of the atonement, the subjective, is substantially the view of Christ which is most frequently and earnestly enforced by Unitarian writers. First, “Christ, considered only as a perfect being, or character, is an embodiment, in human history, of a spirit and of ideas which are sufficient of themselves to change the destinies of the race and even their capabilities of good.” (p. 205.) Secondly, “the appearance of Jesus, the Messiah, has a much higher significance and power, when taken as the manifestation of the Life, — the incarnate word, — God expressed in and through the human.” (p. 206.) “Regarding the world even as an upright and sinless world, his appearing is a new epoch in their history. He will live in their hearts, life within life. A Divine light from the person of their Emanuel will stream through their history. Their words will be sanctified by his uses. Their works will be animated by his spirit. A Divine vigor from the Life manifested among them will penetrate their feeling, elevating their ideas and purposes, and even their capacity of good itself.” (p. 207.) “But if we are to understand the full import of Christ’s mission, we must go farther. We must regard him as the Life manifested in the history of an alienated and averted race. The condition of sin is a condition of blindness and spiritual darkness. The man lives in his senses and becomes a creature of sense. How needful that God should meet them in the element where their soul lives, that is, in their senses. Therefore the Word is made flesh, and dwells with men. The understanding that was darkened, being alienated from the life of God, beholds once more a light in the manifested life. While the understanding is blockaded by doubt, a God streams into the feeling, and proves His reality to the heart.” (pp. 208 – 210.) The consciousness of immortality is awakened.

“When he that was in the form of God comes into the human state, when we see one here who visibly is not of us, when he opens here a heart of love, and floods the world with rivers of Divine feeling, when we trace him from the manger over which the hymns of heaven’s joy are ringing, to the cross where his purpose to save embraces even death for man ; and then, when

we see that death cannot hold him, that he bursts into life again as a victor over death — following such a history transacted, in our view, we begin also to conceive the tremendous import of our own, the equally tremendous import also of our sin. If God, to renew the soul moves a plan like this, what is it to be a soul, what to desecrate and destroy a soul ? The conscious grandeur of his eternity returns upon the transgressor, and he trembles in awe of himself — himself the power of an endless life.” — pp. 211, 212.

The consciousness of sin also is awakened, the feeling of unworthiness and guilt, from which man cannot escape. Hence “God needs to be manifested as love,” and to offer the assurance of forgiveness. But what then becomes of the justice of God ? how shall the sacredness of his law be established, if the sinner is thus pardoned ? Here an important question comes up. While we can view only with abhorrence the old doctrine of a vicarious atonement, we must confess that we have been a little disturbed by the practical workings of the opposite theory, where the love of God is dwelt upon without regard to his justice. Both are elements of the Divine nature, and must be united in every dispensation, law, and act of God. Guilt is with him something more than misfortune, and the sentiments with which we are to look upon it and treat it are of a nature entirely different. We can, therefore, as Christians, have little sympathy with the philanthropists who look only with pity on those who, by violating just human laws, subject themselves to the penalty. They are, undoubtedly, to be treated with compassion, as unfortunate ; but also with justice, as guilty. So far as we confound the distinction between guilt and misfortune, and thus favor the weakly sentimentality which assumes the name of love, but which is only in another form the foolish spirit of indulgence by which so many promising children are ruined, we disarm society of a most effectual instrument of protection, and expose to crime thousands who might have been preserved from it by a healthful tone of public sentiment. So, in all the relations of life, love, pity, compassion must be united with a keen sense of justice, or they lose their distinguishing excellence. In the Unitarian writings that we have seen on these subjects, the two classes of attributes have been kept separate from each other. In treating of the goodness of God, they often betray a leaning to the weakness of which we have spoken, losing sight of the great fact, that justice is an essential ingredient of the Divine goodness ; and

then they hold up the laws of retribution, without regard to the nature of the mind, as if they were fashioned like physical laws, and to be enforced with the same unconscious and unalterable severity. Combe's "*Constitution of Man*," an admirable work as relates to the body, but wholly at fault when its principles are applied to the mind, furnishes the type of too much of our philosophy when treating of this great subject. The laws of matter — a brute, unconscious subject — must, from the nature of the substance in which they reside, be fixed and unchangeable. So far as we are subject to them, we expect no reprieve. But, as moral beings, we are endowed with a moral freedom of will, and the laws of God's moral kingdom must and do adjust themselves always to the changes growing out of this essential condition of our being. If, therefore, we would get at the heart of our religion, and understand what is meant by the riches of God's mercy, grace, and love, as manifested in Christ, and as taken in connection with what we are also told of his justice, we must look on the dispensation of the Gospel as vitally associated with the mysterious principle of free agency, which belongs alike to God and all his moral agents, and in respect to which we can draw no analogies from the laws of the physical universe.

But, not to dwell longer on this point, we enter most heartily into Dr. Bushnell's statement, that, while Christ has come to offer pardon and justification to the sinner, he has also "brought the law closer to men's souls, and given it even a more sacred rigor and verity than it had before his advent." This he has done, first, by his teachings, — the law of God being nowhere so rigorously enforced as in the Sermon on the Mount ; secondly, by his own obedience to it ; and thirdly, by the pains which he has taken to bring us back to it. "Every thing he does and suffers, every labor, weariness, self-denial, and sorrow, becomes an expression of his sense of the value of the law, — every pang he endures declares its sacredness." (pp. 228, 229.) "The law of God," Dr. Bushnell adds, "is yet more impressively sanctified by Christ, if possible, in the article of his death, considered as counterpart to the uses of blood in the ritual." This last consideration may have had its effect on Jewish converts, but we have been so much more in the habit of looking on Judaism through Christianity than on Christianity through Judaism, that it does not come to us with much force.

With one other feature of the life and death of Christ, as related to our reconciliation to God, "the power it had, in virtue of what is expressed in it, over the human will," — a point which has struck us, perhaps, more forcibly than any other in the book, but which cannot be presented here without copying nearly the whole, — the subjective view of the atonement closes. The remarkable thing about it, considering Dr. Bushnell's view of the Trinity, is, that it differs in no important feature from that to which we have been accustomed. The expressions of a different character, incidentally thrown in, as on page 243, do not disturb us, for they really seem to have no essential connection with the subject.

But is this all of Christianity? Undoubtedly the great purpose of Christ's advent is here expressed; but the means by which that purpose is to be accomplished, do they all belong to this branch of the subject? What shall be said of expressions like these: Christ as a "sacrifice," his "offering," his "bearing the sins of many," the "holiest opened by his blood," the "righteousness he provided," etc.? Here arises the question which Dr. Bushnell is most earnest to settle. This, evidently, is the part of the work on which he has labored most zealously, and to which he looks with the greatest interest as preparing a way for the solution of the great problem that has perplexed and divided the Christian world. We honor the zeal and boldness as well as the ability with which he has entered upon it; and, considering the source from which it comes, and the spirit which is shown, we cannot but look upon it as an auspicious feature in the theological history of the day. With little of the polemical character which has usually marked such discourses, tending far more to widen than to close the breach in the Church, we have here a frank, earnest, Christian effort to understand what is really meant by the terms of Scripture which have been so differently interpreted, and to see whether there is not some comprehensive view under which all the different texts may be found to harmonize. We have endeavoured to possess ourselves of the idea, and to reproduce it from our own mind, hoping in this way to make it more intelligible to our readers than when presented from Dr. Bushnell's more Orthodox point of view.

It is only by words borrowed from external objects that we are able to express our internal or subjective states of mind. We cannot express our spiritual emotions and ideas

by corresponding words, but are obliged to borrow external symbols as our only means of communication. And below this, we recall to our minds our inward experience, not by itself as a purely mental condition, but through some external object or event intimately connected with it. Instead of conceiving of the purely subjective or inward perception of beauty, we recall the form by which it was caused, and that form always stands to us, objectively, as the representative of the perception produced in our minds. The inward sensation seems to detach itself from us, and present itself to the mind under some external image. A certain impression is made upon the mind through the optic nerve: we take no cognizance of the sensation as such, but have it objectively pictured before us in the form of a tree, a house, or a star. A certain impression is made upon the mind through the auditory nerve: we take no cognizance of the sensation as such, but think of it objectively as a sound. This is a universal tendency of our nature. It is only by discipline and effort that we learn to regard our inward sensations and emotions subjectively, or as they really are. We conceive and think of them only as detached from us, and presenting themselves objectively. We are so constantly doing this as to forget that we do it at all, and thus come to regard things which are only symbols or representatives of real impressions as if they were the only realities.

There is, we have said, a universal tendency to transfer into some outward form that which in fact is only a sensation, thought, or emotion of the mind. And there are many ways in which we thus think and speak, without regard to the strictly subjective reality. The sun seems to us to rise; so we think and speak of it, though we know that this is not true. We wrong a friend or neighbour, and, though sure that he is ignorant of it, we cannot meet him without feeling as if he were offended with us. He who has committed a murder seems to himself as if all at once man and nature were reproaching him; his own self-reproach he sees reflected back upon himself, objectively, from others. We say of one who has violated a law, that the law is against him, though it is he who is against the law. A sense of guilt makes us feel as if God were offended with us; and when, through repentance and amendment in our lives, we are again reconciled to him, we feel as if it were he who had been reconciled to us. There is, among the learned hardly less than among the un-

educated, an irresistible tendency to throw matters of inward experience out into objective forms very different from what a philosophical analysis will recognize as true. And these objective forms are almost the only *media* of thought or expression that are used in common life. Language is based upon them, and so are almost all the ideas current in society. Art and poetry are only bodying forth in objective forms the purest, strongest, and loftiest sentiments of the soul. The duties, and, indeed, almost the whole experience, of life, are in this way brought before us. Even our inmost personal history, that which has most powerfully moved our hearts and left the deepest traces of itself behind, almost always comes up before us under the form of some *object* of thought or memory.

The objective conception is not identical with the fact for which it stands, nor is it a perfectly true representative of it. But we are so constituted, that this is the way in which our minds act. It is the way in which we think and speak, and are most powerfully affected by thought and speech. If, instead of calling before us the picture of a beautiful landscape that we have seen, we undertake to be subjectively exact and to recall it only as a sensation produced in our mind through the optic nerve, we shall have a very imperfect idea of what has been our real experience. And more than this. We should, in our anxiety to separate truth from falsehood, often express a greater falsehood than by using the common forms of speech. If, when asked in the morning whether the sun were rising, we should reply, No, we should say what is astronomically true, but in every other respect false. Language is full of such expressions. We *hear a gun*, *feel the cold*, *see a man*, and are so accustomed to these forms of speech as not readily to detect their extreme philosophical incorrectness. They nevertheless have a meaning which is perfectly well understood, and we should be more nice than wise, and should in fact shock men by the false impressions we gave them, if we used them only according to their strict philosophical import. Science, with all its revelations of hidden mysteries, seldom changes popular forms of speech, because those forms depend, not on the subjective qualities of things, but on the way in which our sensations present themselves to us through the objective tendency in our nature. In a scientific treatise, scientific language may be used ; but when the philosopher talks with his neighbour, he naturally falls back into the popular forms of speech.

Now God, in making a revelation to us, has accommodated himself to this tendency, or rather this necessity, of our nature. He has spoken of the world, not as it is in his omniscient mind, but as it appears to us, and has made expressions, based on our imperfect or erroneous conceptions, the vehicles by which he has conveyed to us the most important spiritual truths. As, by the original constitution which he gave to the race, he has caused that the highest influences, whether from man or nature, should be almost entirely of an objective character, without regard to what those objective forms might be in the last analysis, we should expect, that, in his revelations for the religious elevation of the race, he would accommodate himself to this peculiarity of our nature ; and that, while the main purpose would be to regenerate and sanctify the soul, he would accomplish this by influences presented to us under objective forms and relations. And such, thus far, has always been the fact.

We could get no idea of light existing in and by itself, except through the intervention of other bodies. They reveal it to us. So with heat, electricity, and all the most subtile, but powerful, agents in nature. In like manner, we could get no idea of God existing in and by himself, except through outward symbols. But all objects in nature, while we seem lost in the contemplation of them alone, by some mysterious law or hidden correspondence, act religiously upon the mind, awakening the sentiment of reverence, which, like every other powerful feeling of our nature, craves an objective form in which it may rest, — an object of worship more or less elevated and worthy, according to our moral and intellectual development. The process, by which the soul is brought thus to recognize God, is just as natural and legitimate a process as that through which, from certain sensations in the mind, we picture before ourselves the objective forms of matter ; and in strict philosophy we are no more bound to establish by logical argument the reality of the fact in the one case than in the other. Here, by a primary law of our nature, is the revelation which God makes of himself through his works, a revelation not resting on argument, but immediate, though its clearness depends always on the intellectual and moral condition of the race. And as it depends on the intellectual and moral condition of the race, it must, when the race was most deeply sunk in sin, and for that reason most needed aid, have been the most obscure and powerless for

good. Other modes of revelation were therefore employed. When men were too depraved morally to profit by a revelation dependent on their moral condition, a method was adopted by which, through the regeneration of their moral nature, they might be brought back to God. The training of the Jews was in this respect an intermediate step between the revelation from nature and that by Jesus. But through the whole series, objective forms, types, symbols, answering to the tendency of which we have spoken, were employed. The temple, the altar, the religious rites, were all adapted to this want. And when, at a period of advanced intellectual development, but of moral alienation, and therefore spiritual darkness, a new revelation was made, it also was given under forms answering to this same want in the now altered condition of the race, — God no longer mirroring himself as before the pure minds of children in the infancy of the race, but restoring in a human form the Divine image which had been effaced, and through that form, as the most efficient objective representation that could be given of his moral nature, revealing the highest spiritual truths answering to men's higher intellectual state, but, most of all, unfolding a new and quickening moral influence adapted to the moral wants of a race morally degraded, and thus alienated from the life and knowledge of God. These truths and influences, both given for the same end, the redemption of the soul from sin, so far as they could act directly by virtue of what they were, subjectively considered, have been already adverted to as a vital part of Christianity. But there is, Dr. Bushnell's thinks, another more imposing and more universally affecting and effective attitude under which these same truths and moral influences present themselves as adapted to the objective tendency in our nature, of which we have spoken.

God, by the perfect life of his Son, and in other ways already indicated, bringing himself into communication with the race, addressing himself to them through their senses and lower wants, as well as through their common domestic affections, awakens their higher instincts, and, with these, the consciousness of what they are, and what they ought to be. The conviction of sin weighs upon them, and, while under this conviction, it seems to them, not only as if they had been rebelling against God, but as if his anger were turned against them. In proportion to the intensity of their personal feelings in regard to their own unworthiness, will be the intensity

of their feeling as to the reality of God's displeasure. It is not because they have been in the habit of hearing God so represented, but through a tendency, or rather a necessity, of their nature, that they feel in their objective statement of God's wrath a something answering to their own state of mind, which, also, has a vastly more powerful influence over them than any subjective or philosophical view of their moral condition. Now, by the same objective tendency through which they have been led into the feeling of the Divine displeasure, they seek for some objective means of escape; and when Jesus, with his offers of peace and mercy, brings them by newness of life into harmony with the Divine laws, and thus reconciles them to God, they cling to him as their Saviour, and feel that he has been reconciling God to them, and therefore look on him as having propitiated the favor and turned away the wrath of the Almighty. As their intensest feelings, and all the religious conceptions growing out of them, inevitably assume an objective form, God is only acting in conformity with what he has established as a law of their nature, when he gives to them, in connection with the purest spiritual truths, objective forms of a kind entirely different; and these objective forms may be the most powerful means of impressing on their souls whatever is most essential to their spiritual life. When, oppressed with a feeling of guilt and a consciousness of the Divine displeasure, we look on Christ as our advocate with the Father, standing between us and reconciling to us Him whom we have alienated from us by our sins, we may be brought to feel, as in no other way, the tenderness of our Saviour and the love of God, who has adopted this means of saving us from the otherwise inevitable consequences of his indignation against sin. He has come down to us, brought himself into the most tender sympathy with us in our sufferings and wants, taking pity upon us, sending his own dear Son to die for us while we were yet rebelling against him, nay, in the person of his Son actually submitting to the most cruel wrongs from his sinful creatures, nailed upon the cross and enduring the agonies of a most painful death, to sustain the sacredness of his law and yet save us from the dreadful consequences of our sins. What else can so powerfully appeal to the heart? The idea of sacrifice, through this same objective tendency, had fixed itself in the heart of the race, and was bound up in some way with every form of worship, as if without it there could be no

remission of sins. And here, appealing to this deep and almost universal sentiment, was Christ, "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," offering himself a sacrifice for us, "his body broken" for us, "his blood shed for the remission of sins." In this also Jesus appears as the representative, the embodiment and manifestation, of God. With what power, then, must his cross, as the emblem of the great atonement or reconciliation between man and God, speak to the souls of men !

We are not quite sure that Dr. Bushnell will accept our statement of his doctrine, for we have been obliged to make it out from hints and suggestions rather than from any full and connected view that he has given. We think that there is a little confusion in his illustrations, and that he does not always clearly discriminate between the two great branches of his discourse. We suppose, that, in strict philosophy, much of that which he has placed under the subjective division, and which we have copied from him into that portion of our article, should be placed under the other head. We doubt, too, whether the objective tendency in our nature, though the leading idea of the whole book, is anywhere brought out with all the distinctness of which the subject admits. In short, we question whether there is any part of the work, which, from the manner of its execution, is so little fitted to answer the expectations of the reader, or to accomplish the purpose of the writer, as that which relates to the objective view of the atonement. The subject is one which requires, first, the most careful analysis in regard to some of the most subtle of our mental operations, and then that we should give ourselves up entirely to the hypothesis deduced from a law of mental action, bringing ourselves through it into sympathy with the minds of Evangelists and Apostles, that we may see whether it can fill out with its vitality the grand forms of expression which they have employed. In neither of these respects can we regard Dr. Bushnell as eminently successful. He has suggested a truth, which, we believe, might furnish comfort to many who have been brought up under doctrines of the atonement against which their whole moral nature rebels. But we fear, or rather we hope, that he has not presented it in the manner best adapted to their wants. He is too much embarrassed by the philosophy of the subject to speak with the freedom and eloquence properly belonging to the æsthetic mode of treating

it, while, in his popular form of address, he is not sufficiently discriminating and exact to make it satisfactory as a philosophical essay. We must add that we think he has carried his notion of Scriptural language implying a vicarious atonement so far beyond what is authorized by the New Testament, that, in this important particular, he evidently "labors," and therefore "fails," as he has so pleasantly told us elsewhere.

It is easy to guess how this Discourse will be received by theologians of the different schools. Those to whom we have just referred will welcome it with a joy not unmingled with disappointment, and will wait with anxiety for a freer statement and more specific applications of the principle. Those who believe in the vicarious atonement as the one essential article of belief, and who insist on the old-fashioned doctrine of justification by faith in the blood of Christ, will consider that they have here only the unsubstantial semblance of their favorite doctrine, and indeed hardly that. They, on the other hand, in our denomination, who have been accustomed to look to Christ as the Saviour of the world solely in consequence of the influence of his teachings and his life on the heart, will feel as if Dr. Bushnell has been making a great deal too much of a doctrine which is to them of no vital importance, and they will be inclined to think, that, with all his pains-taking and wonderful ingenuity, he has made little more than a tolerably respectable ghost of it. This was our impression when we first read the discourse. But, laying down the book, and reproducing the doctrine by a process of our own, thus bringing our mind into a more living connection with it, we have come to the conviction that the thought which lies at the basis of the subject is one of great speculative interest and practical value, and one which especially deserves the attention of those who are educating young men for the ministry. It furnishes an admirable stand-point for those who would unite with the rigor of a philosophical method the power of appealing to the uneducated imagination and the religious feelings. Jesus came into the world to proclaim truths of unspeakable moment; and besides, there is manifested in him a Divine life, which, acting upon and renovating man's moral and religious nature, thus becomes the light of the world. Here, in regenerating and enlightening the souls of men, is seen the great purpose of his ministry. All this is capable of

philosophical statement, and furnishes an incalculable amount of religious and moral instruction. But the charmed words which seize upon the hearts of a people, and by a talismanic power go down into the profoundly religious depths of the soul, do not easily adapt themselves to philosophical statements. They fling off the fetters of a logical method, and fly as on wings of fire. And while gifted with this living energy, they are objective in form. Such almost always are the watchwords of nations, and the rallying war-cry of armies. The "cross of Christ" has been in all ages the signal around which his followers have been ready to gather, and which has carried his moral and religious precepts in triumph through the world. The "atonement," another expression more abstract in form, with the objective expressions that cluster round it, has been always, in the Church, intimately connected with the cross, and blended with the dearest hopes and affections of our religion. We must be careful how we tear these words away. They may not in themselves convey a strictly philosophical truth, but they are associated with the profoundest and truest impressions that God has ever made on the hearts of men. Shall we, then, reject them? The banner, by which patriotic hosts are guided in battle, may not in itself be of any great value; but with them, in the hour of peril, it calls up their deepest feelings of loyalty to their country, of national honor and domestic affection. Strike it down, or teach them to despise it, and you extinguish their national enthusiasm, and unnerve their arm. And, after all, they are right. The banner may be nothing, but the associations clustering round it are every thing. The instincts of men under such circumstances recognize a deeper truth than any philosophical analysis. So with some of the expressions in our religion. The followers of Christ have gathered round them, and gained their victories under them. They answer in some mysterious way to the deepest religious wants and aspirations of the soul. They are the banners of our faith, and we cannot persuade the great multitude of believers to put them aside without giving up the most sacred and powerful associations that bind them to Christ and to God. Here is a most important consideration suggested by Dr. Bushnell's view of the atonement.

Not that we would abate in the slightest degree from the logical exactness which now belongs to our preliminary education. We would rather introduce a severer logical train-

ing, and carry it out, not in form, but in fact, more thoroughly through the whole process of instruction ; and that, too, precisely because we feel so much the importance of habits of thought which seem to transcend the ordinary rules of logic. An illustration of what we mean may be drawn from the most rigidly exact of all the sciences, that which is most absolutely under the control of logic. It is only by a thorough training in the first principles of algebra and geometry, and the operations based on them, that the student is able to rise into the region of transcendental mathematics, and, by rules which seem directly opposed to the ordinary principles of reasoning, but which really are legitimate conclusions from them, to perform with perfect precision operations on numbers so infinitely large, or so infinitely small, as to baffle all the ordinary methods of calculation. Without the severe preparatory course, the magnificent and wonderful operations, which seem, when viewed from without, to set every established process of reasoning at defiance, could never have been discovered or intelligently applied, and the most remarkable problems connected with the heavenly bodies could never have been solved. So in reference to the highest religious subjects. Our minds should be trained by the most precise principles and processes of logic, till habits of exact thought on all common subjects have become natural to us. We shall then be able, from principles already established, to evolve principles applicable to yet higher departments of thought, and, guided in our religious investigations by these methods of transcendental logic, we shall be able to solve problems, to discover truths, to unfold harmonies in the Divine system, which would otherwise entirely escape us, or even seem inconsistent with each other and with the first principles of reasoning. Far, therefore, from relaxing at all the severity of logical discipline, with those who are preparing for the ministry, we would rather add to it, in order that, rising with the subjects on which it is employed, it may lead them surely, but with ever increasing wonder, through the loftiest inquiries that can engage the mind. We would have this training, as an essential part in the preparation of those who would improve and enlarge the domain of theology. We would have it, also, as the most effectual safeguard, on the one hand, against pure naturalism, the shoals where a superficial, subjective habit of thought is brought up, and as the most effectual security, on the other

hand, against the cast-iron, dogmatic theology of an assumed and arrogant orthodoxy.

For these reasons, we have been rather disturbed by the reproachful terms in which Dr. Bushnell has spoken of logic. We know that he usually refers only to the abuse of it in unskilful hands. But there are those who, under the shelter of his name, will throw ridicule on this essential branch of education. Honest young men, who, unless their case be a hopeless one, most need its discipline, will suppose that he intends not only to rebuke the perverse use of its rules, but to cast reproach on the science itself. And from some expressions here, as well as in his Phi Beta Kappa Oration, we fear that Dr. Bushnell does not sufficiently value the science as a help, by means of which we can rise above its ordinary rules, and go with certainty through the highest realms of thought.

But, to return from this digression, has Dr. Bushnell, in his Cambridge Address, brought any valuable accession to our theological ideas? Does his view of the atonement throw any new light upon the Scriptures? For years, we, and we presume most students of the New Testament in our denomination, have been in the habit of explaining passages relating to the atonement in the same way in which they are explained by him. We had not, however, brought the general subjective influence of Christianity through its objective form into one grand generalization, nor recognized so fully as we now do the remarkable influence which the objective tendency in our nature must have on the expressions used in any revelation that can be given to man. We believe that the distinction which has been suggested will be found to be one of great practical importance to those who would understand the philosophy of Christianity. Not, however, in its application to a vicarious atonement; for, unless we come to the New Testament full of the types of the old dispensation, or fresh from the study of a subsequent theology, we do not believe that we shall find the doctrine there. Certainly, Dr. Bushnell extravagantly exaggerates, when he says, (p. 258,) "It is obvious that all the most earnest Christian feelings of the Apostles are collected round this objective representation,—the vicarious sacrifice of Christ for the sins of the world." Their most earnest Christian feelings are unquestionably collected round the grand doctrine of reconciliation; but we have been surprised to find how few decisive instances

can be found of the objective representation, in Dr. Bushnell's use of the term. The word "atonement," as every English reader knows, occurs but once (Rom. v. 11) in our version of the New Testament, and there, as every Greek scholar knows, ought to be translated "reconciliation," or "reconciling," as the same Greek noun is rendered in the three other places where only it occurs (Rom. xi. 15 ; 2 Cor. v. 18 and 19), and as the corresponding Greek verb is rendered in every one of the six places where it is found, — namely, five times in connection with the noun in the above-named passages, and once in 1 Cor. vii. 11. It is the same in the only three instances in which a similar Greek verb is used (Eph. ii. 16 ; Col. i. 20 and 21). In no one of these instances, and nowhere in the New Testament, is God spoken of as being reconciled to man, but always man as being reconciled to God. So far as this family of words is concerned, it gives not the slightest countenance to any doctrine of a vicarious atonement, but teaches everywhere just the reverse. Dr. Bushnell finds a strong confirmation of what he says in the exclamation of John the Baptist, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." But admitting, what we cannot admit, that this is anything more than strongly figuratively language, does any scholar of our day believe that John the Baptist at that time had any just conception of the office of Christ ?

Since reading the Cambridge Discourse, we have had the curiosity to go over the book of Acts, and all the Epistles, with reference to this matter, noting every passage relating to it, and have been surprised to find how little space is taken up by language which, without violence, can be supposed to allude to a vicarious sacrifice. In the Acts, where is all the record we have of the earliest preaching of the disciples, we have found but a single text, (xx. 28,) — "To feed the church of God, [church of the *Lord*, according to Griesbach,] which he hath purchased with his own blood." In James there is no reference to the subject. In the First Epistle of Peter, it is mentioned more frequently and more strongly than anywhere else, except in the First Epistle of John ; but it is explained in language which leaves no doubt how he understood it. "Redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot, *from your vain conversation,*" etc. (1 Pet. i. 18, 19.) "Who his own self bare our sins, that

we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness." (1 Pet. ii. 24.) "Suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, *that he might bring us to God.*" (1 Pet. iii. 18.) St. Paul has referred to the doctrine comparatively few times, and has explained it in the same way as St. Peter, — "Who gave himself for our sins, *that he might deliver us from this present evil world.*" (Gal. i. 4.) Even in the Epistle to the Hebrews, where a parallel is run between the old and the new dispensations, we find a similar explanation, (Heb. ix. 14,) — that "the blood of Christ" should "purge your conscience *from dead works, to serve the living God.*"

In short, as we have read over the Acts and the Epistles, and remembered how thoroughly saturated the writers' minds must have been with the Jewish notions of sacrifice, as an essential part of a dispensation which they still believed to be of Divine origin, though now consummated in a more perfect covenant, and remembered, moreover, the objective tendency in our nature, it has seemed to us quite remarkable that they should have connected images taken from the old ritual so sparingly with an event which obviously bears so striking an analogy to it as the death of Christ. As we find, therefore, in the New Testament no positive evidence of a vicarious atonement, and but very few passages which would seem at all to countenance it, while the whole tenor of the Gospels and Epistles is against it as a fundamental article of faith, we cannot, in its application to this subject, attach to Dr. Bushnell's theory a tithe of the importance which it has in his mind. The passages in Rom. iii. 24, 25, and in 1 John ii. 2, and iv. 10, are the only passages which, at first sight, are not, on our ground, perfectly easy of interpretation; and, with the explanations furnished elsewhere in the Epistles, they are by no means difficult. Still, the distinction which he has drawn is, we think, one of great importance in its application to much that is peculiar in the language of the Bible. It will do much to explain difficult passages, as well as the general design of the sacred writings; and it furnishes a most decisive argument against the shallow and conceited philosophy which consents to receive at the hand of God nothing but an absolute religion.

We sympathize with what Dr. Bushnell has said (pp. 261, 262) in regard to the "philosophic necessity that a religion, which is to be a power over mankind, should have" an "objective tendency." But in all that Christ did and suf-

ferred for our spiritual regeneration, — which is so eloquently presented in the work before us, — does he not act on us as much objectively, and as powerfully, as in any way that can be imagined? And may he not thus draw us out of ourselves, and subdue us with his tenderness, till we “recline our broken hearts” on God, and “receive a grace broader than consciousness, and lose ourselves in a love that is not imparted in the moulds of a mere self-culture”? May we not thus “fall into utter simplicity, and let the soul repose herself in a love and confidence wholly artless,” “trusting Christ as the lamb of God that taketh away our sin,” and, “in these simple, unselfish, unreflective exercises, make our closest approach to God”?

Still, we would ask, whether, as a denomination, we dwell enough on the objective representations which we find in the New Testament? In respect to a future retribution, for example, do we not regard it too exclusively as a law of the soul, and thus lose much of the power that we might have, if, with trembling lips, and feelings at once of tenderness and awe, we held up to our hearers the fearful representations which our Saviour did not hesitate to employ? Does it quite meet the awful reality of the fact, to say that these are purely figurative representations? They are not, according to a strictly philosophical analysis, literally true. But what language is literally true? As, to the murderer, man and nature seem suddenly armed against him, — nay, in the truest and most fearful sense are in arms against him; as the sinner strives to shake off the thought of God, and to hide himself from his presence, because he feels that his wrath is turned upon him, and as in its deepest and most awful significance that feeling is true; as the penalty of Divine vengeance, which he feels that he has incurred, assumes for its truest representation whatever is most dreadful to the imagination, — the worm that dieth not, — the fire that is not quenched, — the outer darkness where is weeping and gnashing of teeth, — or the torments and the flames of hell; so these terms, used by our Saviour, are really, to the great majority of minds, the truest expression that can be given of the retributions that must fall upon the guilty; and if, laying them aside, from squeamishness, whether of mind or heart, we talk only of the influence of sin upon the soul in darkening and benumbing its faculties, or awakening evil passions and the pangs of remorse, we throw away that which is the fearful foreshadow-

ing of what must come, and, in its stead, employ terms which have little terror for those whom we address,—that is, we take away a true impression, and give nothing to supply its place. As the jails and prisons, in a country governed by wise and equitable laws, keep alive the conscience, so likewise may these objective terms.

The practice, however, is not to be taken up by us without many qualifications. We are never, for the sake of their influence on others, to use terms which are untrue to our own feelings. If the tremendous images relating to a future retribution, which we have just adverted to, do not come to us with power, as a real, though not a literal, manifestation of the Divine truth, then we cannot safely use them. But instead of complacently throwing them aside as if we had outgrown them, we should rather consider that there is something wanting in the development of our religious nature ; and therefore we should give ourselves up more entirely to Christ in mind and heart, that so, being filled with his fulness, we may view the wicked with the same tender but righteous severity of justice and love combined, with which he regarded them in those terrible passages. If, while feeling their power, we shrink from employing them, because, in the delicacy of our feelings, we cannot bear to hold up such terrible images of suffering to our sinful brethren, let us remember that this very awe, and the sensitiveness which makes us shrink from them, are the feelings which best fit us to do it with power over the hearts of those whom we address. It was said of John Emery Abbott, — whose early death, fragrant with such blessed memories, has been a more effective preacher than the protracted lives of many others, — that once, using these expressions, he was so overcome by them that he could not go on, but was obliged to pause and recover himself. This is the spirit in which the retributions of God are to be preached. In this particular, and perhaps in this alone, the office of a Christian minister is one which cannot be filled by an amateur.

Had we not already exceeded our limits, we should rejoice to pursue this train of thought in its application to other important subjects, — opening, as we believe it does, considerations of great interest, which have not received from us the attention they deserve. But we must close, without noticing at all the third Discourse in the volume, — on “*Dogma and Spirit; or, the True Reviving of Religion,*” — which, if

characterized less remarkably than the others by its intellectual ability, is a truly catholic discourse, in the best sense of that large word. We have dwelt here on some of the most difficult subjects of inquiry, discussing points on which we cannot agree in opinion with Dr. Bushnell. The largest part of the volume, its most life-giving and inspiring words, we have left untouched. Yet they are what we most gladly carry with us, and most heartily commend to our friends. In the noble language of the Andover Address, we would say,—

“Let them read [them] for instruction, not for criticism. Here they will see the Life struggling out through other forms of dogma; and while these other forms are meeting, and perhaps neutralizing their own, the image of Christ will shine out more clear and simple than they ever saw it before. They will see him as he lives in all his followers, and, loving them with a new spirit of catholicity, will worship him with a new sense of oneness with him and his redeemed. And I anticipate no danger in this free communing with the devotional spirit of the disciples of our Lord, under other and repugnant forms of opinion. To behold the inner light with a Fox and a Gurnall, and with them to be in the Spirit; to look into that deep well of spiritual thought which God has uncovered in the sainted pages of Tersteegen; to steal into the cell of the old monk Thomas à Kempis, and weep with him; to follow to his exile the great archbishop of Cambray, that most luminous and loveliest of teachers, that most beautiful, most Christ-like, and, to human judgment, purest of all living characters since the days of the apostles,—O, if this be dangerous, likely to unsettle our opinions or dissolve our formulas, still may God grant that the effects of such kind of license may appear as soon as possible, and in the largest possible measure!”—
pp. 346, 347.

J. H. M.

ART. VIII.—THE REV. JOHN BARTLETT.*

THE departure of this true man and devoted minister was recorded in our last number. But more than a mere record is claimed by his life, character, and long-continued faithful

* *A Sermon, delivered by Request of the Committee, in the Unitarian Church in Marblehead, February 11, 1849, the Sabbath after the Funeral of the late Rev. John Bartlett, Pastor of the Unitarian Society in that Town.* By JAMES FLINT, D. D. Salem, 1849. 8vo. pp. 14.

services. Dr. Flint, in the Sermon preached to the bereaved society on the sabbath after the funeral, pays a tender and honorable tribute to his worth. The discourse has peculiar and affecting interest, from their being brothers by relationship as well as by profession, from their intimate association for many years, and from their both having attained an age far beyond that of any of the clergy of their denomination in the immediate vicinity. The preacher felt himself standing alone of two brethren, of whom, in that seemingly reversed order of events so often occurring, the younger was taken and the elder left. From the touching passage, "Sorrowing most of all, that they should see his face no more," and with an appropriate and beautiful adaptation of the sentiment expressed, — the love kindled by a ministry of love, — he utters freely his impressions of the departed, with the emotion of a sympathizing and sorrowing heart, and in the cheering light of Christian faith and hope.

Many will mourn deeply that they shall no more look on that benignant countenance, nor enjoy the blessing of his personal presence. But there are other features, lineaments of the soul, which still live and cannot die, the recollection of which they will not only bear in their memories, but wear on their hearts. It is truly a labor of love to review, and present for earnest contemplation, a life which was itself such a labor, — to retrace the intellectual and moral aspect of one who, in the circle in which he moved, inspired a regard, and had a hold on affection, rarely surpassed. This we would now do, with the aid of the discourse before us, and from such other sources — including that of a somewhat long and intimate acquaintance with the subject of this notice — as shall secure that justness of view, that truthful presentation, without which all eulogy must lose its chief value.

Mr. Bartlett's leading characteristics, as he appeared in his maturity, are readily distinguished : the sound, well-balanced mind, the warm and genially social heart ; faith and piety, rational, firm, ardent ; sensibility, quick and tender ; benevolence, large, generous, operating not without discrimination, yet with the certainty and force of instinct ; respectable powers, faithfully employed and improved ; the inward spirit fitly attended and manifested by the outward demeanour, — by a countenance mild and serene, — manners unassuming, dignified, conciliatory, — a voice gentle, soothing, persuasive. Without conspicuous talent, he yet had marked

traits. There was individuality in all he was, purposed, and did. He was himself, and not likely to be mistaken for another in his external air or his inward life. He understood his capacities, chose a sphere to which he believed them adapted, made it his main object to fill that sphere well; and steadily, independently, and consistently, for a long series of years, even till his strength failed by the way, did he pursue this noble aim. He cared much rather to be useful than to be widely known. With him, utility, in the Christian sense, was everything, — mere form, and show, and array of numbers, little or nothing; though none more than he were observant of all duly appointed means and ordinances, or valued more the power of sympathy and association. In this time of running to and fro faster than knowledge is increased or practical wisdom exemplified, — when the individual is merged in the mass, and the thoughts, feelings, and acts of the freeborn soul are to so great an extent fused and cast in a common mould, — it is refreshing to witness such an instance as he afforded of concentrated effort, of a work chosen wisely and well, pursued with patient perseverance in its own proper time and way and place, and at length triumphantly accomplished. For this we honor him, and bless his memory. By so doing, he has bequeathed an example of eminent wisdom and goodness, which, if not the most brilliant, admits of being most generally appreciated and copied.

The principal incidents of Mr. Bartlett's life may be briefly narrated. He was born at Concord, Massachusetts, on the 22d of May, 1784, being the fourth of a family of twelve children, of whom most lived to mature years, and several survive. He had that best birthright, a worthy parentage. Both his parents were pious and excellent, and lived to advanced age. His early life was passed under the ministry of the venerable Dr. Ripley, who, beneath the formal manners and address of a past age, had, and retained to the last of his protracted course, (as remarked by his eulogist,) "a freshness, warmth, and youthful glow of sympathy, which attracted the young to him, and caused them to enjoy his society, and love him as a father." What may have been his precise portion of the good influences of that ministry, we will not pretend to assert; but we know that some of the impressions he received from it were among his most cherished and controlling ones. He is remembered as having, in childhood, been remarkably free from the faults of that

age, — as frank, reliable, cheerful, and loving sport, but diligent in performing whatever was required of him, in or out of school, — and especially as careful to avoid paining or harming another, and forward to relieve and aid. He is spoken of as “loving to bring home to his father’s house any strolling beggar or even helpless drunkard, to load them with food or give them shelter, and sit and talk with them by the hour, while they would pour into his childish ears all the marvels with which such people amuse or impose upon others.” “When he was about seven years old,” writes one who knew him almost from his infancy, “being sent to school with a new pair of those necessary appendages, shoes, he returned without them. On being questioned about the matter, he said he had given them to a poor boy he met in the street. This, and other similar acts of generosity, are characteristic of the disposition which, I believe, he manifested through his whole life. In this instance, it may with truth be said, ‘The child was father of the man.’ His heart ever prompted the utterance of kind words and the performance of good deeds.”

While yet quite young, he was placed with a relative in Maine, with a view to his preparation for mercantile pursuits. But after a time, being strongly desirous of a liberal education, he returned to his family, which had now removed to Cambridge, and of which the late Professor Frisbie, then a college student, was a member ; and, under his direction, he very soon completed his preparatory studies. He was highly favored in coming thus early within the influence of one of the finest minds. A friendship was then formed between them which was cultivated in after years. Of his course in college a revered classmate says, — “I remember him as a very respectable scholar, a favorite classmate, a pleasant companion in the social circle, helping to infuse into it life and cheerfulness.” He graduated in 1805, highly esteemed, both by his instructors and fellow-students, for purity and amiableness, for discretion and the diligent and successful pursuit of knowledge. Having decided on his profession, — a choice determined with him not by expediency or casual circumstances, but, as it always should be, by taste, capacity, and desire of the greatest usefulness, — he continued at the University for about two years, during which he pursued his theological studies. The chaplaincy of the Boston almshouse having been offered to him, he entered on the discharge of its

duties with comprehensive views, in his own self-sacrificing spirit, and in the spirit of that Gospel one of whose signs is, that it is preached to the poor, and is fitted, above all things on earth, to elevate and bless them. He made it virtually the first ministry at large in Boston. Beyond the customary duties, to which he faithfully attended, he sought other means and opportunities of benefiting the class to which he ministered. As one method of enabling him to be most serviceable, he endeavoured to learn the nature, symptoms, and remedies of disease in its various forms, by observation, study, and attendance on medical lectures. This he did, not so much that he might practise the healing art, as that he might be qualified for what we apprehend many pastors are deficient in, — the exercise of enlightened judgment in adapting their spiritual ministrations to the physical condition of the sick and suffering. He found under his charge individuals with both mind and body diseased, for whose cases no adequate remedies were provided, and by whose deplorable and almost hopeless situation he was deeply moved. He was not, however, the one to despair or remain inactive, while anything could be done. At his suggestion, a meeting of influential and wealthy citizens was proposed, for the purpose of considering what measures should be taken to procure suitable treatment for the insane. On their coming together, with the modesty which was a part of his nature, he waited for others to open the subject and express their views. At length, as no one was prepared to propose a plan, he was called on. He then came forward with such a statement of facts, with so much good sense and depth of feeling, as strongly to interest all present, and, among others, Mr. McLean, the princely endower of the Asylum bearing his name. Mr. Bartlett was commissioned to proceed to Philadelphia, to make the preliminary inquiries; and out of the movement he originated arose that noble institution. Through his instrumentality, also, a Society was formed, of which he was the chief agent, for affording relief to destitute families, the number of which, in that trying time of the long embargo, was very great. Its plan was, to furnish food and clothing, either gratuitously or according to the means of the applicant, and especially to afford relief in the most effective form, — that of furnishing materials for employment. This plan included a store, extensive purchases and sales, and an immense amount of labor; in which he received the

active aid, as well as liberal supplies, of some of the most opulent and worthy citizens, and performed his part with admirable practical skill and genuine benevolence.

In the mean time, he had not lost sight of his favorite object, a settlement in the ministry. Having continued his professional studies under the favoring auspices of Dr. Channing, he relinquished the service in which for about three years he had been so successfully engaged, and soon preached as a candidate to the Second Congregational Society in Marblehead, where he received a unanimous invitation, and was ordained on the 22d of May, 1811. He was received there, from the first, with a cordiality, and taken to the hearts of the people in a confidence, with which few pastors are welcomed. And then, surrounded by a people, peculiar, indeed, but brave, enterprising, generous, exposed by occupation to unusual hardships and trials, and capable of appreciating his disinterested exertions and the whole-souled readiness with which he entered into their feelings and wants, — received with favor abroad, where he occasionally ministered or associated, and blessed with the supports and endearments of a happy home, — he set cheerfully and devotedly about his chosen work, and pursued it without wavering, till God called him from it by a message that none can resist. His physical constitution was firm and vigorous, and fitted naturally and by exercise for great effort and endurance. In his garden, which he cultivated with much success, he found recreation and healthful exercise. His labors were too many and various to admit of very regular habits of study. Still, he appropriated a considerable portion of the day, when he could command it, to reading, writing, and meditation. He was one to be always learning, if not from books, from observation and experience. He was in truth a sagacious observer, acquiring constantly sound and available wisdom ; and where he failed in detecting motives or judging correctly of actions, it was, generally, because his intellect was swayed by the kindness of his heart. There was a pervading good-sense, a vein of correct and elevated sentiment and feeling, expressed in pure and flowing language, in most of what he said or wrote. Prudence, dictated alike by tenderness and the desire of usefulness, presided over his words and actions, in public and private. Neither in theory nor in practice did he hold, that prudence, when connected with the ministerial office, or in any other connection, ceases

to be a virtue, or that sound discretion is ever pusillanimity, or needful qualification a compromise of truth, or moderation and candor a cloaking of iniquity. On all fit occasions, he was explicit in matters of controversy, — particularly in maintaining the sentiments which, as a Unitarian, he early adopted, and to which he steadily adhered ; showing himself, at the same time, always liberal, — ever desirous of cultivating friendly and charitable relations with all from whom he differed.

The style of his preaching was gentle, judicious, adapted to persuade and convince, — wanting, it might be, in animation of composition and delivery, though at times he would abandon in part, or altogether, his notes, and exhibit a high degree of fervor. His efforts of the latter description were among the most acceptable he made in the pulpit. He had uncommon command of pure, good English. It has been justly said of him, that “his conversational gifts were remarkable, and if his usual language had been taken down in short hand, it would have needed no change to fit it for the press, such were its aptness and precision.” This felicity of utterance gave to his familiar lectures peculiar interest ; at these, his hearers hung on his lips, charmed by the graceful and melodious flow of his words, if not by the truth and spiritual life they breathed. He frequently relied on this faculty in his pulpit discourses, writing down only the heads and leading ideas. But most of his sermons (of which he composed many, having extreme dread of old ones) were written out, — having been thoroughly meditated, and then rapidly committed to paper. He shrank from appearing much in print. Nearly all he published is comprised in a few occasional sermons, and such as, having met particular wants of his congregation, were printed at their request. His public devotional exercises were marked by a simple and earnest manner, by feeling and thought happily combined, expressed in language fluent, appropriate, and mingled with felicitous Scriptural allusion. In the reading of devotional poetry he excelled, and gave it particular effect.

The pastoral walk was the field of his crowning excellence, and most effective exertions. There he was completely at home, — quick and sagacious to perceive, — ever ready to meet to the full any occasion for the blessed instrumentality of the Christian pastor. Vigilant, active, abounding in sympathy, delighting “to spend and be spent” for others’

good, he was ever at hand to encourage the timid, confirm the doubting, reform the erring, cheer the penitent, joy with the rejoicing, comfort the mourning, support the dying ; having reference, as is always desirable, to special occurrences, — which, in a maritime population are frequent and often sad, and, in that which he served, of uncommon vicissitude, — instead of making his pastoral duties a stated and formal round.* Very many were the families, whose fathers were far off on the ocean, or in distant lands, or amid the perils of war, to whom he was as a father. Many were the widows and orphans, — we should hardly dare to say how many, — for whose temporal as well as spiritual affairs and wants he watched and provided. Such was the confidence reposed in his knowledge of disease and its remedies, that he was often called on to prescribe for both body and soul, — a practice to which, by his overflowing kindness, he was not unfrequently induced. His fault, if such it may be called, was, that he grasped at too much and various labor. Yet we know not how widely comprehensive may be the heart of Christian benevolence ; and it would ill become us to attempt to fathom its depths, or restrict its bounds, especially where so much has been so well done. In all his relations he was one of the most unselfish of men : his benevolence leading him sometimes to be more generous than just to himself and those immediately dependent on him. Truly might it be said of him, that he was

“More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.”

He assisted in the formation and management of the Humane Society of Marblehead, composed of ladies of different denominations, whose benefactions to the sick and needy have been extensively useful, — and not least to themselves, by raising them above sectarian divisions, and uniting them by the bonds of a real charity. It was in the same spirit that he was long and actively engaged as a member of the Masonic Fraternity, in which he obtained at once a high and

* It may solace some less attentive to their parochial charge than he was, to know, that, with all his pastoral assiduity, he could not wholly escape hints of remissness. A good and eccentric woman, feeling that he had been absent from her house for a longer time than was usual, sent to his pulpit a note, which was read, desiring prayers on account of the loss of a near friend. He took an early opportunity to pay her a visit of condolence. On his inquiring who was the friend she had lost, “You,” she said, “are that friend.”

good degree, — his interest through all the changes and trials it has undergone remaining unabated. For several years, he was charged with the inspection of the Lodges of Essex county. Though not ourselves among the initiated, we are assured by those who are, and partly by our own observation, that he performed this and similar duties with a dignified propriety, ability, and charity, which contributed extensively to soften the harshness of sectarian dissensions, and leave on many minds permanent moral impressions. It was a gratifying reflection to him, that he had in this way accomplished actual good.

For the young, for his own and for others' children, at all times and everywhere, in the family, the parish, the Sunday and common schools, he had an unfailing fund of affectionate interest. With them, even in his more advanced years, he could always be young again, enjoying thereby a sort of perpetual youth. Without sinking the minister, — for that he habitually was in manners and character, — he was, and they felt him to be, their companion, scarcely less than their father, pastor, friend. One, who was associated with him in the care of the public schools of his town, observes, "I have often seen him stop in the street and speak to the scholars, taking them by the hand, patting the younger ones on the cheek, and showing true affection for them. In his visits to the schools, which were frequent and often unexpected, he always showed great interest in their prosperity. He was very judicious, affectionate, and happy in addressing them. I once heard him address a school on the subject of grammar, and, though that is not generally interesting to young scholars, he made it so by his lucid and pleasant illustrations." The Sunday school was with him an object of deep solicitude. Though adopted among us after he came on the stage of action, he was not slow to appreciate its value, and appropriate its benefits to the young under his charge. But he was always, as opportunity offered, their teacher, seeking, in the exercise of judgment and natural feeling, to conciliate their interest; and having opened that avenue to their minds, he would follow up the advantage so gained, and with exquisite tact adapt to them his instructions, his advice, encouragement, reproof, and infuse right dispositions and sentiments. As he advanced in his ministry, he thus became surrounded by a generation of his own forming, moulded by his own hand and to his own mind; and wherever he went, at home

or abroad, they rejoiced to cluster about him, and exchange cordial greetings, and recognize the strong claims he had on their respect and gratitude.

Amidst such labors and such encouraging results, with the prospect before him of remaining years of usefulness, he was arrested by alarming disease. About two years since, after a season of awful disasters at sea, which had carried mourning into many families of his parish, by which an unusual demand had been made on his exertions and sensibilities, and while he was performing the services of his church, his power of speech was suddenly impeded and his strength prostrated. Probably a slight attack of paralysis had been experienced. His labors were necessarily suspended, and arrangements were made to afford him opportunity to recruit his exhausted energies. During the summer following, accompanied by his wife, he journeyed first to the interior of New York, and passed some weeks with friends in the valley of the Mohawk. After his attack, his spirits were somewhat depressed. It will be seen, however, by the following extracts from a letter to one of his family, how alive he then was to the influences of nature, and to the spiritual condition of his fellow-beings.

“Among the high hills, and deep and beautiful ravines, I spend much of my time. I wish I had the head, both physically and intellectually, to give you a description of this very romantic and beautiful scenery. Mr. F.’s house is on the ascent from the river, about a hundred rods up the hill, and a hundred and fifty feet above the falls. Opposite, on the other side of the river, is a precipitous hill, nearly seven hundred feet high, covered with trees, which on this side appear like bushes, but on a near approach are found to be large and towering monarchs of the forest, beetling over the Western Canal, immediately under it. O, how I wish the isolated friends at Marblehead could be here, and join in the pleasure of beholding nature in its grandeur and beauty! The works of art are astonishing, particularly the canal, its locks, and the vast number of boats, deeply laden with produce, passing literally every two minutes, night and day. Three hundred and fifty miles of canal are all the time thus studded with boats. The illustration which these scenes present of the power and love of an ever-present Father must deeply impress every reflecting, pious mind. But there is no reflection among the boatmen, except that of the sun’s rays from the glassy surface of the water, and of their fiendish passions, and profane and corrupt language.”

Leaving the interior, he proceeded to Staten Island, where

he passed the remainder of the summer. A single passage from another letter will show the strength of his feelings towards his people.

“ With the kindness of my friends at Marblehead I feel overpowered, and no one can tell what a cordial it has been to me. Assure ——— and others of the sincere and deep interest I feel in them and theirs, and, in fact, in every member of the parish. I know no heart ever felt a stronger attachment to a people, or so great a reluctance to burden them. Away from them all, most of my time is spent in thinking of past scenes, in calling up before me each individual, and in the reminiscence of by-gone days ; and in the inspection of my feelings toward them, I find that there are none of whom I cannot truly say, God bless them, and especially in every thing that can make them good and happy. You cannot readily imagine the thrill of paternal love I felt toward H. and W. when visiting them at West Point, and in hearing Professor K. speak of them in such high terms. I love the young ; and the promising indications of such youths as these throw over the future brightest visions.”

On returning to his home, and receiving the warm salutations of his parishioners and friends, his spirits experienced a temporary exhilaration, and he went with something of his accustomed alacrity about his usual occupations. He preached for a time, and performed other labor. But his strength failed. The bow had lost its elasticity. The silver cord was loosed, never again on earth to resume its tension. As the last autumn came on, a difficulty at the chest, which painfully obstructed breathing, was added to his general weakness, so that for weeks he was denied the rest of his bed, and could sleep only in a sitting posture. Through all his sufferings, he retained a strong interest in all in any way connected with him, a deep sense of the sympathy so freely extended, above all, a sustaining faith, and expired gently, on the morning of February 3d, 1849, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and the thirty-eighth of his ministry. With singular fitness may we say of him, in the well-known lines, —

“ His youth was innocent, his riper age
Marked with some acts of goodness every day ;
And, watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Resigned, he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.”

His funeral was attended by a large concourse from his own town and other places. As, amidst the cold and snows of

winter, his form was laid in the earth, and we looked on countenances little given to melting, and saw the stern muscles relax and tears course freely, and heard, from lips not used to praise, blessings showered on his memory, — we felt, as all present seemed to feel, that a stay and staff had been taken away, a pillar moved from its place, a public benefactor, a valuable citizen, a friend indeed, a Christian, a man of God, removed from our community. He will be missed among us more than we had thought. Not with the exaggeration natural under recent bereavement do we so speak, but because we now know his worth better than before, and understand better the reasons for which others valued him. Even while we have been preparing this humble memorial of him, materials have accumulated thick and fast upon us, fitted to impress us more than ever with the station he filled, and the manner in which he filled it.

Thus did our friend and father live and pass away. One more is now added to the departed company of New England pastors, who have identified their names with the places of their life-long ministries, — who entered into the fruit and reward of their labors, by living to have around them, like aged trees encircled with vines and foliage and sweetly clasping tendrils, generations of their own training, to adorn and bless their age, and about whose memories, and very graves, holy and hallowing recollections of the devoted service of a whole life reverently and tenderly cluster. Another is placed on the bright roll of Christian teachers, “loved and lost,” who were, and still are, lights, rich blessings, and a glory, not to our denomination only, but to the Church and the world. It is a mournful duty to record frequently, as of late we have been called to do, the departure of such. But it is cheering and delightful to reflect, that, while they have gone to a higher sphere and to their heavenly rest, they have left the world the better for their lives and deaths, — have bequeathed a memory beyond the reach of frailty, accident, or dissolution, embalmed in the veneration, love, and gratitude of many hearts, and that their works shall follow them, shall flow on in a beneficent current, and mark with living green the scenes of their faithfulness.

C. T. T.

ART. IX. — LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JAMES KENNARD.*

WE have read this volume with very great pleasure. No one can fail to derive instruction and benefit from it, or avoid feeling regret at the announcement on the title-page, — “Printed for private circulation.” It should be published for the general benefit. The memoir, at least, should be scattered broadcast over the land, in a cheap form, for the instruction and edification of all. Nothing teaches truth, or inculcates duty and wins to goodness, with such power as such a biography. James Kennard, jr. was a Christian hero of the right sort, — one who triumphed over himself and over the world, — one who, amidst severe sufferings and great privations, and the disappointment of all earthly and ambitious hopes, not only maintained and exhibited thorough Christian faith and submissive cheerfulness, but, through that same power, contrived to become eminently useful, though deprived of all the ordinary means, and to make his sick-chamber the centre and the source of holy, happy, and widely extended influences. “Religious faith,” says Mr. Peabody, “seemed the very atmosphere of his being.”

The story of his life is short and simple, but full of touching interest and wise instruction. Born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1815, receiving such advantages of education as the schools of that town afforded, entering a store at fifteen years of age, with the purpose of devoting himself to mercantile pursuits, he was, in his sixteenth year, seized with an acute disease in the right knee. Relinquishing his situation, he sought the restoration of his health in the more genial climate of South Carolina and Florida, where he spent the winter of 1835 – 36. He returned, with his health much improved, only to have his hopes and plans again disappointed by the aggravated recurrence of his disease. In 1837, he entered the Massachusetts General Hospital, where his limb was amputated. Returning home after a few months, “with the aid of a crutch, he once more carried his cheerful presence into the dwellings of his friends,” who now fondly thought that he was relieved, and, though doomed to be a cripple, would find some sphere of employment, of compara-

* *Selections from the Writings of James Kennard, Jr., with a Sketch of his Life and Character.* Printed for Private Circulation. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 307.

tive happiness and usefulness. This hope was destined to speedy disappointment.

“In July, 1838, his left knee suddenly became swollen and inflamed, and was for a long period the seat of more intense suffering than he had ever experienced before. From that time he never walked. A small carriage was procured for him, and in this, for a few months, he was occasionally drawn to take the air, or to visit his friends. This, however, he could use but for a little while, as all motion soon grew intensely painful. After a short period, it became apparent that the process of ossification was taking place in the remaining knee-joint, and in the joints of the elbows, wrists, and fingers. Thenceforward he was confined almost entirely to his chamber, and for the greater part of every day to his bed, with much less power of self-help than a newborn infant. He was occasionally brought down stairs till the summer of 1841, when he found that he could no longer bear removal, except that, with the most careful preparation, and with the utmost delicacy of touch, he was taken daily from his bed, and placed for an hour or two in his easy-chair. Within a year after his return from the hospital, he became unable so much as to raise his hand to his head, or to assist himself in the least in taking his food. A very limited power of action remained in his right wrist, and in two or three of the fingers of his right hand. His eyesight, however, was still unimpaired, and his mental industry, with book and pen, exceeded in amount that of most professed students and scholars. A frame was fitted to his bed, and on this his book was so placed, that he could turn over the leaves with the aid of a small wand; and on the same frame his writing-apparatus was so adjusted, that he could write in a perfectly legible and clear hand, though, except at the very first, only in double columns on a letter-sheet of the ordinary size, the gradual induration of the wrist allowing his fingers only that narrow range of motion. In this way he penned the greater part of the contents of this volume, besides numerous articles for the weekly press, and very many pieces, both in prose and verse, which have never been printed; and conducted at the same time an extensive and increasing correspondence with relatives, friends, authors, editors, and not a few whom he had never known personally, but who had become deeply interested in him by the report of his talents, merits, and sufferings.

“But even this resource was soon to fail him. In November, 1844, while reading a badly printed book, he was seized with inflammation in the right eye, and suffered so agonizingly, that all that he had previously endured seemed trifling in the comparison. The left eye, of course, was sympathetically affected. The resi-

due of his life was spent with a deep shade over his face, and in a darkened room. Similar attacks of inflammation ensued at uncertain intervals, and were generally about a week in duration. When not violently inflamed, the eye could not bear a direct ray of light without severe pain, and the shade was never lifted from his face, except to afford him a momentary glimpse of some countenance which he was unwilling to forget. During the paroxysms of this new disease, he was able to speak only in the faintest whisper, and could hardly bear the sound of another voice. But in the intervals he still continued his literary pursuits and his correspondence, with the aid of his sisters and a numerous corps of friends, who were all emulous of the privilege of serving as his readers and amanuenses. How cheerfully he bore this last and sorest privation of all may be seen from the following extract from a letter to a favorite cousin in Boston, — the first that he had dictated to him since his inability to write. We should not insert this quotation, did it not stand in the most perfect and beautiful accordance with the whole tone of feeling and spirit which marked every day of his now sightless life. The letter bears date January 12th, 1845.

“ ‘ You will doubtless be astonished at the alteration of my handwriting ; but my experience goes to prove, that, the more I am deprived of the usual aids, such as eyes, hands, joints, &c., the better I can write, and the easier I can get along in every way. Just shut up your eyes, chop off your hands, and try it. If you only have faith and a good amanuensis, my word for it, you will succeed to perfection. I feel in such high spirits about it, that I intend soon to commence writing my life, and expect to become as renowned as Milton, and to get more for my book, to be entitled “ The Life of an Invalid,” than he did for his *Paradise Lost*, to say nothing of the fame.’ ” — pp. xx. — xxiv.

About this period, Mr. Kennard met with a severe affliction in the loss of his mother, whose elevated character and bright Christian example had exerted a commanding influence upon his mind and heart. But so far as the gentle nursing and care of the invalid were concerned, the place of the mother was well supplied by his sisters, and by another person thus described by Mr. Peabody :—

“ And one other friend there was, in humble life, but of a noble heart, whose extraordinary bodily strength had long rendered her services absolutely indispensable. We refer to Nancy Sherburne, (the Nancy commemorated in one of the poems in this volume,) an elderly woman, who, on his return from the hospital, was officiating as cook in his father’s family. From the first, she took great pleasure in rendering him whatever assistance he demanded. When he was disabled from walking, she drew him

in his carriage, and bore him in her arms over the staircase. As he grew more helpless, she gradually suspended her other duties, and devoted herself wholly to the care of him, remaining perpetually within call by day and night, and so strongly attached to her charge, that other friends could hardly win permission of her to perform for him any service that lay within her power. She lifted him as if he had been an infant, and with a grasp as gentle as it was firm. There were frequently times, when even the adjustment of his pillows by a less skilful hand than hers would have given him excruciating torture, and the hour-long process by which alone he could be conveyed from his bed to his chair — a process as delicate as if his frame had been strung with threads of glass — demanded more than a common man's strength, and all of a woman's love. Had he been her own child, she could not have loved him better; and, though a person of the scantiest education, and bearing no outward marks of refinement, she gradually grew into a sympathy of spirit and character with him, and evidently derived the richest recompense for her self-denying toil in the improvement and elevation of her whole moral nature. His attachment to her was only less than filial; and one of his last requests was, that room for Nancy should be left at his side in the family inclosure at the cemetery." — pp. xxv., xxvi.

But the years of suffering and deprivation described in these passages were not years of gloom and indolence to Mr. Kennard. His mind was active, his spirit joyous, his faith strong, calm, peaceful, "his chamber eminently a cheerful place, — not the scene of sad and anxious duty, but the happiest apartment in the house." It was no scene of selfish repining and undevout complaint, but of much submission, of blessed peace, of quick and active sympathy. "His trust in a merciful Providence was implicit and unwavering." He kept himself constantly informed of the condition, and of every important movement, of social and political life. He took a deep interest in all plans and measures of reform and philanthropy. So long as he was able, he read and thought and wrote much, and when increased decrepitude and the loss of sight rendered it necessary, he continued these employments through a reader and amanuensis. In this way most of the pieces contained in this selection from his writings were produced. Most of them were published, at the time they were written, in the "Knickerbocker" and other journals,* and are now collected into a volume as a just trib-

* Our readers will remember an article on Alison's History of Europe, in the number of the Christian Examiner for January, 1845, which was contributed by Mr. Kennard.

ute to his memory. They are productions of which no young man, in perfect health and with the highest advantages of education, would have need to be ashamed ; and, considered in connection with all the circumstances under which they were written, they are extraordinary both in an intellectual and moral point of view. Our limits do not permit us to justify this criticism by large extracts, or an analysis of the contents of the volume. The following passage is from “a Lecture read before the South Parish Society for Mutual Improvement, in 1842.”

“ Among the innumerable aids provided to assist man in his spiritual progress, the Bible is the most important. Indeed, many natural aids, which we deem independent of it, were in fact revealed by it. Yet all who study it do not arrive at the same conclusions. There are *a thousand and one* sects, each differing in its creed from every other, — differing in what each deems essential points ; and more than this, each member of each sect differs in minor points from every other member of his society ; and *all* claim to be supported by this Holy Book of Truth !

“ Can this be so, and be right ?

“ Yes, it *is* so, and it *is* right. Why is it right ?

“ 1. Because human nature cannot perfectly comprehend the Deity. If it could, it would be able to attain to the possession of infinite knowledge, even in this world. We should be gods, and not men.

“ 2. Because (except in his direct revelations to the heart of each) God must necessarily reveal himself to us in human language, which can never be otherwise than imperfect. Or he must reveal himself by human agents, or by agents in the shape of humanity. If by the latter, they look, act, and speak like men, be they never so perfect. If by the former, as has most frequently been the case, then they are but men like those around them, and are subject to their passions and infirmities. Besides, how could these special agents, — these prophets, — themselves have heard God otherwise than imperfectly ? They were men, and therefore comprehended but faintly. Consequently, their revelations could not have been otherwise than faint, — more faint even than their own conceptions ; for they could speak only in human language. Indeed, the conceptions of the prophets and apostles themselves must have been extremely vague ; for in our every-day experience, how uncertain are our *comparatively tangible* thoughts, until shaped into language ! If words cannot be found in which to embody them, how soon they elude our grasp and fade away !

“ Revelations of the Deity are, therefore, according to the

present constitution of man and of the world, necessarily imperfect. Let us endeavour to discover why it is best they should be so, and thus to discern real perfection in apparent imperfection.

“1. It is best, because spiritual truth, if obtainable without exertion, would not be properly esteemed by man. He values least that which is most easily acquired; he values most that upon the obtaining of which he has expended the greatest amount of labor, whether of body or mind. *Action* is the condition upon which the health of the soul depends. ‘In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,’ said God unto Adam. ‘By mental toil shalt thou earn thy soul’s food,’ is stamped quite as plainly on the mental and moral constitutions of his descendants. Herein is the analogy between the material and spiritual creations perfect.

“2. It is best that revelation should be imperfect, and hence that innumerable sects should be called into being, because, as in the animal existence of mankind, sickness and suffering in others call forth pity and benevolence in ourselves, so the soul’s sickness, the ignorance and the spiritual wants (or what we deem the spiritual wants) of others, lead us to attempt to enlighten their path with our own feeble lamps, and to nourish them with our own scanty stores of knowledge, — lead us, in fine, to attempt their conversion. And if the attempt be made in the right spirit, our lamps glow the brighter, and our stores increase in proportion as we impart them to others. Differences in religious opinions are of incalculable benefit to mankind. They excite thought; and though the discussions which arise often fan the embers of discord, they serve also to keep alive the pure flame of true religion. Thus, differences in the physical condition of mankind, and differences in their spiritual condition, both alike serve to help them on their road to heaven.

“These latter differences result, inevitably, from the apparent imperfection of revelation, and the differences in the constitution of the minds and hearts of individuals. And,

“3. This brings us to our last and most important reason for the apparent imperfection of revelation. It does not appear alike to all, because the minds of men are not all alike. It is suited to the acknowledged imperfection of human nature. It is not entire, because the mind of man is not infinite, and therefore could not comprehend revelation if it were so. It was intentionally made imperfect. Prophets and holy men of old were designedly allowed to mingle with the eternal truths which they revealed somewhat of their own human passion and infirmity. Some minds cannot receive as truth that which seems perfectly plain to others. Perhaps none can receive truth unadulterated. As in the natural world an infinite variety of climate, of food, and of

occupation is provided for the infinite variety in the physical constitutions of men, so, in the Book in which God reveals himself to men, he has provided for the infinite variety in their spiritual constitutions. Thus, while the path of *human duty* is made plain to all, a wide range is given for *theorizing* and *speculation*. In the latter, every one may, and every one does, suit himself; and hence arise sects innumerable." — pp. 52–56.

Many of the poetical pieces in this volume are beautiful, breathing lofty conceptions and pure thoughts in language and imagery worthy of their themes. We have room only for a part of one of these pieces, entitled, "Death on the Pale Horse (a Painting by Dunlap)."

"Not thus, not thus, should Death be shown,
With fearful form and countenance,
With writhing serpent following on,
With hope-annihilating glance,
With all that's withering to the heart,
And all that's hideous to the eye,
With hands from which pale lightnings dart,
With all that tends to terrify;

"Not thus should Death, our kindest friend,
To mortal view be bodied forth,—
Death, in whose bosom is an end
For all the sin and woe of earth :
O, 't is a heathen custom, this,
From which all Christians should be weaned ;
The friend who ushers us to bliss
Should not be painted as a fiend.

"Around God's throne in heaven above,
Death was the mildest of the throng,
His heart most filled with holy love,
In warmth and charity most strong ;
For angels differ in their frame
Like men, and not to all are given
A mind and heart in each the same ;
Thus all are not alike in heaven.

"When God ordained man's destiny,
To Death the blessed task was given
Of setting careworn spirits free,—
Of ushering souls from earth to heaven :
As downward on this blest employ
He darted on his pinions bright,

How thrilled his heart with holy joy !
How beamed his countenance with light !

“ And ever since that blessed hour
Has Death watched o’er each child of clay,
As bends above her darling flower
A tender girl, from day to day ;
Till, when the long-sought bud appears,
Expanding to a lovely blossom,
She plucks it from its stem, and wears
The cherished flower upon her bosom.

“ Thus tenderly Death watches over
Each struggling spirit shrined in clay,
Till, at the mandate of Jehovah,
He bears the ripened soul away.
The bond, the free, the high, the low,
Alike are objects of his love ;
And though he severs hearts below,
He joins them evermore above.” — pp. 290, 291.

In the spring of 1847, Mr. Kennard became alarmingly ill. From this attack, however, he recovered, and remained in his usual health, though feeble and languid, till July, when nature showed itself exhausted, and yielded, probably, to “an entire functional derangement. For six days his sufferings were acute and constant, yet borne, not with patience merely, but with entire self-possession and unclouded serenity of spirit. On the morning of July 28th, having retained his consciousness to the last moment, and after several hours of entire freedom from pain, he departed this life in perfect peace.”

In concluding this brief notice of a book that has profited us much, we desire to thank Mr. Peabody for his beautiful tribute to the memory of his friend and parishioner, and to repeat the hope that a second edition will be published, for the use and benefit of all.

S. K. L.

NOTE

To Article on "The Piscataqua Association of Ministers," in the Number of the Christian Examiner for May, 1848. (Fourth Series, Vol. IX. pp. 403-415.)

MESSRS. EDITORS, — You have suggested to me the propriety of noticing, in your next number, a recent critique in the "Christian Observatory" on my sketch of the Piscataqua Association, in the Examiner for May, 1848. This I must decline doing; for I cannot consent to place myself on equal terms with an anonymous writer, who is to be identified only by the moral complexion of his article. I know the author; but he is not a man with whom I can measure weapons. Besides, of what use could a reply in the Examiner be? Very few persons read both periodicals. With those few, I simply ask that my article and that in the Observatory be read and judged together. But this latter was not written for those who had read the former.

The statements in my article, so far as they are questionable, I am prepared to defend by such evidence as in each particular case would be deemed satisfactory. There are but two modifications which need to be made as to matters of fact. One relates to the old steeples still standing over deserted churches. There is now but one such steeple within the limits of the Association. When I wrote, there were three; but two of them were burned about the time my article was printed. A fourth, which I had in my mind when I wrote, had been previously taken down, and the church beneath it modernized; but for town uses only, there having been in it almost no preaching for twelve or fifteen years. Yet a fifth has been almost forsaken for several years, the congregation, once large, meeting in a small vestry, — lacking means, energy, or both, to repair their old church or to build a new one. The other modification which I would make regards the inhabitants of Elliot, who, I am inclined to believe, were, at the commencement of Mr. Chandler's ministry, better, more thrifty, and more prosperous than I represented them. The statements with regard to them in my article embodied, however, no more than the traditions prevalent among aged people on the Portsmouth side of the Piscataqua.

A. P. P.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Paris. By LORD MAHON. Edited by HENRY REED, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 567, 589.

THIS edition of Lord Mahon's History of England is published under the express sanction of the noble author, and is conformable to the revised edition, issued by him in 1846. It is edited with scrupulous fidelity and accuracy, by Professor Reed, of Philadelphia, — a gentleman who has already done good service to the cause of letters in this country by his editorial supervision of several important works. His notes consist principally of extracts from works printed since the first publication of the History, or from works having particular reference to our own land, with some other matter illustrative of the text. They form a valuable addition to the original narrative, and those for which he is solely responsible are, without exception, clearly and candidly written.

Although a zealous Tory, and devoted from principle to the doctrines of that party, Lord Mahon is himself descended from one of the great Whig families of a former generation, which was connected by marriage with the elder Pitt. It is very natural, therefore, that he should feel some sympathy for the political views of his ancestors; and we are quite certain that the pride of birth has given to his book an impartiality and moderation which it would not otherwise have possessed. His party name and his family recollections draw him in opposite directions; and it is to this circumstance that the theory which underlies every part of his History is to be traced. His Lordship still cherishes the belief, which has been so successfully controverted by Mr. Macaulay and other able writers in England, that the Whigs of Queen Anne's time occupied nearly the same ground as the Tories of the present day, and that the Tories of Queen Anne's time occupied nearly the same ground as the Whigs of the present day. Indeed, he gravely asks: — "Can it be doubted, that, at the accession of William the Fourth, Harley and St. John would have been called Whigs, — Somers and Stanhope Tories? Would not the October Club have loudly cheered the measures of Lord Grey, and the Kit-Cat have found itself renewed in the Carlton?" The consequence of this most erroneous theory is, that he passes a sterner judgment on Harley than he does on Walpole, and

throughout exhibits a remarkable tenderness in speaking of the Whigs of that age, often bestowing the highest praise on them, and placing their policy in honorable contrast with the policy of their adversaries. In truth, his characters of the prominent men who lived during the fifty years over which his History extends are almost uniformly exact and well drawn; and his views of the transactions of that period generally meet our ready acceptance. It is only when he speaks of events within his own memory, which he does far too frequently and with strong partisan prejudice, that we find much to which we should seriously object. He, however, shows too willing a disposition to overlook the frailties of royalty. Assuredly, few kings have stood in greater need of a lenient judgment than the Hanoverian sovereigns. Yet our author tells us that they were "kind rulers," and endeavours to convince his readers that they have been too harshly condemned. His style, without possessing much elegance, is perspicuous and idiomatic, admits of great minuteness of detail and breadth of illustration, without becoming tedious, and is sometimes, though rarely, eloquent. s—h.

Theophany; or the Manifestation of God in the Life, Character, and Mission of Jesus Christ. By Rev. ROBERT TURNBULL. Hartford. 1849. 12mo. pp. 239.

THIS book is written in an unexceptionable spirit, and with considerable rhetorical force. It adheres with remarkable fidelity to the opinions which, for several generations past, have been esteemed safe by the great body of the sects called Orthodox. If we stood among the advocates of its theology, we should regard it as a timely publication, popular, cautiously free from anything dangerous, calculated to be useful. We think, however, that even they would make these two abatements from their commendation,—that Mr. Turnbull's rhetoric is often strained, glaring, extravagant, and his statements of thought often highly exaggerated; and that he frequently uses the unsatisfactory language of a fervid imagination when he ought to use the transparent phraseology of a cool understanding. In discussing the abstract doctrines of theology, the awful dogmas of Augustine and Calvin, literal terms and careful reasoning alone are appropriate. In these particulars the book is wanting. Thus far those who accept Christianity as interpreted by the Baptists will agree with us.

But as Unitarians, we have graver charges to bring against the argumentative, doctrinal portions of the work. In the first place, the writer over and over again assumes the points in controversy, and reasons from them at the very time that he purports to be proving them. As honest seekers after truth, we search through

the book for the proofs of his leading propositions, and cannot find them. He says, for instance, — “The doctrine of the Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, is *clearly revealed* in the Holy Scriptures”; but no proof of this statement is given. Secondly, the volume abounds in examples of false logic; we have marked more than fifty cases. We mean a use of the form of logic without its reality. In every chapter many arguments are stated, in which we may admit the premises and yet legitimately deny the conclusion. For instance, our author says, — “If Jesus Christ, in order to be a proper representative of man, must himself be a man, it follows that, in order to be a proper representative of God, he must also be God.” What utter confusion of thought and language is here! In fact, the book is a fair specimen of that logic which consists in setting down two statements of the same proposition, differently expressed, with a “therefore” between them. And, finally, the numerous perversions of the New Testament phraseology occurring in the work before us deserve rebuke. These mistranslations, misinterpretations, misapplications, of Scriptural language, made in disregard of the context, and in defiance of the results of the ablest critics, are a discredit to Mr. Turnbull’s scholarship. It is quite too bad that the Deity of Christ should be demonstrated by means of a text so well known to be wholly turned from its real meaning as this, — “Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God.” It certainly ought to be understood that the literal words of our English version of the Bible were not used by Jesus or the Apostles, and that King James’s translators could lay no valid claims to plenary inspiration.

In all charity and candor, we are constrained to conclude, that, while in other particulars the merits of the work we are noticing are respectable, as a theological disquisition it is defective and inefficient. As Unitarians we rejoice to admit the whole import of the words, — “Theophany, or the manifestation of God in the life, character, and mission of Jesus Christ.” All the declarations of the New Testament touching our Saviour we heartily receive, and leave it to the other sects of Christians to be wise above what is written, to meddle with the scholastic jargon of theories concerning “the mysterious cabinet of the Trinity,” and schemes of vicarious atonement, abusing their brains with unhappy perplexities, and spoiling themselves through “vain conceits of philosophy, falsely so called.”

A.

The Venerable Bede’s Ecclesiastical History of England. Also, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. With Illustrative Notes, a Map of Anglo-Saxon England, and a General Index. Edited by

J. A. GILES, D. C. L., Late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London: H. G. Bohn. 1848. 12mo. pp. 515.

THIS volume contains a mass of historical facts, relative to that part of English history which preceded the Norman Conquest, such as it is the fortune of no other nation of Europe to possess. The "Ecclesiastical History" of the Venerable Bede is the best known and most esteemed of his works. Notwithstanding in many instances he has evinced a want of discrimination and judgment in the selection and arrangement of his materials, yet, considered with reference to the peculiar circumstances under which he wrote, his book is an extraordinary performance. His style of narration and description, and, we may add, his ready credulity, are remarkably Herodotean. His faults are those of a simple and imaginative mind. The First Book opens with a description of England which would reflect credit upon a classical author.

At the conclusion of his History is annexed a list of Bede's works. It comprises commentaries on almost all the books of Scripture, and several homilies on the principal festivals of the Church; religious biographies, and a book of hymns; treatises on music, orthography, and versification; and one entire book, "De Rerum Natura," which is still extant.

The "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" is a continued narrative, written at different times and by different persons, of events most celebrated in English history from the remotest period to the year of our Lord 1154. Valuable as it is to the historian, it has been somewhat neglected; and the pages of Hume, Goldsmith, Turner, and Lingard are susceptible of improvement by collation with it. The severity, or the fastidiousness, of these writers has led them to reject from their histories many of those minute actions and collateral incidents which have exercised a great secret influence on the most important affairs of the English nation.

H—rd.

Writings of Rev. William Bradford Homer, late Pastor of the Congregational Church in South Berwick, Me., with an Introductory Essay and a Memoir. By EDWARDS A. PARK, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Second Edition. Boston. 1849. 12mo. pp. 395.

WE are thankful to see this. A spiritual biography of a life rich in promise rather than performance, — the simple history of a young country pastor, struck down just as he was beginning a course of noble but humble piety, with a few unostentatious yet remarkable sermons attached, — passes through a considerable edition by the unsolicited interest of the public in its subject-matter, and its editor feels bound to give it anew, in a more homogeneous

form. The second edition is about the size of the first ; but various substitutions have been made, tending, we think, to increase the interest of the volume, by making it more ministerial and less literary. An Essay of about fifty pages on the " Religious Influence of Theological Seminaries " is inserted, for which we are indebted to Professor Park. Nothing could be more timely or appropriate ; nor do we know any quarter from which could be expected a more fervent yet wise, strong yet charitable, defence of the schools of the prophets. To young ministers, we think, this book will always be interesting and suggestive. H—nd.

The California and Oregon Trail: Being Sketches of Prairie and Rocky-Mountain Life. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, JR. New York : G. P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo. pp. 448.

THE great merit of this book lies in the confidence with which it inspires the reader, that he is following the author through a veritable account of incidents, as foreign from his usual experience as the scenes which it describes are different from those with which he is personally familiar. There is no attempt to produce an effect by a thrilling narrative, or to establish a theory of one kind or another. Yet the book is full of interest, and abounds with instruction in regard to the region and the people visited. Mr. Parkman was for several weeks domesticated (if we may apply such a word to aboriginal life) with one of the wildest of the Indian tribes that roam over the prairies or traverse the mountains of the dreary expanse which stretches between the frontiers of civilization and the golden shores of the Pacific, — the home of the buffalo, the savage, and the storm. For the example it gives of resolution, fortitude, and cheerfulness, under circumstances voluntarily sought, indeed, but not therefore necessarily conducive to the best manifestation of character, it may be placed among works whose moral influence must be good. But its chief value results from the accuracy of its details and the novelty of its materials. We should have been glad if the writer's modesty had allowed him to give more of his own reflections upon the race which he had such rare opportunities of studying ; but as no such purpose entered into his plan, we sincerely thank him for the pleasant and authentic volume which he has given us. G.

Memoir of Joseph Tuckerman, D. D., of Boston, U. S. Published by the Christian Tract Society. London. 1849. 18mo. pp. 124.

THIS little volume has been prepared by Miss Mary Carpenter, daughter of the late Dr. Carpenter of Bristol, and it is published in a form which will give it a very wide circulation. With great

typographical neatness, it is printed in such a manner as to bring it within the reach of all, and we presume that, being published by the Tract Society, it will, to a certain extent, be gratuitously circulated. The Memoir is enriched by extracts from the admirable portraiture given by Dr. Channing, as well as by judicious selections from Dr. Tuckerman's own writings; but it is not simply a republication of what has already been before the public. Miss Carpenter has collected new materials, which add greatly to the value of the book. She has availed herself of the kindness of friends in this country to obtain interesting reminiscences, and had also in her hands many valuable letters written by Dr. Tuckerman to his friends abroad. It is pleasant to know that such a work has been anxiously desired by many in England, where the memory of Dr. Tuckerman has long been held in high veneration, and where his character has exerted a wide influence. We should be glad to see a republication of this Memoir in our own country. It would be a valuable addition to every Sunday-school library, and would, we believe, be read with interest by those who had the privilege of a personal acquaintance with the excellent man whose character it portrays, and by all who take delight in the memory of the good.

w.

Poems. By JAMES T. FIELDS. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1849. 16mo. pp. 99.

THE principal poem in this volume is entitled *The Post of Honor*, and was pronounced before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, on its twenty-eighth anniversary, in November last. It is marked, like the author's other poems, by delicacy of sentiment, liveliness of fancy, and metrical correctness. Although it is sufficiently apparent that Mr. Fields was animated throughout by a fitting sense of the nobleness of his theme, he very properly treats it as a poet rather than as a moralist; and draws his illustrations with singular success from a wide extent of reading and observation. The language not only charms us by its melody, but is at all times clear, concise, and sparkling. Nor is the keenness of the poet's wit less noticeable than the fertility of his imagination and the harmony of his versification. Most of the other poems have already appeared in print, and been widely circulated through the newspaper press; but several of them are now published for the first time. The best are the lines on a *Pair of Antlers*, on a *Book of Sea-Mosses*, and the *Ballad of the Tempest*. We trust Mr. Fields will often write such delightful little poems as these. The volume is elegantly "brought out," and is in every respect creditable to those concerned in its publication.

s—h.

Herodotus. A New and Literal Version from the Text of Baehr. With a Geographical and General Index. By HENRY CARY, M. A., Oxford. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1848.

THE series of which this neat volume forms the first is printed uniformly with the enterprising publisher's "Standard Library." It is his intention to comprise in it literal English translations of the principal classics. Of those now existing, the greater part are unsatisfactory and require a careful revision. Mr. Cary, who has long been favorably known to the literary public as the translator of Schweighäuser's *Lexicon to Herodotus*, and also of a *Lexicon to Thucydides*, has ably executed his task in the present instance. Beloe's translation, which has been more extensively circulated in this country than any other, is rather a paraphrase than an imitation of the original Greek. The version of Laurent, a French scholar, who has given ample evidence on every page of his ignorance of the English as well as of the Greek language, has obtained some notoriety. His translation of Pindar is more accurate than his version of Herodotus. Littlebury's translation is also inaccurate, and is disfigured by the greatest faults. Taylor's version has not received the attention which its merit demands, probably from the fact, that he departed from the usually received division of the text by chapters, thereby diminishing the facility of reference. Notwithstanding a few slips and inaccuracies, it is a creditable performance.

The translator of a classical author, in the selection of his words, and in the construction of his sentences, should follow the analogy required by the age and character of the author whom he is translating. Homer should be translated in the style and language of the old English poets; Herodotus, after the manner of Froissart, or Philip de Comines; while Demosthenes and Æschines require all the elegance and force of diction of Fox and Burke.

The present volume is ornamented with an elegantly executed bust of the historian. Copious geographical and general indexes are annexed. The readings, and generally the interpretations, of Baehr have been adopted. The publisher announces as in the press, *Thucydides*, translated by Hobbes. This translation, by the celebrated Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, has long been known as the best that has ever been published. H—rd.

Select Popular Orations of Demosthenes, with Notes and a Chronological Table. By J. T. CHAMPLIN, Professor of Greek and Latin in Waterville College. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 227.

THE popular orations of Demosthenes have been judged singu-

larly well adapted for the purposes of education, not merely from the fact that they are expressed in the words of the most perfect master of the most elegant of all languages, but because in matter and tone they intimately correspond with the spirit and genius of our own institutions. From the seventeen which are accredited to Demosthenes, Professor Champlin has selected the "Olynthiacs," the "Philippics," the oration "On the Chersonesus," and the eloquent argument "For the Liberty of the Rhodians." We have carefully read a large portion of the Notes in this volume, and have found them excellently adapted for the use of students. They contain short abstracts of every paragraph, and explanations of those passages which present difficulties not readily solved by younger students. Much attention has been bestowed upon many of the more remarkable grammatical constructions, and upon the uses of the prepositions. Such historical and chronological matter as seemed to be required the editor has appended in the form of a "Table of the Life and Times of Demosthenes," which will be found of great service in the study of any of his orations.

The typographical execution of the volume is particularly worthy of notice. The Porsonian type, which the enterprising conductors of the University Press have introduced into this country, gives the text an air of neatness and elegance unsurpassed by any similar publication.

H—rd.

Infant Baptism a Scriptural Service, and Dipping unnecessary to its Right Administration; containing a Critical Survey and Digest of the Leading Evidence, Classical, Biblical, and Patristic; with Special Reference to the Work of Dr. Carson, and Occasional Strictures on the Views of Dr. Halley. By the Rev. ROBERT WILSON, Professor of Sacred Literature for the General Assembly, Royal College, Belfast. London. 1848. 8vo. pp. 534.

We give the whole long title of this work, which has been sent to us from England, as showing its design and large attempts. It is elaborate and minute; taking up every question in regard to the import and use of the original word for "baptism," the early and later custom, and the present propriety or duty. The conclusions are all in favor of infant baptism, and of great latitude as to the mode; while the proof is well made out, that neither the Scriptures, the classics, nor the fathers identify baptism with immersion. The book seems to us to be fair, both as to its temper and ability. But we do think that these repeated labors on the form of a form are altogether disproportioned to the importance of the object, in view especially of other demands of the day.

H—l.

The Christian's Catechism, or Lessons from the Old and New Testament on Religion and Morality, for the Use of Families and Sunday Schools. By LEWIS G. PRAY. Boston: S. G. Simpkins. 1849. 18mo. pp. 76.

THE FIRST PART of this Catechism — on the Old Testament — is mainly historical; the Second Part is intended to present “an outline of religion and morality as taught in the Bible, and, in substance, adopted by all Christians.” The Answers to the Questions, “with a very few exceptions, are all taken from the Bible,” — in regard to the advantage of which, however, we entertain some doubt. The Bible was not written to be turned into a catechism, and quite as much ingenuity as reverence is shown in adapting texts disjoined from their original connection to the exigencies of the new framework into which they must be introduced. Mr. Pray has generally succeeded as well as such a principle of construction permitted, and his work, though it does not seem to us to supply, beyond the need of any further attempt, the undeniable “deficiency” to which he alludes in his Preface, will be found useful in our Sunday schools and families. G.

* * * WE intended to speak at some length, in this number, of a work which we have received from the author, who is one of the Unitarian ministers of Belfast, Ireland, and one of the Professors in the Belfast Academical Institution, — *Principles of Textual Criticism, with their Application to the Old and New Testaments.* By J. SCOTT PORTER. (8vo. pp. 516.) We can now only allude to the industry, learning, and impartiality which it discovers, in the hope of giving it a more extended notice hereafter.

We should have been glad if we could also have devoted some space to a notice of *The People's Dictionary of the Bible*, (London, 8vo, pp. 634, 634,) edited, and, we suppose, mainly, if not wholly, written by Rev. Dr. BEARD, of Manchester; the second volume of which, completing the work, was received in this country a few weeks since. Having often had occasion to refer to it, we have found it in the highest degree satisfactory, and unhesitatingly recommend it as a valuable addition to the library of every clergyman or student of the Bible. We hope the “Examiner” may yet do more justice to its merits.

Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, 1678–9, (Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields, 16mo, pp. 224,) is a very agreeable and successful attempt to present the outward and inward life of the period assumed as the date of the Journal, in the style of expression which marked that time. We are, we presume, revealing no secret in telling the reader that he is indebted for the pleasure the volume will afford him to the “Quaker Poet” of New England.

A Treatise upon the Nature and Treatment of Morbid Sensibility of the Retina, or Weakness of Sight, by JOHN H. DIX, M.D., (Boston: Ticknor & Co., 12mo, pp. 144,) will be found useful by other than professional men. Dr. Dix's scientific acquaintance with the subject, and long experience as a practitioner, give a special value to his practical suggestions, as well as inspire full confidence in regard to the more technical parts of the book.

Republican Christianity: or True Liberty, as exhibited in the Life, Precepts, and Early Disciples of the Great Redeemer, from the prolific pen of E. L. MAGOON, (Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln, 12mo, pp. 422,) we hope, is a better book than either its title, or the title of the First Part, — "The Republican Character of Jesus Christ," — would lead us to expect. Mr. Magoon needs to remember that strong truth should keep company with good taste.

Man Primeval: or the Constitution and Primitive Condition of the Human Being, by JOHN HARRIS, D. D., of Cheshunt College in England, (Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln, 12mo, pp. 480,) is one of a series of treatises to which "The Pre-Adamic Earth" was intended as the introduction. Having received, from the perusal of one or two of Dr. Harris's previous works, the impression that his ability as a writer is greatly overrated by his admirers, we must confess our ignorance of the contents of these two volumes.

Among the genealogical publications of the day, we may mention the *Memoir of Thomas Wight, of Dedham, Mass., with Genealogical Notices of his Descendants, from 1637 to 1840*, by DANFORTH PHIPPS WIGHT, M. D., (12mo, pp. 119,) — a work distinguished for great accuracy and thoroughness.

Mr. John Doggett, Jr., has recently republished the *Original Narrative of the Boston Massacre*, with Additional Notes, and a "Plan of the Town of Boston, copied from one published in the 'Gentleman's and London Magazine,' for 1774," (8vo, pp. 122.) The additional matter is chiefly explanatory, and as such, will be found useful to the reader at the present day.

The Iliad of Homer, translated into English Prose, as literally as the different Idioms of the Greek and English Languages will allow, with Explanatory Notes, by a GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, being the "first American from the fourth London edition, thoroughly revised and corrected, with Additional Notes," (8vo, pp. 416,) published at Princeton, by George Thompson, has been sent us, along with a "new and revised edition" of the *Iliad of Homer*, in the original, by Professor FELTON, and a second edition of the *Gorgias of Plato*, with "changes and additions" by President WOOLSEY; all of which will, for different reasons, prove acceptable to the public. The publishers of Felton's Homer and the new edition of the

Gorgias (Messrs. J. Munroe & Co.) are entitled to our special thanks for the beautiful typographical execution of the volumes issued by them. It is scarcely necessary to add, that they are from the press of Metcalf & Co., Cambridge.

Aunt Mary's New Stories for Young People, edited by Mrs. S. J. HALE, (Munroe & Co., 18mo, pp. 125,) are very well suited to their object, — the communication of moral impressions through the channel of agreeable narrative or innocent fable. — *Whisperings from Life's Shore; A Bright Shell for Children*, by S. W. L., (Munroe & Co., 18mo, pp. 160,) will please many readers, and can harm none.

The "specimen sheets" are all that have yet appeared of a new *Collection of Sacred Music*, prepared by Messrs. B. F. Baker and F. F. Heard, and intended to give, with the tunes, the words of the best hymns used in the worship of Unitarian congregations. The work will be published in August, by Messrs. Munroe & Co.

We have received from the author the First and Second "Parts" of *Lectures on the Development of Religious Life in the Modern Christian Church*, by HENRY SOLLY, (London, 16mo, pp. 98.) The series will be completed in six Parts, and "be followed by another series, if a sufficient sale can be secured." It will include "notices of the lives and opinions" of Luther and Munzer, — Calvin and Zwingli, — Ignatius Loyola, — George Fox, — Wesley and Whitefield, — Priestley and Channing. The purpose and spirit which Mr. Solly exhibits induce us to look with interest for the completion of his plan.

Old Age,— what we make it: A Sermon occasioned by the Death of Hon. William Hale, and preached in the Unitarian Meeting-house in Dover, Nov. 12, 1848. By JOHN PARKMAN, Minister of the Unitarian Society in Dover, N. H. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1848. 8vo. pp. 18.

The Self-sacrificing Zeal of our Pious Forefathers, and the Duty of Unitarians to be faithful to the Trust they have bequeathed. A Discourse, on Occasion of the Death of the Rev. William Hughes, of Widcombe, preached December 10th, 1848, at Newport, Isle of Wight. By EDMUND KELL, M. A. London. 1849. 8vo. pp. 24.

The Leaven of the Word. A Sermon preached at the Ordination of Rev. Joshua Young, as Pastor of the New North Church in Boston, Thursday, Feb. 1, 1849. By Rev. FREDERIC H. HEDGE, Pastor of a Church in Bangor. With the Charge and Right Hand of Fellowship. Boston. 1849. 8vo. pp. 32.

A Sermon on the Moral Condition of Boston, preached at the Melodeon, on Sunday, Feb. 11, 1849. A Sermon on the

Spiritual Condition of Boston, preached at the Melodeon, on Sunday, Feb. 18, 1849. By THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the XVIII. Congregational Church. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 12mo. pp. 74.

Pauperism in Boston: A Sermon before the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, March 18, 1849. By EPHRIAM PEABODY. Boston. 1849. 8vo. pp. 21.

A Letter respecting a Work entitled "Christ Crucified. By Geo. W. Clarke." Addressed to a Parishioner. By RUFUS B. STEBBINS. Boston. 1849. 12mo. pp. 32.

Letter [to] Rev. Eber Carpenter, Southbridge, Mass. By W. B. GREENE. Brookfield. 1849. 12mo. pp. 8.

Speech in support of the Memorial of Harvard, Williams, and Amherst Colleges, delivered before the Joint Committee on Education, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, Boston, on the 7th of February, 1849. By EDWARD EVERETT. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 28.

A Plea for Harvard: Showing that "The University at Cambridge" was not the Name established for this Seminary by the Constitution of Massachusetts, but that the Name authorized by that Instrument was "Harvard University." By AN ALUMNUS. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1849. 8vo. pp. 29.

An Inquiry into the alleged Tendency of the Separation of Convicts, one from the other, to produce Disease and Derangement. By A CITIZEN OF PHILADELPHIA. Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle. 1849. 8vo. pp. 160.

MR. PARKMAN, in his Discourse in memory of Mr. Hale, after describing, under distinct but connected heads, the preparation which may be made for a tranquil and happy old age, draws, from the life which had just been closed, the character of one who fulfilled the conditions involved in such a preparation. The Sermon is sincere, affectionate, and instructive. — The spirit and tone of Mr. Kell's Discourse are indicated in the title; it is a worthy tribute to the memory of a worthy man, zealous for the doctrines of simple Unitarianism; it defends the use of controversy, and advocates the earnest assertion of the distinctive views of liberal Christians, but not to the neglect of the claims of religion on the heart and life. — Mr. Hedge always writes with point, force, and freshness, and these characteristics mark his present Discourse, in which, taking for his subject the progressive nature of Christianity, he comments briefly on the defects of Christendom, then proceeds to show, under the three topics of intellectual, moral, and religious life, that there has been real progress since the introduction of Christianity into the world, that the present is better than the past, and the aspects of the times afford ground of encouragement and hope. — Mr. Parker informs us that it is four years since he "first came here to speak" to his congregation.

The perusal of these Sermons has confirmed us in the belief, that, within that period, his style of public address has deteriorated. In regard to the sentiment and purpose of the discourses, as in all which Mr. Parker has written, we find, with that from which we cannot but dissent, much which every one must approve. But there is a frequent coarseness of expression, and a not infrequent tone of levity, that jar roughly alike on our notions of propriety and our feelings of reverence. — Mr. Peabody's Sermon is marked by clear good sense, calm reasoning, and important suggestion. The present extent of pauperism in this city, the methods now used for its relief, the need of some still better arrangements for this end, and the character of those arrangements, are the topics which he handles; and if, on the last point, all should not agree with him, they will acknowledge the force and fairness of his remarks.

We have not read the book to which Mr. Stebbins's Letter refers, but, judging from the specimens he gives of its stale misrepresentations and abuse, we should think that the author, who, it seems, rejoices in the title of "Professor," had something yet to learn. The "Letter" places him in no very enviable position before the public. — Mr. Greene's Letter notices some erroneous statements, as he considers them, in a sermon lately published by Mr. Carpenter, and then propounds a series of "questions" in theology for his solution. — With the "Speech" of Mr. Everett we may connect the "Report of the Committee on Education," by Mr. Motley, of the Legislature, as being both able documents, possessing more than a local and temporary interest; they well set forth the advantages to a State of what the "Memorialists" call "an advanced education," — exhibiting those enlightened and elevated views which ought to mark our legislation, but which are too often, in fact, made to yield to a narrow, short-sighted, "penny-wise" policy. — The "Plea for Harvard," the object of which is explicitly stated in the title-page, is a thorough, earnest pamphlet, but the subject is one on which it will be difficult to awaken any very deep interest in the public mind, though, in justice to the memory of Harvard, we think that his name ought to be retained in the popular designation of the University. — The "Inquiry into the alleged Tendency of the Separation of Convicts," etc., is designed as a reply to the late pamphlet of Mr. Gray, and to articles that recently appeared in the *North American Review* and *Christian Examiner*, in which the Separate System is decidedly condemned. The author of the Inquiry contends that there is still much to be said on the other side, and he proceeds to give a short history of the controversy, and a general review of the evidence relating to the effects of the system in question.

INTELLIGENCE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Ecclesiastical Record. — Comparatively few changes have occurred within the last two months, to find a place in our record. — Rev. Dr. Frothingham of Boston, after suffering through the winter from disease which the approach of spring served rather to aggravate than to diminish, has proposed to his people to relinquish his salary, and divide his duties with a colleague, and has left home for a six months' tour in Europe, from which they hope he will return with renovated health. — Rev. Mr. Taylor, of the Seamen's Chapel in this city, whose name is so well known to our readers, has also been obliged, by repeated and prolonged illness, to take his departure again for Europe, where he may remain for two or three years. — Rev. Mr. Folsom has been compelled, by ill-health, to resign the charge of the ministry at large in Charlestown. — Rev. Mr. Bacon of Rochester, N. Y., has resigned his office as minister of the Unitarian society in that place. — Rev. J. N. Bellows has accepted an engagement to remain at Barnstable a year. — Rev. Mr. Fernald has made a similar engagement at Thomaston, Me. — Rev. W. H. Hadley has accepted an invitation to take charge of the ministry at large in Portland, Me. — Rev. Messrs. Babbidge of Pepperell and Briggs of Plymouth have declined invitations extended to them by congregations in other places. — Rev. Herman Snow has gone to seek a field of missionary labor in the West. — Rev. Charles Farley and Rev. T. H. Pons have gone to California with a similar purpose. — Rev. William Ware, after spending a year abroad, a large part of which he passed in Italy, has returned home, with invigorated health. — Rev. Mr. Livermore of Keene, N. H., who has spent the last winter in visiting several of the West India islands, has received essential benefit, and will soon return home. We learn with great pleasure, that the prize of five hundred dollars, offered by the American Peace Society, for the best Essay on the Mexican War, has been adjudged, by the committee appointed for this purpose, to Mr. Livermore, over several competitors.

Unitarianism. — The present state of the Unitarian interest — to adopt a phrase which we use with some misgiving, it has such a twang of the market-place — seems to us one on which we may look with more satisfaction than at some not very distant periods of its history. Difference of opinion, both in regard to speculative and practical questions, we have seen, can be maintained without ill blood or the suspension of measures for the propagation of truth. The meetings which were held in this city on Sunday evenings during the months of January, February, and March last, were fully attended to their close, and appear to have been regarded with the interest of curiosity or sympathy throughout a large part of the country. They were followed by a proposal to revive and extend the missionary operations that for some time were sustained by means of a subscription limited to a term of years, which has now expired. A meeting was held to consider the subject,

in the Bedford Street Chapel, on Sunday evening, April 8, at which, after remarks by several gentlemen, a committee was appointed to report, at an adjourned meeting, on the best method which can be adopted for the end in view. Our churches in Boston, and generally in this neighbourhood, are gaining rather than losing strength. The Hollis Street and New North churches have received large accessions. In New York, our brethren exhibit animation and energy. The *Christian Inquirer*, "published weekly by the Unitarian Association of the State of New York," has been enlarged, and now presents the name of Rev. H. W. Bellows as editor, with the assistance of Rev. Messrs. Burnap, Clarke, Farley, Dewey, and Osgood, and under arrangements that will secure the contributions of other writers; the sum of \$10,000 having been subscribed as a fund for its permanent support. The period for which Rev. Mr. Stebbins formed an engagement with the Trustees of the Meadville Theological School being near its termination, arrangements are under consideration by which not only his services may be retained, but still greater efficiency be given to the School. On the whole, we find encouragement in the belief, that, if the "present position of Unitarianism" be not precisely what it was five years ago, it has only passed through those changes which circumstances have rendered inevitable, and from which it comes forth with new justification of the confidence of its friends, and fresh disappointment of the hopes of those who in the same breath profess to rejoice and to mourn over its weakness.

Circulation of Channing's Works. — The interest which has been shown in all parts of the country in the writings of Dr. Channing, the eagerness of people to possess them, the impression they are known to have made on the minds of readers of all classes and all denominations, and the belief that no more effectual method could be taken to promote intellectual freedom or spiritual culture than the widest possible circulation of his Works, have led to the adoption of measures for a more systematic prosecution of this enterprise. A new organization, of the simplest kind, and confined to this single object, has been formed in this city, under the name of the Society for the Circulation of Dr. Channing's Works, of which Henry B. Rogers, Esq. has been chosen *President*; Rev. Frederic D. Huntington, *Secretary*; John Gardner, Esq., *Treasurer*; who, together with Rev. Ephraim Peabody, D. D., Rev. James F. Clarke, and Manlius S. Clarke, Esq., constitute the Board of *Directors*. The friends of this project hope, through agents and other instrumentalities, to bring these Works, at the very low price at which they are offered by the publishers, within the reach of thousands who are now unable to procure them. Two dollars for six well-printed and well-filled volumes is a sum which few would refuse to pay, if the books were brought to their door.

Benevolent Fraternity of Churches. — The fifteenth anniversary of this institution afforded its friends unusual gratification. The Reports of the Ministers at large were very satisfactory, and, in the statements and remarks which they presented, occupying different portions of the general subject, were throughout instructive and encouraging. Although the deficiency in the amount of annual receipts rendered it necessary

during the last year to reduce the number of the ministers at large, the present arrangement is, perhaps, as effective for the promotion of the purposes contemplated by the Fraternity as any that has ever been adopted under their countenance. Rev. Messrs. Cruft and Winkley have charge of the chapels in Suffolk Street and Pitts Street, and visit the poor in the sections of the city in which the chapels are situated, while Rev. Dr. Bigelow devotes himself exclusively to the labors of a Christian missionary among the dwellings of the needy and wretched. The great object of all the ministers is to relieve the moral necessities of those whom they approach. Physical relief, and especially pecuniary assistance, are left, except in cases of extreme urgency, to other modes of benevolent ministration. A central office is maintained as a means of more ready communication between the necessitous and those who can give them counsel or assistance. The funds of the Fraternity, it is hoped, will gradually acquire a more permanent form, and the inconvenience of an uncertain subscription be thus diminished. The receipts are now almost wholly derived from the annual payments made by Branches of the Fraternity in different congregations of this city.

At the celebration of the anniversary, in the Federal Street meeting-house, on the evening of April 15, 1849, after prayer had been offered by Rev. Mr. Waterston, the Annual Report, embracing large extracts from the reports of the ministers at large, was read by the Secretary, Rev. Mr. Gray; after which, remarks were offered by the President, Rev. Mr. Lothrop, and addresses were made by Hon. Abbot Lawrence, Rev. Daniel Sharp, D. D., J. Otis Williams, Esq., and Rev. S. H. Winkley.

The officers of the Fraternity for the year 1849-50, elected April 22, are, Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop, *President*; Edward Wigglesworth, Esq., *Secretary*; Benjamin Seaver, Esq., *Treasurer*; who, together with Hon. John M. Williams and Robert Waterston, Esq., constitute the *Executive Committee*.

Works in Press. — Before the appearance of our next number, our readers will probably have in their hands several works that will be entitled to a place in every Christian library. "The Life and Correspondence of Rev. Dr. Buckminster, and of his Son, Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster, by Mrs. Eliza Buckminster Lee," is nearly ready for publication. — Messrs. Crosby & Nichols have also in press, "Ten Discourses on Orthodoxy, by Rev. Joseph H. Allen, Pastor of the Unitarian Church in Washington." — A Memoir of the late Rev. Hiram Withington, with Selections from his Writings, is now passing through the press. — "Hymns for the Sanctuary" is the title of a collection of hymns for public worship, which has been prepared by a committee of the West Boston society, and will be ready for examination by the public in a few days. — The last volume of Mr. Norton's "Genuineness of the Gospels," we hope, will soon be given to the public. — We wish we could speak with the same confidence of another volume of the "Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures," by Dr. Palfrey; who, we trust, will not let his political engagements prevent his completing a work that must give his name a permanent place among the contributors to a valuable Biblical literature.

Rev. Dr. Beard, of England, whose indefatigable labors every one must hold in high respect, having completed his "Dictionary of the

Bible," has undertaken the publication of a series of works, under the general title of "The Library of Christian Literature," consisting of "Theological, Religious, Historical, and other Works, Translated and Original,"

"Designed to exhibit the Facts which lie at the basis, mark the early progress, and display the triumphs, of the Religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, in their true light, their physical and historical relations, and their great moral, social, and spiritual consequences, apart from particular views of Christian Doctrine, and the aims and interests of rival Churches, and with special reference to the attempts and the results of Modern Criticism, the illustration and enforcement of the Credibility of the Sacred Scriptures, and the truth, worth, and perpetual obligation of their spirit, tendencies, and universal teachings."

The series, as described by the Editor, is divided into four classes:

1. "Treatises composed expressly in defence of Christianity, as an historical religion":
 2. "Works connected with the study of the sacred Scriptures":
 3. "Christianity in its influence on individual character and the history of mankind":
 4. "Christianity in its relations to other systems of religion."
- A large plan; but one which the titles of several volumes already in course of preparation show that the editor will not suffer to fail of completion, from indisposition or inability to gather his materials from a wide extent of reading.

Rev. Robert Wallace, late Theological Professor in Manchester New College, proposes to publish, under the title of "Anti-Trinitarian Biography," in three volumes, demi 8vo., "Sketches of the Lives and Writings of Distinguished Anti-Trinitarians, chronologically arranged, so as to exhibit a view of the state of the Unitarian interest in the principal nations of Europe, from the Reformation to the close of the seventeenth century; with a particular account of the rise and progress of Unitarianism in England during the same period." The manuscript is prepared, and only waits for a sufficient subscription to authorize its being sent to the press. The cost to subscribers in this country, including freight and duties, will be about ten dollars.

The London "Inquirer" advertises, as preparing for publication by Simms & McIntyre of Belfast, "The Prose Works of the Rev. Henry Ware, Jun., D. D.," in one thick volume of about 800 pages, uniform with the "People's edition of Channing's Works," to be furnished to subscribers at six shillings (\$ 1.50) a copy.

Ordination. — Rev. HASBROUCK DAVIS, of Worcester, was ordained as Pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in WATERTOWN, Mass., March 28, 1849. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston, from Philippians ii. 16; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Robbins of Boston; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Weiss of New Bedford; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Hale of Worcester; the Address to the People, by Rev. Dr. Francis of Cambridge; and the other services by Rev. Messrs. Brown of West Cambridge and Ware of Cambridgeport.

O B I T U A R Y .

THOMAS GRAY, M. D., died in Boston, March 6, 1849, aged 46 years.

The subject of this notice was son of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Gray, who for fifty years was pastor of the church at Jamaica Plain, Roxbury. The village meeting-house in which he ministered still stands, one of the few specimens left among us of the former New England style of building. Adjoining it is the "old parsonage," which, as the gifted brother who spoke at the funeral of the father remarked, "seems almost a portion of him who was its tenant so long." Among the pleasantest recollections of the past, we treasure up the happy hours spent in that hospitable mansion. And if it was good to go there occasionally, it must have been good to grow up there. The world must have seemed fair to the young eyes that looked through the windows of that "old manse." And kind hearts within brought an influence of sympathy and affection to bear upon the tender minds that learned there to think and feel. In such a happy Christian home did the friend, whose lamented decease has given occasion to this notice, begin his earthly career; and he acquired there much of that heart-lore which books cannot record, which the best systems of public or of private culture cannot impart, but which is produced in a good soil and in the atmosphere of Christian love, in the same way that a rich verdure, varied with flowers the like of which art cannot make to grow, is often found to spring up in some genial, untended nook in nature. In that home, his kindly affections unfolded themselves with a sweetness which the air of the world for almost half a century did not destroy, and in that village church he received into a susceptible heart the simple and catholic faith which was his treasure through life, and which filled his mind with "beautiful thoughts" in the closing scene.

Dr. Gray graduated at Harvard University in 1823, and his name must now be added to the long list of deceased members of that class. Soon after taking his degree he went abroad, and "accomplished," to use his own words, "the object of his highest ambition, a visit to Europe." Returning home, he commenced the practice of his profession in this city, where he continued, to his death, trusted and respected generally in his chosen calling, and much esteemed and beloved by those more intimate friends who knew his amiable private qualities. With a bright and buoyant mind he united a serious and tender vein of sentiment; and while in his opinions he rejected much of error and falsehood that have been sanctified by a perverse theology, his heart was not unfixed by his speculations, but remained constant and true, in its right place, in love and peace with God and man. He had a measure of poetical talent, and used his gift for holy purposes. The hymns which he composed are familiar to the teachers and pupils of our Sunday schools, in whose welfare he was sincerely, and for a time actively, interested.

For the three last years, his health has been broken, and his hold on life has seemed to his friends but slender. Although aware, as he must have been, of his condition, he did not lose his cheerfulness, and did not give over his accustomed work, till at last exhausted nature sunk, and he passed away. We grieve that we shall no more meet on earth with one of so sweet and generous a nature. The world is a less pleasant place to live in for the loss of companions like him.

Having paused awhile that we may lay this humble tribute of an attached memory on the fresh grave of a valued friend, we take our staff in hand, and journey on, under the guidance of a parental Providence, fondly hoping that the stream which has hid itself in the ground will, before many days, show itself again, and that we shall sit once more beside its "still waters."

L—t.

HON. EDMUND DWIGHT died in Boston, April 1, 1849, aged 68 years.

Mr. Dwight was known throughout the Commonwealth as the liberal and judicious friend of education. To him the State is indebted for the Normal Schools, to the establishment of which his bounty provoked the coöperation of the Legislature. His personal worth was known to the circle of friends by whom he was surrounded. Always ready to bestow his time and money upon enterprises of public utility which his judgment approved, his intelligence, his dignity of character, his uprightness, and his steadfast religious faith were most clearly discerned by those who approached him most nearly. He had held offices of honor and trust, but coveted neither notoriety nor power. As a worshipper at the King's Chapel in this city, he gave his cordial support to those institutions which are scarcely less important to the improvement of the individual than to the welfare of society. His illness was short, but, during the few hours in which he anticipated the fatal termination of his disease, he exhibited a calmness and submission to the Supreme Will that proved the strength of his faith in God and in Christ, the "Witness" of immortality.

G.

Mrs. MARY LOVELL WARE died in Milton, Mass., April 5, 1849, aged 50 years.

We are unwilling that our journal should appear without some mention of this admirable woman; and yet how can we speak of her as she should be commemorated, within the limits to which we are restricted? Disinterestedness, energy, and faith in the perfect providence of God were seen in her, as we believe they are but seldom seen even among the disciples of Christ. Endowed by her Maker with strong but not brilliant powers, and compelled by her habits of active usefulness to derive her mental culture more from reflection than from books, she exhibited a clearness of mind, a soundness of judgment, a delicacy of sentiment, and an acquaintance with the great subjects of thought and interest, which secured universal respect. Her self-forgotten labor for others' good was, however, that which won for her the highest admiration of all who experienced or witnessed her offices of sympathy, toil, and sacrifice. Her life was almost a romance of beneficence. From the age of fourteen, when she lost her mother, to the last moment of consciousness, her anxieties and her exertions were for others. Wherever she lived, in Boston, at Cambridge, at Framingham, at Milton, she left upon the whole community the impression of a most rare excellence. On a visit which she made to England before her marriage, she gave a large part of the time, which she had hoped to spend in the agreeable society of friends, to nursing some relatives, to whom she was previously unknown, and whom she found in the midst of want and suffering, from the presence in their poor dwelling of contagious disease. Her marriage to Mr.

Ware was soon followed, in consequence of his feeble health, by demands on her solicitude and self-sacrificing love, which she met with all a wife's affection and a Christian's cheerfulness. His death only served to bring into still more striking exercise the virtues of her character, — her holy trust in God, her calm and resolute discharge of duty, her constant readiness to look out of herself for the objects on which she should bestow her thought, and her wise use of the changeful circumstances of life as lessons and helps in the way to heaven. For years before her friends were made acquainted with the fact, she knew that she was harbouring in her system a disease whose ravages might be as painful as they must be fatal, yet no cloud threw a shade over her countenance, and no intermission was perceived in her efforts to spread happiness and goodness about her. In difficulty, she was the one whose counsel was sought; in trouble, she was the one whose presence needed not to be invited. Years only gave ripeness to the character that was continually gaining wisdom from experience and beauty from trial, and the close did but complete what seemed perfect before. The only change that the nearer expectation of death could produce was seen in a more intimate recognition of the presence of God. To his care she left her children, while on his support she leaned herself. "How can I be anxious for them," she said, "when I have been compelled, my whole life through, to learn the lesson of trust?" Humility was sweetly blended with confidence, patience with hope, interest in all about her with the exercise of that faith which makes the unseen present to the soul's consciousness. As she had lived, she died, and has left an example as near to perfection as any which it has ever been our privilege to place among the treasures of memory.

G.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

With this number the connection of the present editors with the *Christian Examiner*, which has been already extended beyond their own intention, ceases. The work passes into the hands of the Rev. George Putnam, D. D., and Rev. George E. Ellis, whose names are a sufficient pledge that it will be conducted with ability, and in a spirit which will entitle it to the confidence of the denomination and the support of the public.

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